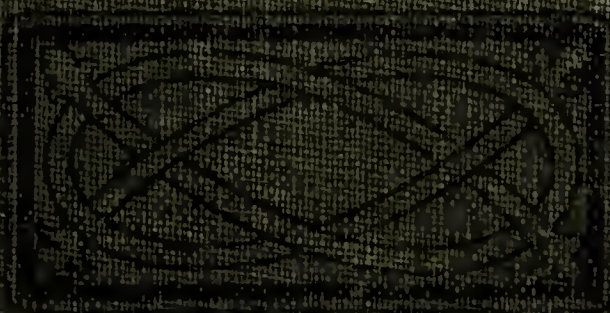


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Edmund Spenser

THE FAERY QUEENE

BOOK I

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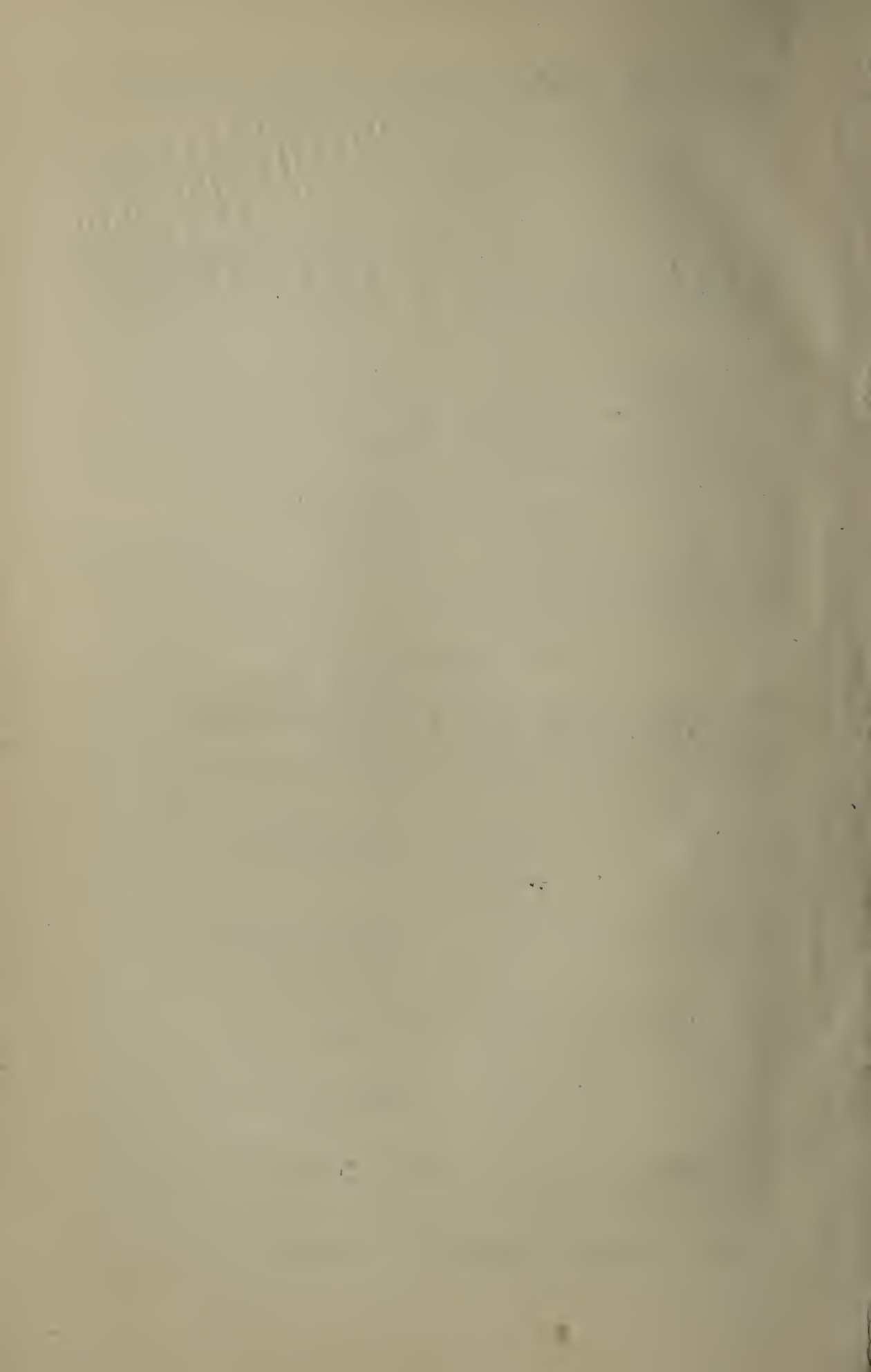
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LATE SCHOLAR OF WORCESTER COLLEGE, OXFORD

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PREFACE

A healthy reaction seems abroad in the best educational circles against the undue prominence hitherto attached to the philological or formal side of illustration in school editions of great writers. The grammatical or etymological aspect has well-nigh overlaid the text and face of the author. In the case of Chaucer such treatment is as necessary as it is unavoidable, the form being inseparable from the matter. With such as Spenser, however, and all writers that emphatically have a story to tell, it is believed that such exposition is seriously overdone. "Young gentlemen", as the waiter remarked in *David Copperfield*, "generally has been overdosed with taters." Accordingly, in this edition an attempt has been made to cut down the philological element to the barest limits consistent with full and accurate treatment. The Spenserian spelling has been preserved. Such retention, so far from retarding the popular understanding of the *Faery Queene*, will rather add a piquancy and flavour to a great writer, so full in himself of historical material, and so important for the true and inward meaning of "the spacious times of great Elizabeth".

W. K. L.

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INTRODUCTION

I. LIFE OF SPENSER

Edmund Spenser, like his master Chaucer and his follower Milton, was born in London. He was the son of John Spenser, a journeyman cloth-worker in poor circumstances, described in the Records of the Merchant Taylors' Company as "a free journeyman in the arte or mysterie of clothmaking". From his own pages, which are largely his best and fullest biography, we learn (*Prothalamion*, 129) that though London was his actual birth-place and his "most kyndly nurse", he yet took his name from another source, "a house of ancient fame". He also incidentally (*Amoretti*, LX) states that the year of his birth was 1552, and that (LXXIV) the name of his mother, like that of his queen and of his wife, was Elizabeth. The Spensers were originally connected with the North of England, the poet's own branch being long settled in the North-east of Lancashire, near Burnley. The precise relationship of the great writer with the then head of the house of Althorp, Sir John Spencer, is not known, but it must have been sufficiently close to allow the dedication of his *Muiopotmos*, *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, and the *Teares of the Muses* to the three daughters of his chief, with the admission of "private bands of affinitie" and reminders of his own faithful duty to that house from which they sprung. The tone of these dedications and of other references to the three daughters in *Colin Clout* suggests a parallel between the great English poet of departing chivalry and the Last Minstrel of the

Scottish Border, who, in his introductions, dedications, epilogue to the *Lord of the Isles*, no less than by his assiduity in his dying days in Rome, was ever eager to proclaim his relation with "the child of Buccleuch" and the house of Scott. In other references of a biographical nature, however, the parallel does not hold; never again does Spenser refer to family affairs, and this significant silence fully bears out the inference, derived from other sources, that the circumstances of his parents were poor and the home humble.

He was educated as a "poor scholar" on the foundation of Merchant Taylors' School, from which he proceeded in School and University. 1569 to Pembroke College, Cambridge, matriculating as a sizar. Before commencing his college course he had already appeared in print, through the translation of some sonnets of Petrarch and of the French poet Bellay in a book published that year by the Flemish refugee, John Vander Noodt, and the fact is of double importance as revealing the already decided Puritan leaning of the future author of the *Faery Queene*, and his attainments in two modern languages of the time, Italian and French. In the university, though the college books show he suffered from poverty and from ill-health, he must have read widely and well, laying the foundation of the learning that ranks him with Milton and Gray as one of the most learned of our poets. From himself we hear of intimacy with Thomas Preston, author of *Cambyeses*, and with Still, the writer of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*; but his chief friends throughout his life were Gabriel Harvey and Edward Kirke of his own college, though he must have known, if he slightly esteemed, another Merchant Taylors boy and Pembroke College sizar, Lancelot Andrewes, the unduly prominent member of the Hampton Court Conference and the Biblical-Translation Committee, whose death in 1626 was elegiacally bewailed by the young Milton. Despite his learning and attainments, he obtained no fellowship. Theological reasons can hardly have been the cause, as with Milton. In the letters of Gabriel Harvey we hear of bad discipline, feuds between the dons and undergraduates, tuft-hunting, and other charges;

while that racy writer, in his most vigorous style of assault, is full of abuse of the Vice-chancellor, of the ill-regulated studies of the place, where little or no difference existed between the learned and the unlearned, Tully and Tom Tooly, and where "claw-backes", "asses in lions' skins", "slipperye Eles", "Dormice", &c. &c., abounded. What is of more importance than all his long and vague tirade is the invaluable fact which he drops, that "Petrarch and Boccace are in every man's mouth", while other Italian writers are named, like Macchiavelli and Aretino.

Whatever was the cause, he left Cambridge after taking both degrees, in 1576, when he was in his twenty-fourth year. He turned his steps to his Lancashire relatives, and there happened the event that coloured his whole life, his love-affair with Rosalind, "the Widdowe's daughter of the Glen", the subject of so much lamentation in his own pages and of so much antiquarian research and conjecture in those of others. Modern investigation is now practically unanimous in referring this name to a Rose Dyneley, daughter of a small proprietor at Clitheroe, and as we hear that one cause of his misfortune in love was that he "lookt so hie", this fact again may be fairly taken as evidence for the unsettled future and fortunes of the poet. His rejection, and the precarious state of his fortunes, induced him to close with the advice of his friend Harvey, to forsake the hills of the North for the dales of the South, and by that energetic ally Spenser was introduced to the Earl of Leicester and his nephew, Sir Philip Sidney. For some time their homes were his, and he dates his letters accordingly from Leicester House in the Strand, or from Penshurst in Kent, attached apparently in some such way as made Drayton and Daniel the servant, servitor, tutor, or friend of noble families. In July, 1577, we hear of him being at Limerick, bearing letters from Leicester to his brother-in-law, the Lieutenant-general, Sir Henry Sidney. In 1579 he is found meditating a journey to France in the service of Leicester, going thither "as sent by him, and maintained most what of him"

In the North:
"Rosalind"
episode.

Under the roof of those early patrons much of the *Shepherds Calender* was written, while the *Faery Queene* was begun. The influence of Harvey upon Spenser at one time threatened to be dangerous, through the extravagant devotion of the elder man to the classical models of the day. In the circle of Sidney, Spenser was almost drawn into the craze of versifying on the classical model, "a folly", says Hallam, "with which every European nation has been inoculated in its turn". It was not unknown in the days of Ascham and Sir Thomas More, it survived its revival by Sidney and others, to be again revived by Campion in 1602, and to be finally extinguished by Daniel in 1603, save in so far as a single isolated translation by Milton as an experiment, and scholarly imitations by Coleridge, Southey, and Tennyson have preserved its memory. Writing to Harvey, on Oct. 5, 1579, Spenser declares that Sidney, Dyer, and others have "proclaimed a generall sureceasing and silence of balde Rymers; in steade whereof they have prescribed certaine lawes and rules of Quantities of English sillables for English Verse, having drawn me to their faction". Of this laborious folly Harvey was an enthusiastic devotee, craving a niche in fame if only "to be epitaphed the inventor of the English Hexameter", and to him Spenser sends a specimen of what he had been induced to compose in this way:

Iambicum Trimetrum

"Unhappie Verse, the wnesse of my unhappie State,
Make thy selfe fluttring wings of thy fast flying
Thought, and fly forth unto my Love whersoever she be:

"Whether lying reastlesse in heavy bedde, or else
Sitting so cheerlesse at the cheerfull boorde, or else
Playing alone carelesse on hir heavenlie Virginals," &c. &c.

But he was not quite blinded to the trash he was writing, and saw that this unhappy verse was indeed the witness of a most unhappy state of mistaken devotion. He recognized the difference between the classical and English law of accent. "It sometime gapeth," he said, "and as it were

yawneth ill-favouredly, coming short of that it should, and sometime exceeding the measure of the Number, as in *Carpenter*, the middle sillable being used short in speache, when it shall be read long in verse, seemeth like a lame Gosling that draweth one legge after hir: and *Heaven* being used shorte as one sillable, when it is in verse stretched out with a *Diastole*, is like a lame dogge that holdes up one legge." He sends, however, a *Tetrasticon*:

"See yee the blind foulded pretie God, that feathered Archer,
Of Lovers Miseries which maketh his bloodie game?
Wote ye why his Moother with a Veale hath covered his Face?
Trust me, least he my Looove happely chaunce to beholde."

The craze was vigorously assailed by the pamphleteer, Tom Nash, who declared it to be no better than a "drunken, staggering kind of verse, which is all up hill and down hill, like the way betwixt Stamford and Beechfield".¹

Anyway, in the winter of 1579-80 appeared the first work of Spenser, the *Shepheards Calender*, and its date constitutes a literary landmark. Published anonymously, it was dedicated to Sidney, and prefaced by Edward Kirke with an introductory letter to Harvey. This work, which ran through five editions in the poet's own lifetime, is in the pastoral style, and follows in the wake of the *Arcadia* (1502) of the Italian-Latinist Sannazaro, Baptista Mantuanus, and other writers in the long literary tradition from Theocritus and Virgil to Petrarch. So much has been said, especially by Johnson, in depreciation of this vein of poetry that it seems necessary to remind the reader of the European reputation enjoyed by Sannazaro, and his influence exerted on the writer of *Lycidas*, no less than of the perennial charm of Arcadian scenery as a

¹ See some good remarks on this now-forgotten craze in the ninth chapter of Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* Thomas Arnold (*Manual of English Literature*, p. 608, 1885) quotes the following from Stanihurst's translation of Virgil, 1583:—

"Either here | are cou | ching some | troops of | Greekish as | sembly,
Or to crush | our bul | warks this | work is | forged, all | houses
For to pry | , surmoun | ting the | town; Some | practice or | other
Here lurks | of cun | ning; trust | not this | treacherous | ensign".

foil and counterpoint to the activities of a restless age, with its "shepherd's boy piping as though he should never be old".¹ Controversial matter, religious and social, is freely introduced, and is a foretaste of Milton's opinions expressed in *Lycidas*. Here Spenser followed the example of the French poet Clement Marot (1495-1544), and reiterated his religious opinions in a way that leaves no doubt whatever as to his home and university traditions. The book, as has been said, is a landmark, yet it is not really due to its poetical merits intrinsically that such a position is or can be claimed. Much of it, indeed, is not poetry, but invaluable dialectical treasure-trove in a hitherto unsuspected field. When Harvey, as the shepherd Hobbino, in the ninth eclogue hails a brother swain with—

"Diggon Davie! I bid her God day:
Or Diggon her is, or I missaye",

only the persistent loyalty of editors and biographers can detect the poetical touch in such lines; but they have a greater value in affording biographical clues and touches, and in exhibiting the everyday speech of the poet, who, as Raleigh used the broad Devonian dialect, was essentially "a Lancashire lad", speaking the tongue and idiom still surviving in the Burnley of to-day—the Northern dialect, the form that presents in grammar and vocabulary so many links with the language of Burns, that it may be asserted that the Ayrshire poet could have followed and read the *Shepheards Calender* without a glossary.

What, then, is the importance as a literary landmark of the *Shepheards Calender*? It was both a manifesto and a herald. "I look upon it", says Lowell, "as being no less a conscious and deliberate attempt at reform than Thomson's *Seasons* was on the topics, and Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads* in the language of poetry. But the great merit of these pastorals was

Its literary
importance:
a landmark.

¹ Sannazaro gave to Scott his beautiful closing line on Leyden. The same line, so appropriate to himself, was in his own mouth when hurrying over the Alps to die at Abbotsford. Lockhart (*Life of Scott*, chapter 83) inaccurately assigns the quotation to Politian.

not so much in their matter as in their manner. They show a sense of style in its larger meaning hitherto displayed by no English poet since Chaucer. Surrey had brought back from Italy a certain inkling of it, so far as it is contained in decorum. But here was a new language, a choice and arrangement of words, fervour if not passion . . . a harmony and alacrity of language unexampled in English verse." Curious it is to find after so long an interval the influence of Chaucer and Langland dominating a new English revival, and to note the homage of Spenser to "Tityrus" and to "the Pilgrim that the Ploughman playde awhyle", whom he hopes "to follow farre off and their high steps adore". Kirke notes that the diction of Spenser is coloured by that of Chaucer. "Walking in the Sonne," he says, "needes he mought be sunburnt, and having the sound of those auncient Poetes still ringing in his eares, he mought needes, in singing, hit out some of theyr tunes." Some, he thought, might profess to accuse him of affecting antiquity too much, as Livy and Sallust had done. But he will hear none of this, the ancient word and tone serving only but to make the style more gracious, as a discord in music makes a more comely concordance. He laments the vicious contemporary taste that would make of English a "hodge podge of al other speches", and is no less confident that the new poet will be in time a bird able to keep wing with the best. Hitherto "our mother tonge, which truely of it selfe is both ful enough for prose, and stately enough for verse, hath long time ben counted most bare and barrein of both". Now a fresh and living stream of dialectical infusion is poured into the old and dried-up channels, though the extent to which this is done may not seem artistic. To most readers it will appear glossarial jungle. Jonson thought "Spenser in affecting the ancients writ no language"; while even Sidney admitted that "neither Theocritus in Greek nor Virgil in Latin, nor Sannazaro in Italian did affect it", making in fact their own shepherds speak in the most finished diction and polished verse. But the work was strongly welcomed for many reasons that we can now see. There was a note in

it of the coming revival, and its popularity was assured. "Spenser", wrote Drayton, "has done enough for immortality; had he only given us his *Shepheards Calender*, a masterpiece, if any."

In August, 1580, he landed at Dublin, as secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton, the new Lord Lieutenant, and with Ireland
Spenser in the fortunes of Spenser were to be linked till his
Ireland. death. He proceeded with Grey in November to the South, to Smerwick, where the Italian and Spanish mercenaries of the Pope and the Spanish king had attempted a landing and occupation. Stern measures were necessary, and the scene is well known to many readers from its effective introduction by Kingsley into his *Westward Ho!* "Morning came," says Grey in his despatch to the queen, "I presented my forces in battaile array before the fort. I put in certeyn bands who straight fell to execution. There was six hundred slain." All through life, and especially in his prose tract, *View of the Present State of Ireland*, Spenser urged the use of the strictest means of repression, in consideration of the distressed and harassed condition of the peasantry and the country. He was, in fact, in the full sense of a later term, an Oliverian in his Irish politics, and in 1580 at least, as Mr. Gosse says, "it was thought proper to give Catholic Europe a warning not to meddle with Catholic Ireland". In Ireland he remained after Grey left, and in the spring of 1582 we have a pleasant account of him from the *Discourse of Civill Life* published by his friend Lodovick Bryskett, and dedicated to the memory of Lord Grey. The company in Bryskett's house at Dublin had been discussing questions of moral philosophy, and the host calls upon Spenser for his opinions, "knowing him to be not only perfect in the Greek tongue, but also very well read in Philosophie, both morall and naturall". Thus pressed, Spenser in turn begs to be excused from any formal or lengthy exposition of his views, having already undertaken a work on this very subject, under the title of the *Faery Queene*, to represent the moral virtues, which he hoped to finish according to his mind, as it was already "well entred into". Here, then,

we find again the work mentioned as having in 1580 been submitted in draft to Harvey. That critic, however, had been so far from satisfied with it, as being in every way remote from his own stand-point and a revolt from his beloved canons of English versifying, that he had urged Spenser to drop it and stick to the Nine Comedies which he had written in imitation of Ariosto, the model proposed to himself by the poet, and whose *Orlando Furioso* he hoped to surpass.

Spenser held various offices in Ireland, and retired to the South about 1588, to the grant of land assigned to him at Kilcolman in County Cork. Large tracts of confiscated Irish estates were given to English "undertakers", or settlers who undertook to reclaim and improve these lands as tenants of the Crown. Raleigh was at Youghal on a similar task, where he planted tobacco and potatoes. In 1589 he visited Spenser; but though the poet in *Colin Clout* pastorally represents the visitor as a stranger, the two had already met before the fort at Smerwick, if indeed they had not become acquainted at an earlier date. Raleigh read his poem on *Cynthia*¹, addressed by himself as the Shepherd of the Ocean to Elizabeth, from whose presence and court he had been forced for a time to withdraw, before the rising influence and star of Essex. Spenser in turn read extracts in draft from the first three books of the *Faery Queene*,

Raleigh visits
Spenser at Kil-
colman.

"Under the foote of Mole that mountain hore,
Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade
Of the greene alders by the Mulla's shore".

When they had thus pastorally piped to each other,

"He gan to cast great lyking to my lore,
And great dislyking to my lucklesse lot,
That banisht had myself, like wight forlore,
Into that waste, where I was quite forgot.
The which to leave, thenceforth he counseld mee,
Unmeet for man, in whom was ought regardfull,

¹ For the existing fragments of this poem by Raieigh see the *Life of Raleigh*, by Edmund Gosse, p. 46.

And wend with him, his Cynthia to see;
 Whose grace was great, and bounty most rewardful,
 So what with hope of good, and hate of ill,
 He me persuaded forth with him to fare.
 Nought took I with me, but mine oaten quill;
 Small needments else need shepheard to prepare."

He passed with Raleigh various lands and districts belonging to

"His liege, his Ladie, and his life's Regent",

saw the hills, of whom the shepherd that had charge

"Is Triton, blowing loud his wreathèd horne",¹

and landed. "No great imaginative poem", says Green, "had broken the silence of English literature for nearly two hundred years when Spenser landed at Bristol with the *Faery Queene*."

The entry in the books of Stationers' Hall for Dec. 1, 1589, for the *Faery Queene* "dysposed into xii books" shows that even then much more than Books I-III had been planned, and that the end had been seen. It was dedicated to the queen and at once became popular, for there was nothing to rival it but the best work of Sackville² in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, a predecessor fully known to and appreciated by the new poet, and who formed, says Hallam, "a link which unites the school of Chaucer and Lydgate to the Faery Queen. In the first year of the virgin reign he is the herald of that splendour in which it was to close." Some were fain to criticise the archaic diction of the work, a note really due not so much to his studies in Chaucer as to a strange characteristic of the writer's own mind. Like Milton later on, though obviously with much less justification, he seems to have thought that he lived in a time unsuited for poetry, and that his lot had been cast in the Iron Age, and out of this mistaken melancholy

¹ The original of Wordsworth's line in his great sonnet, "The World is too much with us; late and soon", &c.

² For Sackville's "unique position in literature" see some excellent remarks in Professor Minto's *Characteristics of English Poets*, 1874, pp. 187-195.

he had to be rallied by his more confident and exuberant friend, Harvey. "Until a man's fansye", wrote that adviser, "be satisfied, he wantith his most soveraigne contentment, and cannot never be at quiet in him selfe. Good Lord, you a gentleman, a courtier, an yuthe, and go aboute to revive so owlde and stale a bookish opinion, deade and buried many hundrid yeares before you or I knewe whether there were any worlde or noe!" Daniel, who was "well-languaged", refers to the poet as singing of knights and paladins "in aged accents and untimely words". But the matter and manner alike were thoroughly in consonance with the spirit of the time; while its very defects, as they appear to us now, in having a strong reference to the contemporary political and religious controversies, only served to increase its reputation. The book became, in the happy phrases of Hallam, "at once the delight of every accomplished gentleman, the model of every poet, the solace of every scholar". The poet received a pension of £50 a year from the queen.

But he had enemies at court. Burghley, on the strength of long tradition, is believed to have been one, not so much on personal or private grounds as from the connection of Spenser with the circle and friends of Leicester and Sidney. By the end of 1590, accordingly, the bright hopes of court favour and preferment which he might have nourished had begun to fade. He retired across the Channel, leaving his publisher Ponsonby to put together a volume of *Complaints of the World's Vanitie*. This contains a good deal of early verse and is full of biographical clues and touches. The *Ruines of Time* is dedicated to Sidney's sister, the Countess of Pembroke, and was written during the course of the late English visit to court. It forms a lament for Sidney and the Dudleys, and sets strong in the direction of an attack on Burghley. The *Teares of the Muses* regrets the contemporary state of literature throughout the whole field of its nine divisions; and under the head of *Thalia* the writer bewails in a rather needless and lugubrious tone, as must appear to all now, those that were "wont with comic sock to beautifie the painted

Court enemies.
Contents of the
Complaints.

theatres". In truth, the poet in Ireland had lived out of the range or even report of the mighty burst of dramatic literature heralded by Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* in 1578, and the belief that a reference to "our pleasant Willy, dead of late" is meant for Shakespeare, condemned to temporary solitude by an unappreciative public whose tastes he refused to gratify, must be pronounced impossible.¹ The *Gnat*, on the model of Virgil's *Culex*, had been dedicated "long since" to the dead Earl of Leicester. *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, "long sithence composed in the raw conceit of my youth", is an attack in Chaucerian verse and manner on the court, with additions, especially the lines on the Ape (Burghley), and patches that indicate the disappointment of his hopes at court. It laments the fate of those that are condemned to drag on their life as suitors :

"To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow :
To have thy Prince's grace, yet not her Peeres,
To have thy asking, yet wait manie yeares".

He will now renounce all such, at

"Sweet home, where meane estate
In safe assurance, without strife or hate,
Findes all things need-full for contentment meeke".

The *Muiopotmos*, in *ottava rima*, Lowell regards as "the most fanciful of his poems, a marvel for delicate conception". Some translations from Bellay and Petrarch complete the volume. He was back in Ireland by 1591, from whence he despatched to Raleigh a manuscript copy of *Colin Clout*, describing his disillusionized hopes, and thanking him for his good countenance "against the malice of evill mouthes, which are alwaies wide open to carpe at and misconstrue my simple meaning".

On June 11, 1594, he married at Cork Elizabeth Boyle, a

¹ "An utter impossibility, chronologically and biographically"—Grosart, who decides for an anagram on John Lyly, *Euphues*, 1580. See note in this edition on i. vii. 35. The same exclusion will hold for the supposed reference, in *Colin Clout*, to Aetion "whose Muse doth like himself heroically sound"—Shakespeare. See Minto's *Characteristics of English Poets*, p. 269.

near relative of the first Earl of Cork. The story of his wooing and wedding is given at full in the *Amoretti* and in the *Epithalamion*, the latter perhaps one of his greatest productions, over which critics and poets of all types have never ceased to exult and to extol its varied and magical lyrical flow and effects. Wordsworth, chariest of all men in his appreciation of the work of others, was loud in his praise of this, the music of which had a secret which he could never catch. It may be safely pronounced among the great things in English poetry, though its length prevents its inclusion in any selection of extracts. They were both sent over to his publisher, and followed next year by *Colin Clout* and *Astrophel*, "a pastoral elegie" for Sidney. He came himself in 1595 with the Second Part of the *Faery Queene*, finished (*Amoretti*, LXXX) in 1594, and the reception of it was no less favourable than that given to the First. He lived with his friend Essex in his old home of early years, at Leicester House, from which he wrote his last poem, the *Prothalamion*, in honour of the marriage of the two daughters of the Earl of Worcester. He returned to Ireland in 1597, and in Sept. 1598 was made Sheriff of Cork. The Irish rebellion that had long smouldered burst in October; Kilcolman was burned, and the poet forced to fly to the English garrison at Cork. From thence he was sent with despatches to England, reaching London in December, and dying there on Jan. 16, 1599—Ben Jonson said "from lack of bread", and told Drummond of Hawthornden that in the flight Spenser had "a little child burnt"; but this last part of the statement is certainly false, while the former is an obvious exaggeration. He had his pension, his sheriffship, and his friends. Much contemporary evidence, no doubt, might be cited to support Jonson's statement in a general way, but it all bears the obvious impress of writers willing to point the moral and to adorn the tale of unworthy treatment, in their own case, from an ungrateful public. It is obvious, however, from Camden's clear words, that by the peculiar fate of poets his life was one long struggle with poverty, which his Irish exile had done little to alleviate. By his own

request he was buried in Westminster Abbey near Chaucer, ranking as the second in point of time of the five great English Poets—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth—and as perhaps the third in order of mental stature.

He is described, by one that knew him, as “a little man, who wore short haire, little band and little cuffes”. Of

Personal his personal character nothing is known except
Characteristics so far as he reveals himself in various touches.
of Spenser.

Like Raleigh, he smoked “divine tobacco”. All that we hear of him is of good report, and shows him in the best of society, while it must be considered as a tribute of no small importance that Nash, the reckless and unsparing pamphleteer, mentions him as “divine Master Spenser”. He doubtless regarded Ireland, as Swift did, as a place of exile, to which the hard fates and the hostility of Burghley had condemned him. Professor Minto regards him as a highly sensitive person, “shrinking from the cold realities of the present”; but such seems hardly to be the estimate borne out by the evidence of his own works, while such a type was not Elizabethan. Spenser was almost certainly no merely melodious person, or singing bird like Shelley and Keats, but a practical Englishman with a strong eye to the main chance. His prose tract on *A View of the Present State of Ireland*, and his letter to Raleigh outlining the plot of the *Faery Queene*, are not the work of a dreamer.

He regarded himself, like Wordsworth, as a dedicated spirit and a poet with a mission, aiming at the creation of character flowering from and rooted in a strong surrounding of fact. “He was”, as Lowell¹ remarks, “a conscious Englishman to his inmost fibre, and did not lack the sound judgment in politics which belongs to his race.” He pressed hard for the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, and ranged himself so definitely on the national side that James VI of Scotland, in a shamefaced and official way, felt himself

¹ The same critic is anticipated by Professor Craik (1845) in pointing out the wonderfully modern and practical refutation of Socialism in Book V, canto 2, with its curious forecast of Rousseau’s speculations.

constrained to complain to the English ambassador in Edinburgh and to ask for the poet's punishment. He was "Puritan to the core",¹ so that Ben Jonson's gossip to Drummond, that by the Blatant Beast the Puritans were understood, is among the curiosities of criticism. The ideas of Virtue, Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, were to him as the only realities and as the breath of life; for his whole theory of life rests not on the mere superficial veneer of worldly culture, but on the hidden and inner principle that pervaded and actuated the whole man. Unlike his Italian models, and unlike Ariosto in particular, he was a convinced knight-errant.² His worship of beauty is quite different from that of Marlowe³ and the Bohemians of the early stage. Beginning with and ending in the Aristotelian theory that man's chief end is virtue in action, it seeks to attain to a complete fusion of sense and soul, uniting, as Dowden points out, the Renaissance appetite for beauty with moral seriousness. His four hymns, in praise of *Love*, *Beautie*, *Heavenly Love*, and *Heavenlie Beautie*, are full of the ideas of the Platonic philosophy, rising from earth and its surroundings to the contemplation of the Divine Idea.⁴

" Then shall thy ravisht soule inspired bee
 With heavenly thoughts farre above humane skil,
 And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see
 Th' Idee of his pure glorie present still
 Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
 With sweete enagement of celestial love,
 Kindled through sight of those faire things above."

¹ Green.

² See note on i, iii, 1.

³ See the great passage in *Tamburlaine*, Part I, act v, sc. 2, "If all the pens that ever poets held".

⁴ For the particularly Miltonic Idea, see Masson: *Globe Milton*, p. 456, on *Elegia Sexta*, 55-78: "These twenty-four lines are about Milton's noblest in Latin, and deserve to be learnt by heart with reference to himself, or to be written under his portrait".

2. THE FAERY QUEENE

The plot of the *Faery Queene* does not reveal Spenser in the possession of a dramatic gift. It is confused and confusing. When the edition of Books I-III was passing through the press, it seems to have struck the poet, or Sir Walter Raleigh, that the undercurrent of events was not plain. Accordingly, a letter to Raleigh was written and added to explain the poem. It is, he says, "a dark conceit and a continued allegory", devoted to the fashioning of a gentleman or noble person in all virtuous and gentle discipline. But, to gild the pill, he will wrap his moral in a historical or plausible form; he must not be detected preaching. He selects Prince Arthur, before he became king, as the perfect image of a knight, perfected in all the twelve moral virtues of Aristotle. Arthur, after his education by Timon and Merlin, sees in a vision the Queen of Fairy Land, and resolves to seek her out. This queen Spenser boldly avows to be none other than Gloriana Elizabeth, while Arthur, though this naturally is not explicitly stated, is the Earl of Leicester, representing that Aristotelian conception of *μεγαλοψυχία*, or High-Mindedness, which is the sum and substance, the perfection and crown, of all the virtues. Of these twelve virtues twelve knights are selected as the patterns and defenders. In Book I the Red Cross Knight is the type of Holiness; in Book II Sir Guyon sets forth Temperance; in Book III Britomartis, a lady-knight, defends Chastity. The virtues of Friendship, Justice, and Courtesy form the themes of the next three books. Of the Seventh Book, on Constancy, only two cantos, devoted to Mutability, remain.

Still, up to this point, the event is not clear. Spenser admits that the Twelfth Book, his proposed limit, would be really the beginning of his narrative. He conceives this Queen of Fairy Land holding an annual feast of twelve days. On the first, a tall clownish young man, the type of St.

George (I, x, LXVI) of England, appears and craves an adventure.^o Thereupon Una comes in and tells her story, of her father and mother being shut up for years by a dragon in a brazen castle. The Red Cross Knight is then armed with the arms of the Christian, specified by St. Paul in *Ephesians*, and starts forth on the adventures in Book I, which opens direct with

"A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine".

On the second day Sir Guyon starts out with a Palmer, bearing an infant whose parents had been slain by the enchantress Acrasia. On the third day, Sir Scudamour sets out to rescue Amoretta; and so on till the twelve knights have departed to their various posts of action. Spenser appears to have intended bringing in Prince Arthur in direct contact with each, aiding or supplementing them in their appointed tasks. Apart, then, from this letter to Raleigh we should not have known the real plan, such as it is, of the poem, for the order of events is seen to arise from a fairy queen that never appears, in connection with a fairy court which is never described till the twelfth book, which was never written.

Such, then, is the general outline of the *Faery Queene*. But there are wheels within wheels and allegories within allegories. Historical figures appear on all sides, a fact which no doubt rather militates Historical
Figures in the
Faery Queene. against the artistic effect of the work, but which as certainly gave to the contemporaries of Spenser a fresh and living interest in their detection, such as the French readers of Barclay's Latin romance of the *Argenis* found in reading contemporary European political history in the form of a novel. Spenser's own friends appear. Sidney is the Red Cross Knight, Leicester is Prince Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton is Artegal, the Knight of Justice in Book V, delivering Irena or Ireland from her foes of Confusion and Treason. Raleigh may be Timias, Prince Arthur's squire, parted from Belphœbe—Gloriana. Book I in a general way represents the conflict of Puritan and Protestant England

against Rome; Una, or Simplicity, against Duessa or Duplicity. Elizabeth appears variously as Gloriana, Belphebe, Britomartis, Mercilla, the Glorious—Beautiful—Chaste and Merciful Queen against her hated rival, Duessa—Florimel—Radegund, Mary Queen of Scots, supported by the powers of darkness, by Archimago, by the Soldan, Geryoneo, Grantorto, all embodiments of Rome and the Paynim monarch, Philip II of Spain. Such identifications seem all quite sound and assured, though much of the inferior machinery is now lost to us.

Allegory is therefore involved in allegory; but Spenser, happily for his readers, however unhappily for his own consistency, very rarely keeps to the story, or to the beaten track, unless in the first two books. Elsewhere he wanders at his own sweet will, giving full play to his fertile imagination and his sometimes perilous gift of fluency, introducing scene after scene with little or no connection with the real plot. No doubt, full insight and complete grasp of both type and antitype, fact and allegory, is essential to the meaning of the poet; but, on the other hand, the general reader need be perplexed by no such obstacles or seek after the recondite and underground meaning. He should simply read on and discard allegory entirely. It is, at best, artificial and involved. Whoever, says Professor Craik wisely, would enjoy the *Faery Queen*, must forget first that it is an allegory. The plan is not injured by the loss of the last six books. Allegory, Romance, History, Elizabethan Politics, Religion and Social Feeling, the Renaissance movement tempered through Colet and More, through Grindal and Sidney—all this is in the poem. It is this very confusion, this richness and jungle-like fertility of ideas, that makes this work by Spenser so important a document for the correct understanding of that most interesting, but often perplexing, period of Elizabethan England, England in solution, before it became developed into self-consciousness and the later Puritan England. A veil of the old world, with its half-forgotten ways and currents, parts it from us.

Is the
Allegory
confusing?

Of such currents chivalry and its literature was one. Spenser and Cervantes, both grave and serious spirits, reflect and mutually illustrate each other. Both knew the literature of chivalry, the creation alike of the Arthurian Legend and of Spain, where the feeling of invincible racial and religious difference between the Spaniard and the Moor tended to become inveterate long after such a tone of mind had passed away from the rest of Europe. *Amadis of Gaul*, written about the end of the fifteenth century, had a perfect family of literary descendants. Amadis, in the literary sense, begat Florisando, Lisuarte of Greece, Belianis of Greece, Felixmarte of Hyrcania, and Palmerin of England. The public read with avidity these interminably long romances; and, whenever death or sorcery had removed a hero from the path of adventure, his son or grandson at once sprang up in a sequel to carry on the interest and sustain the excitement quite in the manner of Dumas' *Three Musketeers*. Is not the whole literature described by Cervantes himself in the inimitable scene of the *auto-da-fé* of Don Quixote's library? He relents to *Amadis of Gaul*, in four parts, as the first book of chivalry printed in Spain, and he casts a tender eye on his own *Galatea*, "by an intimate friend of mine these many years, and I know that he is more versed in misfortune than in poetry".

Another disturbing current is the spectacular or the scenic element. The stage was the natural form of literature for an age full of action and of bustle, a creative, mainly, and not a reflective era. Spenser's canvas is a large and broad one, fit for the "spacious times of great Elizabeth". His is no mere Watteau-vignette, no Idyll, and so he himself is not the poet of the phrase, the haunting touch or line. Thus he can never be satisfactorily read in extracts. In this respect, to a large extent, he is the parallel of Scott, who is the "maker", or "poet", in the etymological sense of the word. Spenser, in a body of verse four times the bulk of Milton's, has given the language no single quotation or literary reference that is household. He must be read in cantos or even in books ere he can be fully appreciated,

Chivalry-
Literature:
Spenser and
Cervantes.

"Scenic"
element in
Spenser.

and his own leisurely movement demands a similar attitude on the part of the reader. It is by his long passages that he must be known; the Cave of Despair (I-IX), the Cave of Mammon (II-VII), the Bower of Bliss (II-XII), the Garden of Adonis (III-VI); and by his influence on other writers, especially on Milton, in whose work "flakes" of Spenserian touches, as Masson phrases it, appear and reappear. The "poet's poet", as Lamb called him, has coloured the conceptions more than the diction of his followers.

This scenic element in Spenser is the cause as well as the effect of the Masque. In the low countries of Flanders such

The Masque
element in
Spenser.

a form of entertainment had long been a favourite one, and the wealth of the Flemish cities enabled them to excel in its presentation. In England it

appeared about 1512 as an Italian growth, and Henry VIII with his courtiers soon disported themselves as shepherds. The passion had grown, reaching its climax of elaborate expenditure of time and money under James and the first years of Charles. *Comus* is the only specimen that has preserved the memory of what once was a passion more than a pastime. Such a setting in the imagination can alone explain much of the *Faery Queene* in which the reader, like the brothers and sister in *Comus*, is apt to lose his way, looking in fact for a way where such was never made to be found, and expecting proportion, harmony, unity, or simplicity in circumstances whose nature for ever forbade their introduction. Much of what appears vague and indistinct in the poet will vanish if the stage-properties, the scenes, and scaffolding are run up and allowed for by the fancy. It is, in truth, this very mixture that is so confusing to the modern reader. "The strange medley", says Green, "of past and present which distinguishes its masques and feastings only reflected the medley of men's thoughts. Pedantry,¹ novelty, the allegory of Italy, the chivalry of the Middle Ages, the mythology of Rome, the English bear-fight, pastorals, superstition, farce, all took their turn in the entertainment which

¹ For a good example see the scene in *Westward Ho!*, chap. ii.

Lord Leicester provided for the Queen at Kenilworth.¹ A 'wild man' from the Indies chanted her praises, and Echo answered him. Elizabeth turned from the greetings of sibyls and giants to deliver the enchanted lady from her tyrant 'Sans Pitie'. Shepherdesses welcomed her with carols of the spring, while Ceres and Bacchus poured their corn and grapes at her feet." The age lived fast, and

" Daily through hardy enterprize
Many great Regions are discovered
Which to late age were never mentioned".²

Much, also, in Spenser's own serene and idealistic temperament was not favourable to the success of his allegories: As Johnson said of Addison's poetry, "he thinks justly, but he thinks faintly". At times Spenser, Bunyan,
and Shelley as
allegorists. his personifications are as faint as those of Gray, with all the retinue of Misfortune, Wan Envy, Faded Care, Comfortless Despair, &c., which are as much the creation of typography and the resources of capital letters as of real poetic feeling. Between Bunyan³ the allegorist and Spenser the artist there is all the difference in the world. Bunyan, as Dante had been in Hell, had himself been in Doubting Castle, and had escaped from Giant Despair, so that the feeling of intense reality with which he regarded these creations he has been able in turn to communicate to his readers. It requires a good historical acquaintance with the period, and a sympathy with the Spenserian manner of writing as the Rubens of English Poets⁴, to lift Spenser at times into the arena of living and actual life. His very melodiousness is fatal to the passionate sense of realism that pervades, and is yet never obtruded by, Bunyan. "The characteristic peculiarity of the *Pilgrim's Progress*", says Macaulay,⁵ "is that it is the only work of its kind which possesses a strong human interest. Other allegories only

¹ See Scott's *Kenilworth*, chap. xxx. "Sans Pitie" will recall Sansfoy, &c., in Book I.

² Dedication of Book II to Elizabeth, stanza ii.

³ For the question of Bunyan's knowledge of Spenser, see notes to I, viii, xxviii, and XI, xxix.

⁴ The expression is that of Thomas Campbell.

⁵ Essay on Southey's edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

amuse the fancy. Spenser himself, though assuredly one of the greatest poets that ever lived, could not succeed in the attempt to make allegory interesting. It was in vain that he lavished the riches of his mind on the House of Pride and the House of Temperance. . . . Bunyan is the only writer who gave to the abstract the interest of the concrete. In this respect the genius of Bunyan bore a great resemblance to that of a man who had very little else in common with him. The Spirit of Beauty, the Principle of Good, the Principle of Evil, when he treated of them, ceased to be abstractions. They were no longer mere words, but objects of love, of adoration, or of fear. He was not an author, but a bard. His poetry seems not to have been an art, but an inspiration."

In his relation to the queen Spenser was a typical Elizabethan, and accordingly some of the adulation rings strange, but not necessarily false, on modern ears. Not only is she the Gloriana of the poet, but in the *Teares of the Muses* he can find room for an extravagant eulogy on her poetry:

Spenser's relation to Elizabeth and his Age.

"Most peereless Prince, most peereles Poetresse,
The true Pandora of all heavenly graces,
Divine Eliza, sacred Emperesse".

Yet all this is largely nothing more than the natural outcome of the spirit of the age, and is only an expression of the same feeling for which Virgil and Horace have been blamed in extending to Augustus. To them he was the only symbol of peace that could present itself, for "with Cæsar", as Mommsen says, "there came to the sorely harassed people on the Mediterranean a tolerable evening after a sultry noon", and the feeling that with Augustus it might pass away was naturally ever present to the best writers. It was the same feeling that prompted the prayer of Milton for the Commonwealth, maintained by the genius of Oliver, to be "stayed a while in this felicitie which it yet enjoys". For to a great extent the queen was the sign and symbol of the age. "We have had", says Green, "grander and nobler rulers

than Elizabeth, but none so popular. The passion of love, of loyalty, of admiration which finds its most perfect expression in the 'Faery Queen', pulsed as intensely through the veins of her meanest subjects. Of her faults, indeed, England beyond the circle of her court knew nothing." Spenser besides was no courtier; and whatever may have been the actual feelings of Raleigh, Hatton, Essex, and others, there can be no suspicion of the genuine ring of the poet's feeling for his "dear dread", to whom he dedicated his work, "to live with the eternitie of her fame". Another point must not be missed. "The great Englishmen of her time did not wish to think of her as growing old. They willingly forgot dates and facts, for after must come James VI."¹

The great reputation to which Spenser attained during his own lifetime was perpetuated by the influence which he in turn exerted on his followers, in matter or in manner, through his two works, the *Shepheards Calender* and the *Faery Queene*. Various modifications of the Spenserian stanza were employed by the brothers Fletcher, by Giles in his *Christ's Victory and Triumph*, and by Phineas² in his *Purple Island*. William Browne (1591-1645) is a worthy successor, a poet of rich and varied but of unequal merit. George Wither in his *Fidelia*, *Shepherd's Hunting*, and *Philarete* is full of Spenserian influence.

The
Spenserian
Tradition.

With Milton that influence is seen in its zenith. All through his early life and Horton period Spenser can be heard. The matter and the manner are both revealed. In *Il Penseroso* (116-120) he fairly abstracts the contents of Book I, in speaking of the themes that great bards

"In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear".

His publisher, Humphrey Moseley, in his preface to the

¹ Grosart, *Spenser*, I, p. 170.

² "This wise, tender and sweet-voiced old fellow" (*John Halifax, Gentleman*, chap. ix).

1645 edition of Milton's early English and Latin poems, declares that the book is "as true a birth as the Muses have brought forth since our famous poet Spenser wrote: whose Poems in these English ones are as rarely imitated as sweetly excelled". Milton himself in the *Areopagitica* extols "our sage and serious Spenser, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas, describing true temperance under the person of Guion". There was obviously the same love of the beautiful in the two men. In a note on the tenth eclogue Edward Kirke, in a passage undoubtedly taken from Spenser himself, had written of the function or pattern of a poet: "An arte or rather no arte, but a divine gift and heavenlie instinct not to bee gotten by laboure and learning, but adorned with both: and poured into the witte by a certain *Ἐνθουσιασμός* and celestially inspiration". Milton had certainly that in his memory when he in turn wrote the famous words in the *Reason of Church Government*: "a work not to be raised from the heat of youth, or the vapour of wine . . . nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer to the Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and all knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases". In a letter Milton writes:¹ "I know not what God has resolved concerning me, but this I know at least—He has instilled into me a vehement love of the beautiful. Not with so much labour, as the fables have it, is Ceres said to have sought her daughter Proserpine, as I am wont day and night to seek for this Idea² of the Beautiful through all the forms and faces of things. I am pluming my wings and meditating flight."

Cowley says: "I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse as have never since left ringing there. There was wont to lie in my mother's parlour Spenser's works; this I happened to fall

¹ *Milton*, by Stopford Brooke, p. 25.

² See above, under "Personal Characteristics of Spenser". This Platonic reference is constant in the Earl of Stirling (1580-1640), and in Drummond of Hawthornden (1585-1649).

upon, and by degrees was delighted with the twinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers; so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet immediately."

Pope has frequent imitations in his *Pastorals*, and in his later years told Joseph Spence that the early feeling which he found in reading him had not abated. Gay, in the preface to the *Shepherd's Week*, styles Spenser "a bard of sweetest memory". Ambrose Philips,¹ in his *Pastorals*, followed closer. Addison in an early poem shows that Spenser was rather dim to him:

" Old Spenser next, warm'd with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amused a barb'rous age;
But now the mystic tale, that pleased of yore,
Can charm an understanding age no more".

But Steele, in two papers of the *Spectator* (390 and 540), seems to have had a better acquaintance, declaring "his old words are all true English, and numbers exquisite". Thomson in his *Castle of Indolence*, and Shenstone in *The Schoolmistress*, use his stanza to break the monotony of the school of Dryden and Pope; while Beattie in the *Minstrel* (1771) follows suit with a poem, which, if not itself very high poetry, yet showed that he had an eye and an ear for what was such in greater men. Scott, as a boy, read Spenser with avidity on the Blackford Hill and Arthur's Seat of Edinburgh, and used his stanza in the *Vision of Don Roderick* (1811). Byron in *Childe Harold* has written his very best in the manner and metre of the older poet, though in spirit he was, as we can naturally see, far from him. "I can make nothing of him", he said to Leigh Hunt, on returning to him his copy.

¹ It is common to talk disrespectfully of Philips. But Burns, who read odd volumes of the *Spectator* as a boy, had found in No. 400 by Steele this quotation from the *Sixth Pastoral*;

" Breathe soft ye Winds, ye Waters *gently flow*,
Shield her ye Trees, ye Flowers around her grow,
Ye Swains, I beg you, pass in Silence by,
My Love in yonder Vale asleep does lie".

And the result, the undoubted result, was *Afton Water*.

Campbell in *Gertrude of Wyoming*, Keats in the *Eve of St. Agnes*, and Shelley in the *Revolt of Islam*, have prolonged the note. To the eighteenth century he was largely unknown, declared to be barbarous and "Gothick"; Johnson lamented the signs of a reviving interest. He has fully shared in the Chaucerian revival of our time, and is now as familiar as modern poets. The age has come round entirely to the idea of Gibbon: "The nobility of the Spencers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough, but I exhort them to consider the 'Faerie Queen' as the most precious jewel of their coronet".

THE FAERY QUEENE

BOOK I

The Legend of the Knight of the Red Crosse, or of Holinesse.

1 LO! I the man, whose Muse whilome did maske,
As time her taught, in lowly Shepheards weeds,
Am now enforst, a far unfitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine oaten reeds,
And sing of Knights and Ladies gentle deeds;
Whose praises having slept in silence long,
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds
To blazon broade emongst her learned throng:
Fierce warres and faithfull loves shall moralize my song.

2 Helpe then, O holy virgin! chiefe of nine,
Thy weaker novice to performe thy will;
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,
Of Faerie knights and fairest Tanaquill,
Whom that most noble Briton prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong:
O helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tong!

3 And thou most dreaded impe of highest Jove,
Faire Venus sonne, that with thy cruell dart
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart,
Lay now thy deadly heben bow apart,

And with thy mother milde come to mine ayde ;
Come both, and with you bring triumphant Mart,
In loves and gentle jollities arrayd,
After his murdrous spoiles and bloudy rage allayd.

4 And with them eke, O Goddesse heavenly bright,
Mirrour of grace and majestie divine,
Great Lady of the greatest isle, whose light
Like Phoebus lampe throughout the world doth shine,
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
And raise my thoughts, too humble and too vile,
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted stile :
The which to heare vouchsafe, O dearest dread, a while !

CANTO I

*The patron of true Holinesse
foule Errour doth defeate;
Hypocrisie him to entrappe
doth to his home entreate.*

- 1 A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the plaine
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine,
The cruel markes of many a bloody fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield:—
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt
- 2 And on his brest a bloudie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead as living ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had:
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.
- 3 Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
That greatest glorious Queene of Faerie lond,
To winne him worship, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave;
And ever as he rode, his hart did earne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

- 4 A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
 Upon a lowly asse more white then snow,
 Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide
 Under a vele, that wimpled was full low,
 And over all a blacke stole she did throw,
 As one that inly mournd: so was she sad,
 And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow:
 Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
 And by her in a line a milkewhite lambe she lad.
- 5 So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
 She was in life and every vertuous lore,
 And by descent from royall lynage came
 Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore
 Their scepters stretcht from east to westerne shore,
 And all the world in their subjection held;
 Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
 Forwasted all their land, and them expeld;
 Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far compeld.
- 6 Behind her farre away a dwarfe did lag,
 That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
 Or weariéd with bearing of her bag
 Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
 The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
 And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
 Did poure into his lemans lap so fast,
 That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain;
 And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.
- 7 Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
 A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
 That promist ayde the tempest to withstand:
 Whose loftie trees yclad with sommers pride
 Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
 Not perceable with power of any starre:
 And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
 With footing worne, and leading inward farre:
 Faire harbour that them seems; so in they entred arre.

8 And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop Elme, the Poplar never dry,
The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all,
The Aspine good for staves, the Cypresse funerall,

9 The Laurell, meed of mightie conquerours
And poets sage, the Firre that weepeth still,
The Willow worne of forlorne paramours,
The Eugh obedient to the benders will,
The Birch for shaftes, the Sallow for the mill,
The Mirrhe sweete bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,
The fruitful Olive, and the Platane round,
The carver Holme, the Maple seeldom inward sound.

10 Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Untill the blustering storme is overblowne;
When, weening to return whence they did stray,
They cannot find that path, which first was showne,
But wander too and fro in wayes unknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne:
So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
That which of them to take in diverse doubt they been.

11 At last resolving forward still to fare,
Till that some end they finde, or in or out,
That path they take, that beaten seemd most bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollow cave
Amidst the thickest woods. The Champion stout
Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,
And to the Dwarfe awhile his needlesse spere he gave.

12 Be well aware, quoth then that ladie milde,
 Least suddaine mischief ye too rash provoke:
 The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
 Breedeth dreadfull doubts. Oft fire is without smoke,
 And perill without show: therefore your stroke,
 Sir knight, with-hold, till further triall made.
 Ah ladie (said he), shame were to revoke
 The forward footing for an hidden shade:
 Vertue gives her selfe light, through darkenesse for to wade.

13 Yea but (quoth she) the perill of this place
 I better wot then you, though now too late
 To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,
 Yet wisdomes warnes, whilst foot is in the gate,
 To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.
 This is the wandring wood, this Errours den,
 A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
 Therefore I read beware. Fly fly (quoth then
 The fearefull Dwarfe) this is no place for living men.

14 But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
 The youthfull Knight could not for ought be staide,
 But forth unto the darksom hole he went,
 And looked in: his glistring armor made
 A litle glooming light, much like a shade,
 By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
 Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
 But th' other halfe did womans shape retaine,
 Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine.

15 And as she lay upon the durtye ground,
 Her huge long taile her den all overspred,
 Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,
 Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred
 A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
 Sucking upon her poisonous dugs, eachone
 Of sundry shapes, yet all ill favoréd:
 Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
 Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

16 Their dam upstart, out of her den effraide,
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
About her cursed head, whose folds displaid
Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile.
She lookt about, and seing one in mayle,
Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe;
For light she hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in desert darknes to remaine,
Where plain none might her see, nor she see any plaine.

17 Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd, he lept
As lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
From turning backe, and forced her to stay:
Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce, her speckled taile advaunst,
Threatning her angrie sting, him to dismay:
Who, nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst:
The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder glaunst.

18 Much daunted with that dint her sence was dazd;
Yet kindling rage, her selfe she gathered round,
And all attonce her beastly body raizd
With doubled forces high above the ground:
Tho, wrapping up her wrethed sterne arownd,
Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirre he strove in vaine:
(God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse traine!)

19 His Lady sad to see his sore constraint,
Cride out, Now now Sir Knight, shew what ye bee.
Add faith unto your force, and be not faint:
Strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee.
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for grieve and high disdain,
And knitting all his force got one hand free,
Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine,
That soone to loose her wicked bands did her constraine.

20 Therewith she spewd out of her filthy maw
A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,
Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him slacke
His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe:
Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,
And creeping sought way in the weedy gras:
Her filthy parbreake all the place defiléd has.

21 As when old father Nilus gins to swell
With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale,
His fattie waves do fertile slime outwell,
And overflow each plaine and lowly dale:
But, when his later spring gins to avale,
Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherein there breed
Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
And partly female, of his fruitful seed;
Such ugly monstrous shapes elsewhere may no man reed.

22 The same so sore annoyéd has the Knight,
That, welnigh choked with the deadly stinke,
His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight.
Whose corage when the feend perceivd to shrinke,
She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
Her fruitfull cursed spawne of serpents small,
Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,
Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

23 As gentle shepheard in sweete even-tide,
When ruddy Phoebus gins to welke in west,
High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
Markes which doe byte their hasty supper best,
A cloud of combrous gnattes doe him molest,
All striving to infixe their feeble stinges,
That from their noyance he no where can rest,
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

- 24 Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame
Then of the certeine perill he stood in,
Halfe furious unto his foe he came,
Resolvd in minde all suddenly to win,
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin ;
And stroke at her with more then manly force,
That from her body full of filthie sin
He raft her hatefull head without remorse :
A streame of cole black bloud forth gushed from her corse.
- 25 Her scattred brood, soone as their parent deare
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare
Gathred themselves about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to have found
At her wide mouth : but being there withstood
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And suckéd up their dying mothers bloud,
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.
- 26 That detestable sight him much amazde,
To see th' unkindly impes, of heaven accurst,
Devoure their dam ; on whom while so he gazd,
Having all satisfide their bloody thirst,
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst,
And bowels gushing forth : well worthy end
Of such as drunke her life the which them nurst ;
Now needeth him no lenger labour spend,
His foes have slaine themselves, with whom he should contend
- 27 His Lady seeing all that chaunst from farre,
Approcht in hast to greet his victorie,
And saide, Faire Knight, borne under happy starre,
Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye :
Well worthie be you of that armory,
Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day,
And proov'd your strength on a strong enimie,
Your first adventure : many such I pray,
And henceforth ever wish that like succæd it may.

28 Then mounted he upon his steede againe,
And with the Lady backward sought to wend;
That path he kept, which beaten was most plaine,
Ne ever would to any byway bend,
But still did follow one unto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought.
So forward on his way (with God to frend)
He passed forth, and new adventure sought;
Long way he traueiled, before he heard of ought.

29 At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
An agéd sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had;
Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad,
And all the way he prayéd, as he went,
And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

30 He faire the Knight saluted, louting low,
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was:
And after asked him, if he did know
Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pas.
Ah my dear sonne (quoth he) how should, alas!
Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his trespass,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father sits not with such things to mell.

31 But if of daunger which hereby doth dwell,
And homebred evil ye desire to heare,
Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
That wasteth all this countrey farre and neare.
Of such (said he) I chiefly do inquere;
And shall you well reward to shew the place,
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare:
For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
That such a cursed creature lives so long a space.

32 Far hence (quoth he) in wastfull wilderness
 His dwelling is, by which no living wight
 May ever passe, but thorough great distresse.
 Now (sayd the Lady) draweth toward night,
 And well I wote, that of your later night
 Ye all forwearied be: for what so strong,
 But wanting rest will also want of might?
 The sunne that measures heaven all day long,
 At night doth baite his steedes the ocean waves emong.

33 Then with the sunne take, Sir, your timely rest,
 And with new day new worke at once begin:
 Untroubled night they say gives counsell best.
 Right well, Sir Knight, ye have advised bin,
 (Quoth then that aged man): the way to win
 Is wisely to advise: now day is spent;
 Therefore with me ye may take up your in
 For this same night. The knight was well content
 So with that godly father to his home they went.

34 A little lowly hermitage it was,
 Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
 Far from resort of people, that did pas
 In travell to and froe: a little wyde
 Thêre was an holy chappell edifyde,
 Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say
 His holy things each morne and eventyde:
 Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
 Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

*description
 of
 hermitage*

35 Arrivéd there, the little house they fill,
 Ne looke for entertainment, where none was: ✓
 Rest is their feast, and all thinges at their will;
 (The noblest mind the best contentment has.)
 With faire discourse the evening so they pas:
 For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,
 And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas,
 He told of Saintes and Popes, and evermore
 He strowd an Ave-Mary after and before.

36 The drouping night thus creepeth on them fast,
And the sad humour loading their eye liddes,
As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast
Sweet slombering deaw, the which to sleepe them biddes.
Unto their lodgings then his gwestes he riddes:
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
He to his studie goes, and there amiddes
His magick bookes, and artes of sundry kindes,
He seeks out mighty charmes, to trouble sleepy mindes.

37 Then choosing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame,
With which and other spelles like terrible,
He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly dame,
And cursed heaven, and spake reproachfull shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light;
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
Great Gorgon, Prince of darknesse and dead night,
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

38 And forth he cald out of deepe darknesse dred
Legions of Sprights, the which like litle flies,
Fluttring about his ever damned hed,
Awaite whereto their service he applies,
To aide his friends, or fray his enimies:
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;
The one of them he gave a message too,
The other by himselfe staide other worke to doo.

39 He making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed,
Whiles sad night over him her mantle black doth spred.

40 Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnisht yvory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre do lye,
Watching to banish Care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drownéd deepe
In drowsie fit he findes: of nothing he takes keepe.

41 And more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne:
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t' annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard: but carelesse Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enemyes.

42 The messenger approaching to him spake,
But his wast wordes returnd to him in vaine:
So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,
Whereat he gan to stretch: but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forcéd him to speake.
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

43 The sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatned unto him the dreaded name
Of Hecate: whereat he gan to quake,
And, lifting up his lompish head, with blame
Halfe angry asked him, for what he came.
Hither (quoth he) me Archimago sent,
He that the stubborne sprites can wisely tame,
He bids thee to him send for his intent
A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent.

44 The God obayde, and, calling forth straightway
 A diverse dreame out of his prison darke,
 Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
 His heavie head, devoide of careful carke,
 Whose sences all were straight benumbd and starke.
 He backe returning by the yvorie dore,
 Remounted up as light as chearefull larke;
 And on his litle winges the dreame he bore
 In hast unto his lord, where he him left afore.

45 Who all this while with charmes and hidden artes
 Had made a lady of that other spright,
 And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes
 So lively and so like in all mens sight,
 That weaker sence it could have ravisht quight:
 The maker selfe, for all his wondrous witt,
 Was nigh beguiléd with so goodly sight:
 Her all in white he clad, and over it
 Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for Una fit.

46 Now when that ydle dreame was to him brought,
 Unto that elfin knight he bad him fly,
 Where he slept soundly void of evil thought,
 And with false shewes abuse his fantasy;
 In sort as he him schooled privily.
 And that new creature, borne without her dew,
 Full of the makers guile, with usage sly
 He taught to imitate that Lady trew,
 Whose semblance she did carrie under feigned hew.

CANTO II

*The guilefull great Enchaunter parts
the Redcrosse Knight from Truth:
Into whose stead faire Falshood steps,
and workes him woefull ruth.*

- 1 BY this the northerne wagoner had set
His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre
That was in Ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
To all that in the wide deepe wandring arre:
And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warned once, that Phoebus fiery carre
In hast was climbing up the easterne hill,
Full envious that night so long his roome did fill.
- 2 When those accursed messengers of hell,
That feigning dreame, and that faire-forged spright,
Came to their wicked maister, and gan tell
Their bootelesse paines, and ill-succeeding night:
Who, all in rage to see his skilfull might
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine
And sad Proserpines wrath, them to affright.
But, when he saw his threatning was but vaine,
He cast about, and searcht his baleful bookes againe.
.
- 7 Now when the rosy-fingred Morning faire,
Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,
Had spread her purple robe through dewy aire,
And the high hils Titan discovered,
The royall virgin shooke off drowsy-hed;
And, rising forth out of her baser bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her dwarfe, that wont to waite each houre:
Then gan she waile and weepe to see that woefull stowre.

8 And after him she rode with so much speede
 As her slow beast could make ; but all in vaine :
 For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,
 Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdain,
 That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine ;
 Yet she her weary limbes would never rest,
 But every hil and dale, each wood and plaine,
 Did search, sore grievéd in her gentle brest,
 He so ungently left her, whom she lovéd best.

9 But subtill Archimago, when his guests
 He saw divided into double parts,
 And Una wandring in woods and forrests,
 Th' end of his drift, he praised his divelish arts,
 That had such might over true meaning harts :
 Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,
 How he may worke unto her further smarts :
 For her he hated as the hissing snake,
 And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

10 He then devisde himselfe how to disguise ;
 For by his mighty science he could take
 As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,
 As ever Proteus to himselfe could make :
 Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
 Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell,
 That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,
 And oft would flie away. O who can tell
 The hidden power of herbes, and might of magicke spell?

11 But now seemde best the person to put on
 Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest :
 In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
 And silver shield, upon his coward brest
 A bloody crosse, and on his craven crest
 A bouch of haire discoloured diversly.
 Full jolly knight he seemde, and well addrest,
 And when he sate upon his courser free,
 Saint George himself ye would have deemed him to be.

12 But he, the knight whose semblaunt he did beare,
The true Saint George, was wandred far away,
Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare;
Will was his guide, and grieve led him astray.
At last him chaunst to meete upon the way
A faithlesse Sarazin all arm'd to point,
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans foy: full large of limbe and every joint
He was, and caréd not for God or man a point.

13 Hee had a faire companion of his way,
A goodly Lady clad in scarlot red,
Purfled with gold and pearle of rich assay
And like a Persian mitre on her hed
Shee wore, with crowns and owches garnished,
The which her lavish lovers to her gave;
Her wanton palfrey all was overspred
With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
Whose bridle rung with golden bells and bosses brave.

14 With faire disport and courting dalliaunce,
She intertaine her lover all the way:
But when she saw the knight his speare advaunce,
She soone left off her mirth and wanton play,
And bad her knight addresse him to the fray:
His foe was nigh at hand. He prickt with pride
And hope to winne his ladies heart that day,
Forth spurred fast: adowne his coursers side
The red blood trickling staine the way, as he did ride.

15 The knight of the Redcrosse when him he spide
Spurring so hote with rage dispiteous,
Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride:
Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,
That, daunted with their forces hideous,
Their steeds do stagger, and amazed stand,
And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,
Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
Doe backe rebut, and ech to other yeeldeth land.

- 16 As when two rams, stird with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flocke,
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
Do meete, that with the terror of the shocke
Astonied both stand sencelesse as a blocke,
Forgetfull of the hanging victory:
So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
Both staring fierce, and holding idely
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.
- 17 The Sarazin, sore daunted with the buffe,
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;
Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff:
Each others equall puissance envies,
And through their iron sides with cruell spies
Does seeke to perce; repining courage yields
No foote to foe. The flashing fier flies,
As from a forge, out of their burning shields,
And streams of purple bloud new dies the verdant fields.
- 18 Curse on that Cross (quoth then the Sarazin),
That keeps thy body from the bitter fit!
Dead long ygoe I wote thou haddest bin,
Had not that charme from thee forwarned it:
But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,
And hide thy head. Therewith upon his crest
With rigor so outrageous he smitt,
That a large share it hewd out of the rest,
And glauncing down his shield from blame him fairly blest.
- 19 Who, thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive;
And at his haughtie helmet making mark,
So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,
And cleft his head. He, tumbling downe alive,
With bloody mouth his mother earth did kis,
Greeting his grave: his grudging ghost did strive
With the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is,
Whither the soules do fly of men, that live amis.

- 20 The Lady when she saw her champion fall,
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,
But from him fled away with all her powre;
Who after her as hastily gan scowre,
Bidding the dwarfe with him to bring away
The Sarazins shield, signe of the conqueroure.
Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay,
For present cause was none of dread her to dismay.
- 21 Shee turning backe with ruefull countenance
Cride, Mercy, mercy, Sir, vouchsafe to show
On silly dame, subject to hard mischaunce,
And to your mighty will. Her humblesse low
In so ritch weedes and seeming glorious show,
Did much emmove his stout heroicke heart;
And said, Deare dame, your suddein overthrow
Much rueth me; but now put feare apart,
And tel, both who ye be, and who that tooke your part.
- 22 Melting in teares, then gan she thus lament;
The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre
Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
Before that angry heavens list to lowre,
And fortune false betraide me to your powre,
Was (O what now availeth that I was!)
Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,
He that the wide West under his rule has,
And high hath set his throne, where Tiberis doth pas.
- 23 He in the first flowre of my freshest age,
Betrothed me unto the onely haire
Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage;
Was never Prince so faithfull and so faire,
Was never Prince so meeke and debonaire;
But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
My dearest Lord fell from high honours staire
Into the hands of his accurséd fone, *See*
And cruelly was slaine; that shall I ever mone.

24 His blessed body, spoild of lively breath,
Was afterward, I know not how, convoid
And fro me hid; of whose most innocent death
When tidings came to me, unhappy maid,
O how great sorrow my sad soule assaid.
Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,
And many yeares throughout the world I straid,
A virgin widow, whose deepe wounded mind
With love long time did languish as a stricken hind.

25 At last it chauncéd this proud Sarazin
To meete me wandring; who perforce me led
With him away, but yet could never win;
There lies he now with foule dishonour dead,
Who whiles he livde, was called the proud Sans foy,
The eldest of three brethren, all three bred
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sans joy;
And twixt them both was born the bloody bold Sans loy.

26 In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate,
Now miserable I Fidessa dwell,
Craving of you in pittie of my state,
To do none ill, if please ye not do well.
He in great passion all this while did dwell,
More busying his quicke eyes her face to view,
Then his dull eares to heare what she did tell;
And said, Faire lady, hart of flint would rew
The undeservéd woes and sorrowes which ye shew.

27 Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye rest,
Having both found a new friend you to aid,
And lost an old foe that did you molest:
Better new friend then an old foe is said.
With chaunge of cheare the seeming simple maid
Let fal her eyen, as shamfast, to the earth,
And yeelding soft, in that she nought gain-said;
So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,
And she coy lookes: so dainty they say maketh derth.

28 Long time they thus together traveiled,
 Til weary of their way, they came at last
 Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spred
 Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overcast;
 And their greene leaves trembling with every blast,
 Made a calme shadow far in compasse round:
 The fearfull shepheard often there aghast
 Under them never sat, ne wont there sound
 His mery oaten pipe, but shund th' unlucky ground.

29 But this good knight, soone as he them can spie,
 For the cool shade him thither hastily got:
 For golden Phoebus now ymounted hie,
 From fiery wheelles of his faire chariot
 Hurl'd his beame so scorching cruell hot,
 That living creature mote it not abide;
 And his new lady it endured not.
 There they alight, in hope themselves to hide
 From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

30 Faire seemely pleasaunce each to other makes,
 With goodly purposes there as they sit:
 And in his falséd fancy he her takes
 To be the fairest wight, that livéd yit;
 Which to expresse, he bends his gentle wit,
 And thinking of those braunches greene to frame
 A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
 He pluckt a bough; out of whose rift there came
 Smal drops of gory bloud, that trickled down the same.

31 Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard,
 Crying, O spare with guilty hands to teare
 My tender sides in this rough rynd embard;
 But fly, ah fly far hence away, for feare
 Least to you hap, that happened to me heare,
 And to this wretched lady, my deare love,
 O too deare love, love bought with death too deare.
 Astond he stood, and up his haire did hove;
 And with that suddein horror could no member move.

32 At last whenas the dreadfull passion
 Was overpast, and manhood well awake;
 Yet musing at the straunge occasion,
 And doubting much his sence, he thus bespake;
 What voice of damned ghost from Limbo lake,
 Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire,
 Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake,
 Sends to my doubtful eares these speeches rare,
 And rueful plaints, me bidding guiltlesse bloud to spare?

33 Then, groning deep, Nor damned ghost (quoth he)
 Nor guileful sprite to thee these words doth speake;
 But once a man Fradubio, now a tree,
 Wretched man, wretched tree; whose nature weake
 A cruell witch her curséd will to wreake,
 Hath thus transformd, and plast in open plaines,
 Where Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,
 And scorching sunne does dry my secret vaines;
 For though a tree I seeme, yet cold and heat me paines.

34 Say on Fradubio then, or man, or tree,
 Quoth then the knight, by whose mischievous arts
 Art thou misshapéd thus, as now I see?
 He oft finds med'cine, who his grieve imparts;
 But double griefs afflict concealing harts,
 As raging flames who striveth to suppress.
 The author then (said he) of all my smarts
 Is one Duessa, a false sorceresse,

* That many errant knights hath broght to wretchednesse.

35 In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hot
 The fire of love and joy of chevalree
 First kindled in my brest, it was my lot
 To love this gentle lady, whome ye see,
 Now not a lady, but a seeming tree;
 With whom as once I rode accompanyde,
 Me chauncéd of a knight encountred bee,
 That had a like faire lady by his syde;
 Like a faire lady, but did fowle Duessa hyde.

36 Whose forged beauty he did take in hand
All other dames to have exceeded farre;
I in defence of mine did likewise stand,
Mine, that did then shine as the morning starre.
So both to battell fierce arraungéd arre,
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Under my speare: such is the dye of warre:
His lady, left as a prise martiall,
Did yield her comely person to be at my call.

37 So doubly lov'd of ladies unlike faire,
Th' one seeming such, the other such indeede,
One day in doubt I cast for to compare
Whether in beauties glorie did excede;
A rosy girland was the victors meede:
Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee,
So hard the discord was to be agreede.
Fraelissa was as faire, as faire mote bee,
And ever false Duessa seemde as faire as shee.

38 The wicked witch now seeing all this while
The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway,
What not by right, she cast to win by guile,
And by her hellish science raisd streightway
A foggy mist that overcast the day,
And a dull blast that breathing on her face
Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,
And with foule ugly forme did her disgrace:
Then was she faire alone, when none was faire in place.

39 Then cride she out, Fye, fye, deformed wight,
Whese borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
To have before bewitched all mens sight;
O leave her soone, or let her soone be slaine.
Her loathly visage viewing with disdain,
Eftsoones I thought her such, as she me told,
And would have kild her; but with faigned paine
The false witch did my wrathfull hand with-hold:
So left her, where she now is turnd to treën mould.

40 Thensforth I tooke Duessa for my Dame,
 And in the witch unweeting joyd long time,
 Ne ever wist, but that she was the same:
 Till on a day (that day is every prime,
 When witches wont do penance for their crime)
 I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
 Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme:
 A filthy foule old woman I did vew,
 That ever to have toucht her I did deadly rew.

42 The divelish hag by chaunges of my cheare
 Perceiv'd my thought, and, drownd in sleepe night,
 With wicked herbes and ointments did besmeare
 My body all, through charmes and magicke might,
 That all my senses were bereavéd quight:
 Then brought she me into this desert waste,
 And by my wretched lovers side me pight;
 Where now enclosd in wooden wals full faste,
 Banishd from living wights, our wearie dayes we waste.

43 But how long time, said then the Elfin knight,
 Are you in this misformed house to dwell?
 We may not chaunge (quoth he) this evil plight,
 Till we be bathéd in a living well;
 That is the terme prescribéd by the spell.
 O how, said he, mote I that well out find,
 That may restore you to your wonted well?
 Time and suffised fates to former kynd
 Shall us restore, none else from hence may us unbynd.

44 The false Duessa, now Fidessa hight,
 Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,
 And knew well all was true. But the good knight,
 Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment,
 When all this speech the living tree had spent,
 The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
 That from the bloud he might be innocent,
 And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound:
 Then turning to his lady, dead with feare her found.

45 Her seeming dead he found with feigned feare,
As all unweeting of that well she knew;
And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare
Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eylids blew
And dimmed sight with pale and deadly hew
At last she up gan lift: with trembling cheare
Her up he tooke, too simple and too trew,
And oft her kist. At length, all passed feare,
He set her on her steede, and forward forth did beare.

CANTO III

*Forsaken Truth long seekes her love,
and makes the Lyon mylde,
Marres blind Devotions mart, and fals
in hand of treachour vylde.*

1 NOUGHT is there under heav'ns wide hollownesse,
That moves more deare compassion of mind,
Then beautie brought t' unworthy wretchednesse
Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightnesse blind,
Or through alleageance and fast fealtie,
Which I do owe unto all woman kind,
Feele my hart perst with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pittie I could die.

2 And now it is empassioned so deepe,
For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
That my fraile eyes these lines with teares do steepe,
To thinke how she through guilefull handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
Though faire as ever living wight was faire,
Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorcéd in despaire,
And her dew loves deriv'd to that vile witches share.

3 Yet she, most faithfull ladie, all this while
Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
In wildernesses and wastfull deserts strayd,
To seeke her knight; who subtilly betrayd
Through that late vision, which th' enchaunter wrought,
Had her abandond. She, of nought affrayd,
Through woods and wastnesse wide him daily sought;
Yet wished tydings none of him unto her brought.

4 One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
From her unhastie beast she did alight,
And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shadow, far from all mens sight:
From her faire head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside. Her angels face,
As the great eye of heaven shynéd bright,
And made a sunshine in the shadie place;
Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

5 It fortunéd out of the thickest wood
A ramping lyon rushd suddainly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood.
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have attonce devourd her tender corse:
But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
His bloody rage aswagéd with remorse,
And, with the sight amazd, forgat his furious forse.

6 In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O how can beautie maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her hart gan melt in great compassion,
And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

7 The lyon, lord of everie beast in field,
Quoth she, his princely puissance doth abate,
And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:
But he, my lyon, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruell hart to hate
Her, that him lov'd, and ever most adord,
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?

8 Redounding teares did choke th' end of her plaint,
 Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood ;
 And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
 The kingly beast upon her gazing stood ;
 With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
 At last, in close hart shutting up her paine,
 Arose the virgin, borne of heavenly brood,
 And to her snowy palfrey got againe,
 To seeke her strayed champion if she might attaine.

9 The lyon would not leave her desolate,
 But with her went along, as a strong gard
 Of her chast person, and a faithfull mate
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard :
 Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward,
 And when she wakt, he waited diligent,
 With humble service to her will prepar'd :
 From her faire eyes he tooke commandement,
 And ever by her lookes conceiv'd her intent.

10 Long she thus traueiled through deserts wyde,
 By which she thought her wandring knight shold pas,
 Yet never shew of living wight espyde ;
 Till that at length she found the troden gras,
 In which the tract of peoples footing was,
 Under the steepe foot of a mountaine hore ;
 The same she followes, till at last she has
 A damzell spyde, slow footing her before,
 That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

11 To whom approaching she to her gan call,
 To weet, if dwelling place were nigh at hand ;
 But the rude wench her answerd nought at all ;
 She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand ;
 Till, seeing by her side the lyon stand,
 With suddaine feare her pitcher downe she threw,
 And fled away : for never in that land
 Face of faire lady she before did vew,
 And that dread lyons looke her cast in deadly hew.

12 Full fast she fled, ne ever lookt behynd,
As if her life upon the wager lay,
And home she came, whereas her mother blynd
Sate in eternall night: nought could she say,
But, suddaine catching hold, did her dismay
With quaking hands, and other signes of feare:
Who, full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the dore. By this arrivéd there
Dame Una, weary dame, and entrance did requere.

13 Which when none yielded, her unruly page
With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,
And let her in; where, of his cruell rage
Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,
Shee found them both in darkesome corner pent:
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beads devoutly penitent;
Nine hundred Pater nosters every day,
And thrise nine hundred Aves she was wont to say.

14 And to augment her painefull penaunce more,
Thrise every weeke in ashes she did sit,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,
And thrise three times did fast from any bit:
But now, for feare her beads she did forget.
Whose needlesse dread for to remove away,
Faire Una framéd words and count'naunce fit:
Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray,
That in their cotage small that night she rest her may.

15 The day is spent, and commeth drowsie night,
When every creature shrowded is in sleepe;
Sad Una downe her laies in wearie plight,
And at her feete the lyon watch doth keepe;
In stead of rest, she does lament, and weepe
For the late losse of her deare lovéd knight,
And sighes, and grones, and evermore does steepe
Her tender brest in bitter teares all night;
All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for light.

- 16 Now when Aldeboran was mounted hie
Above the shinie Casseiopeias chaire,
And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lie,
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare;
He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,
That readie entraunce was not at his call:
For on his backe a heavy load he bare
Of nightly stelths, and pillage severall,
Which he had got abroad by purchase criminall.
- 17 He was, to weete, a stout and sturdy thiefe,
Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments,
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
Which given was to them for good intents;
The holy saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men carelesse slept,
And spoild the priests of their habiliments;
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,
Then he by conning sleights in at the window crept.
- 18 And all that he by right or wrong could find,
Unto this house he brought, and did bestow
Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow,
And fed her fat with feast of offerings,
And plenty, which in all the land did grow;
Ne sparéd he to give her gold and rings:
And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.
- 19 Thus long the dore with rage and threats he bet;
Yet of those fearfull women none durst rize,
The lyon frayéd them, him in to let:
He would no longer stay him to advize,
But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
And entring is, when that disdainfull beast
Encountring fierce, him suddein doth surprize,
And seizing cruell clawes on trembling brest,
Under his lordly foot him proudly hath supprest.

20 Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
 His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand;
 Who streight him rent in thousand peeces small,
 And quite dismembred hath: the thirsty land
 Drunke up his life; his corse left on the strand.
 His fearefull freends weare out the woful night,
 Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to understand
 The heavie hap, which on them is alight;
 Affraid, least to themselves the like mishappen might.

21 Now when broad day the world discovered has,
 Up Una rose, up rose the lyon eke,
 And on their former journey forward pas,
 In wayes unknowne, her wandring knight to seeke,
 With paines far passing that long wandring Greeke,
 That for his love refuséd deitye.
 Such were the labours of this lady meeke,
 Still seeking him, that from her still did flye;
 Then furthest from her hope, when most she weened nye.

22 Soone as she parted thence, the fearfull twaine,
 That blind old woman, and her daughter deare,
 Came forth, and finding Kirkrapine there slaine,
 For anguish great they gan to rend their heare,
 And beat their breasts, and naked flesh to teare.
 And when they both had wept and wayld their fill,
 Then forth they ran like two amazéd deare,
 Halfe mad through malice and revenging will,
 To follow her, that was the causer of their ill.

23 Whom overtaking, they gan loudly bray,
 With hollow howling, and lamenting cry;
 Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
 And her accusing of dishonesty,
 That was the flowre of faith and chastity;
 And still, amidst her rayling, she did pray
 That plagues, and mischiefes, and long misery,
 Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
 And that in endlesse error she might ever stray.

- 24 But, when she saw her prayers nought prevaile,
She backe retourned with some labour lost :
And in the way, as shee did weepe and waile,
A knight her met in mighty armes embost,
Yet knight was not for all his bragging bost,
But subtill Archimag, that Una sought
By traynes into new troubles to have tost :
Of that old woman tidings he besought,
If that of such a ladie she could tellen ought.
- 25 Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her heare,
Saying, that woman she too lately knew,
That causd her shed so many a bitter teare :
And so forth told the story of her feare.
Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chaunce,
And after for that ladie did inquere ;
Which being taught, he forward gan advaunce
His fair enchanted steed, and eke his charmed launce.
- 26 Ere long he came where Una traveild slow,
And that wilde champion wayting her besyde :
Whom seeing such, for dread hee durst not show
Him selfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
Unto an hill ; from whence when she him spyde,
By his like seeming shield, her knight by name
She weend it was, and towards him gan ryde ;
Approching nigh she wist it was the same,
And with faire fearefull humblesse towards him shee came
- 27 And weeping said, Ah my long lacked lord,
Where have ye bene thus long out of my sight ?
Much feared I to have bene quite abhord,
Or ought have done, that ye displeasen might,
That should as death unto my deare heart light :
For since mine eye your joyous sight did mis,
My chearefull day is turnd to chearelesse night,
And eke my night of death the shadow is ;
But welcome now, my light, and shining lampe of blis !

28 He thereto meeting said, My dearest dame,
 Far be it from your thought, and fro my will,
 To thinke that knighthood I so much should shame,
 As you to leave, that have me lovéd still,
 And chose in Faery court of meere goodwill,
 Where noblest knights were to be found on earth:
 The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skill
 To bring forth fruit, and make eternall derth,
 Then I leave you, my lief, yborn of heavenly berth.

29 And sooth to say, why I lefte you so long,
 Was for to seeke adventure in strange place;
 Where, Archimago said, a felon strong
 To many knights did daily worke disgrace;
 But knight he now shall never more deface:
 Good cause of mine excuse, that mote ye please
 Well to accept, and evermore embrace
 My faithfull service, that by land and seas
 Have vowd you to defend: now then your plaint appease.

30 His lovely words her seemd due recompence
 Of all her passed paines: one loving howre
 For many yeares of sorrow can dispence:
 A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre.
 Shee has forgot how many a woful stowre
 For him she late endurd; she speakes no more
 Of past: true is, that true love hath no powre
 To looken backe; his eyes be fixt before.
 Before her stands her knight, for whom she toyld so sore.

31 Much like, as when the beaten marinere,
 That long hath wandred in the ocean wide,
 Oft soust in swelling Tethys saltish teare,
 And long time having tand his tawney hide
 With blustering breath of heaven, that none can bide,
 And scorching flames of fierce Orions hound,
 Soone as the port from far he has espide,
 His chearfull whistle merrily doth sound,
 And Nereus crownes with cups; his mates him pledg around.

32 Such joy made Una, when her knight she found;
And eke th' enchaunter joyous seemd no lesse
Then the glad marchant, that does vew from ground
His ship far come from watrie wilderness;
He hurles out vowes, and Neptune oft doth blesse:
So forth they past, and all the way they spent
Discoursing of her dreadful late distresse,
In which he askt her, what the lyon ment;
Who told her all that fell in journey, as she went.

33 They had not ridden far, when they might see
One pricking towards them with hastie heat,
Full strongly armd, and on a courser free,
That through his fierceness foméd all with sweat,
And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,
When his hot ryder spurd his chauffed side;
His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat
Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde;
And on his shield *Sansloy* in bloody lines was dyde.

34 When nigh he drew unto this gentle payre,
And saw the Red crosse which the knight did beare,
He burnt in fire, and gan eftsoones prepare
Himselfe to battell with his couched speare.
Loth was that other, and did faint through feare,
To taste th' untryéd dint of deadly steele;
But yet his lady did so well him cheare,
That hope of new good hap he gan to feele;
So bent his speare, and spurd his horse with yron heele.

35 But that proud Paynim forward came so fierce
And full of wrath, that, with his sharp head speare,
Through vainly crossed shield he quite did pierce;
And, had his staggering steede not shronke for feare,
Through shield and bodie eke he should him beare:
Yet, so great was the puissance of his push,
That from his saddle quite he did him beare:
He, tombling rudely downe, to ground did rush,
And from his goréd wound a well of bloud did gush.

36 Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,
 He to him lept, in mind to reave his life,
 And proudly said, Lo! there the worthie meed
 Of him who slew Sansfoy with bloody knife;
 Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,
 In peace may passen over Lethe lake,
 When mourning altars, purgd with enemies life,
 The black infernall Furies doen aslake:
Life from Sansfoy thou tookst, Sansloy shall from thee take.

37 Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,
 Till Una cride, O! hold that heavie hand,
 Deare sir, what ever that thou be in place:
 Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stand
 Now at thy mercy: Mercy not withstand:
 For he is one the truest knight alive,
 Though conquered now he lye on lowly land,
 And whilst him fortune favourd, faire did thrive
 In bloody field: therefore, of life him not deprive.

38 Her piteous wordes might not abate his rage;
 But, rudely rending up his helmet, would
 Have slaine him straight: but when he sees his age,
 And hoarie head of Archimago old,
 His hasty hand he doth amazéd hold,
 And, halfe ashaméd, wondred at the sight:
 For that old man well knew he, though untold,
 In charmes and magick to have wondrous might,
Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists to fight;

39 And said, Why, Archimago, lucklesse syre,
 What doe I see? what hard mishap is this,
 That hath thee hither brought to taste mine yre?
 Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
 Instead of foe to wound my friend amis?
 He answered nought, but in a traunce still lay,
 And on those guilefull dazéd eyes of his
 The cloude of death did sit. Which doen away,
 He left him lying so, ne would no lenger stay:

40 But to the virgin comes, who all this while
 Amaséd stands, her selfe so mockt to see
 By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
 For so misfeigning her true knight to bee:
 Yet is she now in more perplexitie,
 Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,
 From whom her booteth not at all to flie;
 Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,
 Her from her palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold.

41 But her fierce servant, full of kingly awe
 And high disdaine, whenas his souveraine dame
 So rudely handled by her foe he sawe,
 With gaping jawes full greedy at him came,
 And ramping on his shield, did weene the same
 Have reft away with his sharp rending clawes:
 But he was stout, and yre did now inflame
 His corage more, that from his griping pawes
 He hath his shield redeemd, and forth his swerd he drawes

42 O! then, too weake and feeble was the forse
 Of salvage beast, his puissance to withstand:
 For he was strong, and of so mightie corse,
 As ever wielded speare in warlike hand,
 And feates of armes did wisely understand.
 Eftsoones he percéd through his chauféd chest
 With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
 And launcht his lordly hart: with death opprest
 He roar'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne brest.

43 Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
 From raging spoile of lawlesse victor's will?
 Her faithfull gard remov'd, her hope dismaid,
 Her selfe a yielded pray to save or spill.
 He now, lord of the field, his pride to fill,
 With foule reproches and disdaineful spight
 Her vildly entertaines, and, will or nill,
 Beares her away upon his courser light:
 Her prayers nought prevaile, his rage is more of might.

44 And all the way, with great lamenting paine,
And piteous plaintes, she filleth his dull eares,
That stony hart could riven have in twaine;
And all the way she wets with flowing teares:
But he, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.
Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,
But follows her far off, ne ought he feares
To be partaker of her wandring woe,
More mild in beastly Kind, then that her beastly foe.

CANTO IV

*To sinfull house of Pride, Duessa
guides the faithfull knight,
Where brother's death to wreak, Sansjoy
doth challenge him to fight.*

- 1 YOUNG knight whatever, that dost armes professe,
And through long labours hunttest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,
In choice and change of thy deare-lovéd dame,
Lest thou of her believe too lightly blame,
And rash misweening doe thy hart remove :
For unto knight there is no greater shame,
Then lightnesse and inconstancie in love ;
That doth this Redcrosse knights ensample plainly prove.
- 2 Who, after that he had faire Una lorne,
Through light misdeeming of her loialtie,
And false Duessa in her sted had borne,
Called Fidess', and so supposed to be,
Long with her traveild, till at last they see
A goodly building, bravely garnished ;
The house of mightie prince it seemd to be :
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet, which thither traveiled.
- 3 Great troupes of people traveild thitherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place ;
But few returned, having scapéd hard,
With balefull beggery, or foule disgrace ;
Which ever after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
Thither Duessa bad him bend his pace,
For she is wearie of the toilesome way,
And also nigh consuméd is the lingring day.

4 A stately pallace built of squaréd bricke,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whose wals were high, but nothing strong nor thick,
And golden foile all over them displaid,
That purest skye with brightnesse they dismaid:
High lifted up were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries far over laid,
Full of faire windowes and delightful bowres;
And on the top a diall told the timely howres.

5 It was a goodly heape for to behould,
And spake the praises of the workmans wit;
But full great pittie, that so faire a mould
Did on so weake foundation ever sit:
For on a sandie hill, that still did flit
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That every breath of heaven shakéd it:
And all the hinder parts, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

6 Arrivé there, they passed in forth right;
For still to all the gates stood open wide:
Yet charge of them was to a porter hight,
Cald Malvenù, who entrance none denide:
Thence to the hall, which was on every side
With rich array and costly arras dight.
Infinite sorts of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished sight
Of her, that was the lady of the pallace bright.

7 By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
And to the presence mount; whose glorious vew
Their frayle amazéd senses did confound:
In living Princes court none ever knew
Such endlesse riches, and so sumptuous shew;
Ne Persia selfe, the nourse of pompous pride,
Like ever saw. And there a noble crew
Of lordes and ladies stood on every side,
Which with their presence faire the place much beautifide.

- 8 High above all a cloth of state was spred,
 And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day;
 On which there sate, most brave embellished
 With royall robes and gorgeous array,
 A mayden Queene that shone, as Titans ray,
 In glistring gold and peerelesse pretious stone:
 Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
 To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
 As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone.
- 9 Exceeding shone, like Phoebus fairest childe,
 That did presume his fathers firie wayne,
 And flaming mouthes of steedes unwonted wilde,
 Through highest heaven with weaker hand to rayne;
 Proud of such glory and advancement vaine,
 While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
 He leaves the welkin way most beaten plaine,
 And, rapt with whirling wheelles, inflames the skyen
 With fire not made to burne, but fairely for to shyne.
- 10 So proud she shynéd in her princely state,
 Looking to heaven, for earth she did disdayne,
 And sitting high, for lowly she did hate:
 Lo! underneath her scornefull feete was layne
 A dreadfull dragon with an hideous trayne;
 And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
 Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,
 And in her selfe-lov'd semblance tooke delight;
 For she was wondrous faire, as any living wight.
- 11 Of griesly Pluto she the daughter was,
 And sad Proserpina, the Queene of hell;
 Yet did she thinke her pearelesse worth to pas
 That parentage, with pride so did she swell:
 And thundring Jove, that high in heaven doth dwell
 And wield the world, she claymed for her syre,
 Or if that any else did Jove excell:
 For to the highest she did still aspyre,
 Or, if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

12 And proua *Lucifera* men did her call,
That made her selfe a queene, and crownd to be,
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
Ne heritage of native soveraintie,
But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie
Upon the scepter, which she now did hold:
Ne ruld her realme with lawes, but pollicie,
And strong advizement of six wizards old,
That with their counsels bad her kingdome did uphold.

13 Soone as the elfin knight in presence came,
And false Duessa, seeming lady faire,
A gentle husher, Vanitie by name,
Made rowme, and passage for them did prepatre:
So goodly brought them to the lowest staire
Of her high throne, where they on humble knee
Making obeysaunce, did the cause declare,
Why they were come her royall state to see,
To prove the wide report of her great majestee.

14 With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so low,
She thanked them in her disdainefull wise;
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to show
Of princesse worthy, scarce them bad arise.
Her lordes and ladies all this while devise
Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight:
Some frounce their curled haire in courtly guise,
Some prancke their ruffes, and others trimly dight
Their gay attire: each others greater pride does spight.

15 Goodly they all that knight do entertaine,
Right glad with him to have increast their crew:
But to Duess' each one himselfe did paine
All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew,
For in that court whylome her well they knew:
Yet the stout Faerie mongst the middest crowd
Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew,
And that great Princesse too exceeding prowde,
That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

- 16 Suddein upriseth from her stately place
The royall dame, and for her coche did call:
All hurtlen forth; and she, with princely pace,
As faire Aurora in her purple pall
Out of the east the dawning day doth call;
So forth she comes; her brightnesse brode doth blaze;
The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
Do ride each other upon her to gaze:
Her glorious glitterand light doth all mens eyes amaze.
- 17 So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,
Adorned all with gold, and girlonds gay,
That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime,
And strove to match, in royall rich array,
Great Junoes golden chaire, the which they say
The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
To Joves high house through heavens bras-pavéd way,
Drawne of faire pecocks, that excell in pride,
And full of Argus eyes their tailes dispredden wide.
- 18 But this was drawne of six unequall beasts,
On which her six sage counsellours did ryde,
Taught to obay their bestiall beheasts,
With like conditions to their kinds applyde:
Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
Was sluggish Idlenesse, the nourse of sin;
Upon a slouthfull asse he chose to ryde,
Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin,
Like to an holy monck, the service to begin.
- 19 And in his hand his portesse still he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little red;
For of devotion he had little care,
Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his dayes ded;
Scarse could he once uphold his heavie hed,
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seeme the wayne was very evill led,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not whether right he went, or else astray

20 From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,
 And greatly shunned manly exercise;
 From every worke he chalengéd essayne,
 For contemplation sake: yet otherwise
 His life he led in lawlesse riotise,
 By which he grew to grievous malady;
 For in his lustlesse limbs, through evill guise,
 A shaking fever raignd continually:
 Such one was Idlenesse, first of this company.

21 And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
 Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne;
 His belly was up-blowne with luxury,
 And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne,
 And like a crane his neck was long and fyne,
 With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
 For want whereof poore people oft did pyne;
 And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
 He spuéd up his gorge, that all did him deteast.

22 In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad,
 For other clothes he could not wear for heat;
 And on his head an yvie girland had,
 From under which fast trickled downe the sweat:
 Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
 And in his hande did beare a bouzing can,
 Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
 His dronken corse he scarce upholden can;
 In shape and life more like a monster, then a man.

23 Unfit he was for any wordly thing,
 And eke unhable once to stirre or go,
 Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
 Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,
 That from his friend he seldome knew his fo:
 Full of diseases was his carcas blew,
 And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow,
 Which by misdiet daily greater grew:
 Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

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- 27 And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a camell loaden all with gold :
Two iron coffers hong on either side,
With precious metall full as they might hold ;
And in his lap an heap of coine he told ;
For of his wicked pelfe his God he made,
And unto hell him selfe for money sold ;
Accurséd usurie was all his trade ;
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce waide.
- 28 His life was nigh unto deaths doore yplast,
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes he ware ;
Ne scarce good morsell all his life did tast ;
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and richesse to compare ;
Yet childe ne kinsman living had he none
To leave them to ; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose, his owne,
He led a wretched life, unto him selfe unknowne.
- 29 Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffise,
Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store,
Whose need had end, but no end covetise,
Whose welth was want, whose plenty made him pore,
Who had enough, yet wished ever more ;
A vile disease, and eke in foote and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full sore,
That well he could not touch, nor go, nor stand :
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire band.
- 30 And next to him malicious Envie rode
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Between his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
That all the poison ran about his chaw ;
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
At neighbours welth, that made him ever sad ;
For death it was, when any good he saw,
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had,
But when he heard of harme, he waxed wondrous glad.

- 31 All in a kirtle of discolour'd say
He clothed was, ypaynted full of eyes;
And in his bosome secretly there lay
An hatefull snake, the which his taile uptyes
In many folds, and mortall sting implies.
Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth to see
Those heapes of gold with griple covetyse;
And grudgéd at the great felicitie
Of proud Lucifera, and his owne companie.
- 32 He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,
And him no lesse, that any like did use;
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse:
So every good to bad he doth abuse:
And eke the verse of famous poets witt
He does backebite, and spightfull poison spues
From leprous mouth on all, that ever writt:
Such one vile Envy was, that fite in row did sitt.
- 33 And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,
Upon a lion, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his hed:
His eyes did hurle forth sparkles fiery red,
And staréd sterne on all, that him beheld;
As ashes pale of hew and seeming ded;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in him sweld.
- 34 His ruffin raiment all was staind with blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,
Through unadvised rashnesse woxen wood;
For of his hands he had no government,
Ne car'd for bloud in his avengement:
But, when the furious fit was overpast,
His cruell facts he often would repent;
Yet wilfull man he never would forecast
How many mischieves should ensue his heedlesse hast.

- 35 Full many mischiefes follow cruell Wrath;
 Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
 Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,
 Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife,
 And fretting griefe, the enemy of life;
 All these, and many evils moe haunt ire,
 The swelling splene, and frenzy raging rife,
 The shaking palsey, and Saint Fraunces fire:
 Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.
- 36 And, after all, upon the wagon beame
 Rode Sathan with a smarting whip in hand,
 With which he forward lasht the laesy teme,
 So oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.
 Huge routs of people did about them band,
 Showting for joy; and still before their way
 A foggy mist had covered all the land;
 And, underneath their feet, all scattered lay
 Dead skulls and bones of men whose life had gone astray.
- 37 So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,
 To take the solace of the open aire,
 And in fresh flowring fields themselves to sport;
 Emongst the rest rode that false lady faire,
 The foule Duessa, next unto the chaire
 Of proud Lucifera, as one of the traine:
 But that good knight would not so nigh repaire,
 Him selfe estraunging from their joyaunce vaine,
 Whose fellowship seemd far unfit for warlike swaine.
- 38 So, having solacéd themselves a space
 With pleasaunce of the breathing fields yfed,
 They backe retourned to the princely place;
 Whereas an errant knight in armes yclod,
 And heathnish shield, wherein with letters red
 Was writt *Sansjoy* they new arrivéd find:
 Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardy-hed,
 He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,
 And nourish bloody vengeance in his bitter mind.

- 39 Who, when the shaméd shield of slaine Sansfoy
He spide with that same Faery champions page,
Bewraying him, that did of late destroy
His eldest brother, burning all with rage
He to him leapt, and that same envious gage
Of victors glory from him snatcht away :
But th' elfin knight, which ought that warlike wage,
Disdained to loose the meed he wonne in fray,
And, him rencountring fierce, reskewd the noble pray.
- 40 Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,
And clash their shields, and shake their swords on hy
That with their sturre they troubled all the traine ;
Till that great Queene, upon eternall paine
Of high displeasure that ensewen might,
Commaunded them their fury to refraine,
And, if that either to that shield had right,
In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight.
- 41 Ah, dearest dame (quoth then the Paynim bold),
Pardon the error of enragéd wight,
Whom great grieve made forget the raines to hold
Of reasons rule, to see this recreant knight,
No knight, but treachour full of false despight
And shamefull treason, who through guile hath slayn
The prowest knight that ever field did fight,
Even stout Sansfoy (O, who can then refrayn?)
Whose shield he beares renverst, the more to heap disdayn.
- 42 And, to augment the glorie of his guile,
His dearest love, the faire Fidessa, loe !
Is there possessed of the traytour vile,
Who reapes the harvest sown by his foe,
Sown in bloody field, and bought with woe :
That brothers hand shall dearely well requight,
So be, O Queene, you equall favour showe.
Him little answerd th' angry elfin knight ;
He never meant with words, but swords, to plead his right :

43 But threw his gauntlet, as a sacred pledge
 His cause in combat the next day to try:
 So been they parted both, with harts on edge
 To be aveng'd each on his enemy.
 That night they pas in joy and jollity,
 Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall;
 For steward was excessive Gluttonie,
 That of his plenty poured forth to all:
 Which doen, the chamberlain, Slowth, did to rest them call.

44 Now whenas darkesome night had all displayd
 Her coleblacke curtein over brightest skye,
 The warlike youthes, on dayntie couches layd,
 Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish eye,
 To muse on meanes of hopéd victory.
 But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
 Arrested all that courtly company,
 Up-rose Duessa from her resting place,
 And to the Paynims lodging comes with silent pace

45 Whom broad awake she findes, in troublous fit,
 Forecasting how his foe he might annoy;
 And him amoves with speaches seeming fit:
 Ah, deare Sansjoy, next dearest to Sansfoy,
 Cause of my new griefe, cause of my new joy,
 Joyous to see his ymage in mine eye,
 And greev'd to thinke how foe did him destroy,
 That was the flowre of grace and chevalrye;
 Lo! his Fidessa, to thy secret faith I flye.

46 With gentle wordes he can her fairely greet,
 And bad say on the secret of her hart.
 Then, sighing soft, I learne that little sweet
 Oft tempred is (quoth she) with muchell smart:
 For since my brest was launcht with lovely dart
 Of deare Sansfoy, I never joyed howre,
 But in eternall woes my weaker hart
 Have wasted, loving him with all my powre,
 And for his sake have felt full many an heavie stowre.

47 At last, when perils all I weened past,
 And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
 Into new woes unweeting I was cast
 By this false faytor, who unworthy ware
 His worthy shield, whom he with guilefull snare
 Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull grave.
 Me, silly maid, away with him he bare,
 And ever since hath kept in darksome cave,
 For that I would not yeeld that to Sansfoy I gave.

48 But since faire sunne hath sperst that lowring clowd,
 And to my loathéd life now shewes some light,
 Under your beames I will me safely shrowd
 From dreaded storme of his disdainfull spight:
 To you th' inheritance belongs by right
 Of brothers prayse, to you eke longs his love.
 Let not his love, let not his restlesse spright,
 Be unaveng'd, that calles to you above
 From wandring Stygian shores, where it doth endlesse move.

49 Thereto said he, Faire dame, be nought dismaid
 For sorrowes past; their grieve is with them gone:
 Ne yet of present perill be afraid,
 For needlesse feare did never vantage none;
 And helplesse hap it booteth not to mone.
 Dead is Sansfoy, his vitall paines are past,
 Though greevéd ghost for vengeance deepe do grone:
 He lives, that shall him pay his dewties last,
 And guiltie elfin blood shall sacrifice in hast.

50 O! but I feare the fickle freakes (quoth shee)
 Of fortune false, and oddes of armes in field.
 Why, Dame (quoth he), what oddes can ever bee,
 Where both do fight alike, to win or yield?
 Yea, but (quoth she) he beares a charmed shield,
 And eke enchaunted armes, that none can perce;
 Ne none can wound the man, that does them wield.
 Charmd or enchaunted (answerd he then ferce)
 I no whit reck, ne you the like need to reherce.

51 But, faire Fidessa, sithens fortunes guile,
Or enimies powre, hath now captivéd you,
Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while
Till morrow next, that I the Elfe subdew,
And with Sansfoyes dead dowry you endew.
Ay, me! that is a double death (she said),
With proud foes sight my sorrow to renew:
Where ever yet I be, my secret aid
Shall follow you. So, passing forth, she him obaid.

CANTO V

*The faithfull knight in equall field
subdewes his faithlesse foe;
Whom false Duessa saves, and for
his cure to hell does goe.*

- 1 THE noble hart, that harbours vertuous thought.
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can never rest, untill it forth have brought
Th' eternall brood of glorie excellent.
Such restlesse passion did all night torment
The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
Devizing how that doughtie turnament
With greatest honour be atchieven might :
Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light.
- 2 At last, the golden orientall gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open faire,
And Phoebus, fresh as bridegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie haire,
And hurld his glistring beams through gloomy aire.
Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd, streightway
He started up, and did him selfe prepaire
In sunbright armes, and battailous array :
For with that Pagan proud he combat will that day.
- 3 And forth he comes into the commune hall ;
Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,
To weet what end to straunger knights may fall.
There many minstrales maken melody,
To drive away the dull melancholy ;
And many bardes, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voices cunningly ;
And many chroniclers, that can record
Old loves, and warres for ladies doen by many a lord.

- 4 Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,
In woven maile all armed warily;
And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin
Does care for looke of living creatures eye.
They bring them wines of Greece and Araby,
And daintie spices fetcht from furthest Ynd,
To kindle heat of corage privily;
And in the wine a solemne oth they bynd
T' observe the sacred lawes of armes, that are assynd.
- 5 At last forth comes that far renownmed Queene,
With royall pomp and princely majestie:
She is ybrought into a paléd greene,
And placéd under stately canapee,
The warlike feates of both those knights to see.
On th' other side in all mens open vew
Duessa placéd is, and on a tree
Sansfoy his shield is hangd with bloody hew:
Both those the lawrell girlonds to the victor dew.
- 6 A shrilling trompet sownded from on hye,
And unto battaill bad themselves addresse:
Their shining shieldes about their wrestes they tye,
And burning blades about their heades doe blesse,
The instruments of wrath and heavinesse:
With greedy force each other doth assayle,
And strike so fiercely, that they do impresse
Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle:
The yron walles to ward their blowes are weak and fraile
- 7 The Sarazin was stout, and wondrous strong,
And heaped blowes like yron hammers great;
For after bloud and vengeance he did long.
The knight was fiers, and full of youthly heat,
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat:
For all for praise and honour he did fight.
Both stricken strike, and beaten both do beat,
That from their shields forth flyeth fire light,
And helmets hewen deepe shew marks of eithers might.

- 8 So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right:
As when a gryfon, seized of his pray,
A dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,
Through widest ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull ravine rend away;
With hideous horror both together smight,
And souce so sore, that they the heavens affray:
The wise soothsayer, seeing so sad sight,
Th' amazed vulgar tels of warres and mortall fight.
- 9 So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right,
And each to deadly shame would drive his foe:
The cruell steele so greedily doth bight
In tender flesh, that streames of bloud down flow:
With which the armes, that earst so bright did show,
Into a pure vermillion now are dyde;
Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,
Seeing the goréd woundes to gape so wyde,
That victory they dare not wish to either side.
- 10 At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his eye,
His suddein eye, flaming with wrathful fyre,
Upon his brothers shield, which hong thereby:
Therewith redoubled with his raging yre,
And said, Ah! wretched sonne of wofull syre,
Dost thou sit wayling by blacke Stygian lake,
Whilest here thy shield is hangd for victors hyre,
And, sluggish german, dost thy forces slake
To after-send his foe, that him may overtake?
- 11 Goe, caytive Elfe, him quickly overtake,
And soone redeeme from his longwandring woe:
Goe, guiltie ghost, to him my message make,
That I his shield have quit from dying foe.
Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so,
That twice he reeled, readie twice to fall:
End of the doubtfull battell deemed tho
The lookers on, and lowd to him gan call
The false Duessa, Thine the shield, and I, and all.

12 Soone as the Faerie heard his lady speake,
Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake;
And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weake,
The creeping deadly cold away did shake;
Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and ladies sake,
Of all attonce he cast aveng'd to be,
And with so' exceeding furie at him strake,
That forcéd him to stoupe upon his knee:
Had he not stoopéd so, he should have cloven bee.

13 And to him said, Goe now, proud miscreant,
Thyselfe thy message do to german deare;
Alone he wandring thee too long doth want:
Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare.
Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,
Him to have slaine; when lo! a darkesome clowd
Upon him fell; he no where doth appeare,
But vanisht is. The elfe him calls alowd,
But answer none receives: the darknes him does shrowd.

14 In haste Duessa from her place arose,
And to him running said, O! prowest knight,
That ever ladie to her love did chose,
Let now abate the terror of your might,
And quench the flame of furious despight
And bloudie vengeance; lo! th' infernall powres,
Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull bowres.
The conquest yours, I yours, the shield and glory yours.

15 Not all so satisfide, with greedie eye
He sought, all round about, his thirstie blade
To bathe in bloud of faithlesse enemy;
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade:
He standes amazéd how he thence should fade.
At last the trumpets triumph sound on hie
And running heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victorie,
And to him bring the shield, the cause of enmitie.

16 Werewith he goeth to that soveraine Queene;
And falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes present of his service seene;
Which she accepts with thanks and goodly gree,
Greatly advauncing his great chevalree.
So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
Whom all the people follow with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
That all the aire it fils, and flyes to heaven bright.

17 Home is he brought, and laid on sumptuous bed:
Where many skilfull leaches him abide,
To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,
And softly gan enbalme on everie side.
And all the while most heavenly melody
About the bed sweet musicke did divide,
Him to beguile of grieve and agony:
And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly.

18 As when a wearie traveller, that strays
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,
Unweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
Doth meete a cruell craftie crocodile,
Which, in false grieve hyding his harmefull guile,
Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender teares;
The foolish man, that pitties all this while
His mournefull plight, is swallowed up unwares,
Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes anothers cares.

19 So wept Duessa untill eventide,
That shyning lampes in Joves high house were light:
Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide;
But comes unto the place, where th' hethen knight,
In slombring swownd, nigh voyd of vitall spright,
Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day:
Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
To wayle his wofull case she would not stay,
But to the easterne coast of heaven makes speedy way.

- 20 Where griesly night, with visage deadly sad,
 That Phoebus chearefull face durst never vew,
 And in a foule blacke pitchy mantle clad,
 She findes forth comming from her darksome mew,
 Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
 Before the dore her yron charet stood,
 Already harnessed for journey new,
 And cole blacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,
 That on their rusty bits did champ, as they there wood.
- 21 Who when she saw Duessa sunny bright,
 Adornd with gold and jewels shining cleare,
 She greatly grew amazéd at the sight,
 And th' unacquainted light began to feare;
 (For never did such brightnes there appeare;)
 And would have backe retyréd to her cave,
 Untill the witches speech she gan to heare,
 Saying, Yet, O thou dreaded dame! I crave
 Abide, till I have told the message which I have.
- 22 She stayd, and forth Duessa gan proceede,
 O thou most auncient grandmother of all,
 More old then Jove, whom thou at first didst breede,
 Or that great house of gods cælestiall;
 Which wast begot in Daemogorgons hall,
 And sawst the secrets of the world unmade,
 Why suffredst thou thy nephewes deare to fall
 With elfin sword most shamefully betrade?
 Lo! where the stout Sansjoy doth sleepe in deadly shade.
- 23 And him before, I saw with bitter eyes
 The bold Sansfoy shrink underneath his speare;
 And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
 Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on groning beare,
 That whylome was to me too dearely deare.
 O! what of Gods then boots it to be borne,
 If old Aveugles sonnes so evill heare?
 Or who shall not great nightes children scorne,
 When two or three her nephews are so fowle forlorne?

24 Up, then ! up, dreary dame, of darknesse Queene ;
Go, gather up the reliques of thy race ;
Or else goe them avenge, and let be seene
That dreaded night in brightest day hath place,
And can the children of faire light deface.
Her feeling speeches some compassion mov'd
In hart, and chaunge in that great mothers face :
Yet pittie in her hart was never prov'd
Till then : for evermore she hated, never lov'd :

25 And said, Deare daughter, rightly may I rew
The fall of famous children borne of mee,
And good successes, which their foes ensew :
But who can turne the streame of destinee.
Or breake the chayne of strong necessitee,
Which fast is tyde to Joves eternall seat?
The sonnes of day he favoureth, I see,
And by my ruines thinkes to make them great :
To make one great by others losse is bad excheat.

26 Yet shall they not escape so freely all,
For some shall pay the price of others guilt :
And he, the man that made Sansfoy to fall,
Shall with his owne bloud price that he has spilt.
But what art thou, that telst of nephews kilt?
I, that do seeme not I, Duessa am,
(Quoth she) how ever now in garments gilt
And gorgeous gold arayd, I to thee came ;
Duessa I, the daughter of deceit and shame.

27 Then bowing downe her agéd backe, she kist
The wicked witch, saying, In that faire face
The false resemblance of deceit, I wist,
Did closely lurke ; yet so true-seeming grace
It carried, that I scarce in darkesome place
Could it discerne, though I the mother bee
Of falshood, and roote of Duessaes race.
O welcome, child ! whom I have longd to see,
And now have seene unawares. Lo ! now I goe with thee.

- 28 Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
And with her beares the fowle welfavourd witch :
Through mirkesome aire her ready way she makes.
Her twyfold teme, of which two blacke as pitch,
And two were browne, yet each to each unlich,
Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp,
Unlesse she chaunst their stubborne mouths to twitch ;
Then, foming tarre, their bridles they would champ,
And trampling the fine element would fiercely ramp.
- 29 So well they sped, that they be come at length
Unto the place, whereas the Paynim lay,
Devoid of outward sense, and native strength,
Coverd with charmed cloud from vew of day,
And sight of men, since his late luckelesse fray.
His cruell wounds with cruddy bloud congeald
They binden up so wisely as they may,
And handle softly, till they can be heald :
So lay him in her charet, close in night conceald.
- 30 And, all the while she stood upon the ground,
The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay,
As giving warning of th' unwonted sound,
With which her yron wheelles did them affray,
And her darke griesly looke them much dismay :
The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,
With drery shriekes did also her bewray ;
And hungry wolves continually did howle
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.
- 31 Thence turning backe in silence soft they stole,
And brought the heavy corse with easy pace
To yawning gulfe of deepe Avernus hole :
By that same hole an entrance, dark and bace,
With smoake and sulphur hiding all the place,
Descends to hell : there creature never past,
That backe returned without heavenly grace ;
But dreadfull Furies, which their chaines have brast,
And damned sprights sent forth to make ill men aghast.

32 By that same way the direfull dames doe drive
Their mornefull charet, fild with rusty blood,
And downe to Plutoes house are come bilive :
Which passing through, on every side them stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood.
Chattring their yron teeth, and staring wide
With stonie eyes ; and all the hellish brood
Of feends infernall flockt on every side,
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the night durst ride.

33 They pas the bitter waves of Acheron,
Where many soules sit wailing woefully,
And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,
Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
And with sharp shrilling shriekes doe bootlesse cry.
Cursing high Jove, the which them thither sent.
The house of endlesse paine is built thereby,
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
The curséd creatures doe eternally torment.

34 Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thousand adders venomous,
And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong :
At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
And felly gnarre, untill dayes enemy
Did him appease ; then downe his taile he hong,
And suffered them to passen quietly :
For she in hell and heaven had power equally.

35 There was Ixion turned on a wheele,
For daring tempt the Queene of heaven to sin
And Sisypus an huge round stone did reele
Against an hill, ne might from labour lin ;
There thirsty Tantalus hong by the chin ;
And Tityus fed a vulture on his maw ;
Typhoeus joynts were stretched on a gin ;
Theseus condemnd to endlesse slouth by law ;
And fifty sisters water in leake vessels draw.

36 They all, beholding worldly wights in place,
 Leave off their worke, unmindfull of their smart,
 To gaze on them; who forth by them doe pace,
 Till they be come unto the furthest part;
 Where was a cave ywrought by wondrous art,
 Deepe, darke, uneasy, dolefull, comfortlesse,
 In which sad Aesculapius far apart
 Emprisond was in chaines remedillesse;
 For that Hippolytus rent corse he did redresse.

40 Such wondrous science in mans witt to rain
 When Jove avizd, that could the dead revive,
 And fates expired could renew again,
 Of endlesse life he might him not deprive,
 But unto hell did thrust him downe alive,
 With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore:
 Where long remaining, he did alwaies strive
 Himselfe with salves to health for to restore,
 And slake the heavenly fire, that ragéd evermore.

41 There auncient night arriving, did alight
 From her nigh weary waine, and in her armes
 To Aesculapius brought the wounded knight:
 Whom having softly disarayd of armes,
 Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,
 Beseeching him with prayer, and with praise,
 If either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes
 A fordonne wight from dore of death mote raise,
 He would at her request prolong her nephews daies.

42 Ah Dame (quoth he), thou temptest me in vaine
 To dare the thing, which daily yet I rew,
 And the old cause of my continued paine
 With like attempt to like end to renew.
 Is not enough, that, thrust from heaven dew,
 Here endlesse penance for one fault I pay,
 But that redoubled crime with vengeance new
 Thou biddest me to eeke? can Night defray
 The wrath of thundring Jove, that rules both night and day?

43 Not so (quoth she), but, sith that heavens king
From hope of heaven hath thee excluded quight,
Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing;
And fearest not, that more thee hurten might,
Now in the powre of everlasting Night?
Goe to then, O thou far renowned sonne
Of great Apollo! shew thy famous might
In medicine, that else hath to thee wonne
Great pains, and greater praise, both never to be donne.

44 Her words prevaild: And then the learned leach
His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
And all things else, the which his art did teach:
Which having seene, from thence arose away
The mother of dread darknesse, and let stay
Aveugles sonne there in the leaches cure;
And, backe returning, tooke her wonted way
To runne her timely race, while Phoebus pure
In westerne waves his weary wagon did recure.

45 The false Duessa, leaving noyous Night,
Returnd to stately pallace of Dame Pride;
Where when she came, she found the Faery knight
Departed thence, albe, his woundes wide
Not throughly heald, unready were to ride.
Good cause he had to hasten thence away;
For on a day his wary dwarfe had spide
Where in a dungeon deepe huge numbers lay
Of caytive wretched thralls, that wayléd night and day.

46 A ruefull sight, as could be seene with eie;
Of whom he learned had in secret wise
The hidden cause of their captivitie;
How mortgaging their lives to covetise,
Through wastfull pride and wanton riotise,
They were by law of that proud tyrannesse,
Provokt with wrath and envies false surmise,
Condemned to that dongeon mercillesse,
Where they should live in woe, and die in wretchednesse.

47 There was that great proud king of Babylon,
That would compell all nations to adore,
And him as onely God to call upon,
Till, through celestiall doome thrown out of dore,
Into an oxe he was transform'd of yore.
There also was king Croesus, that enhaunst
His hart too high through his great richesse store;
And proud Antiochus, the which advaunst
His curséd hand gainst God, and on his altars daunst.

48 And them long time before, great Nimrod was,
That first the world with sword and fire warrayd;
And after him old Ninus far did pas
In princely pomp, of all the world obayd;
There also was that mightie monarch layd
Low under all, yet above all in pride,
That name of native syre did fowle upbrayd,
And would as Ammons sonne be magnifide,
Till, scornd of God and man, a shamefull death he dide.

49 All these together in one heape were throwne,
Like carkases of beasts in butchers stall.
And in another corner wide were strowne
The antique ruins of the Romanes fall:
Great Romulus, the grandsyre of them all,
Proud Tarquin, and too lordly Lentulus,
Stout Scipio, and stubborne Hanniball,
Ambitious Sylla, and sterne Marius,
High Caesar, great Pompey, and fierce Antonius.

50 Amongst these mightie men were wemen mixt,
Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke:
The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfixt
With sonnes own blade her fowle reproches spoke;
Faure Sthenoboea, that her selfe did choke
With wilfull cord, for wanting of her will;
High minded Cleopatra, that with stroke
Of aspes sting her selfe did stoutly kill:
And thousands moe the like, that did that dongeon fill;

51 Besides the endlesse routs of wretched thralles,
Which thither were assembled day by day
From all the world, after their wofull falles
Through wicked pride and wasted wealthes decay.
But most of all, which in that dongeon lay,
Fell from high princes courts, or ladies bowres;
Where they in idle pomp, or wanton play,
Consuméd had their goods, and thriftlesse howres,
And lastly thrown themselves into these heavy stowres.

52 Whose case when as the careful dwarfe had tould,
And made ensample of their mournfull sight
Unto his maister, he no lenger would
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
But early rose, and, ere that dawning light
Discovered had the world to heaven wyde,
He by a privy posterne tooke his flight,
That of no envious eyes he mote be spyde:
For doubtlesse death ensewd, if any him descryde.

53 Scarse could he footing find in that fowle way,
For many corses, like a great lay-stall,
Of murdred men, which therein strowed lay
Without remorse, or decent funerall:
Which all through that great princesse Pride did fall
And came to shamefull end. And them beside,
Forth ryding underneath the castell wall,
A donghill of dead carkases he spide;
The dreadfull spectacle of that sad house of Pride.

CANTO VI

*From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace
fayre Una is releast ;
Whom salvage nations does adore,
and learnes her wise beheast.*

- 1 AS when a ship, that flyes faire under saile,
An hidden rocke escaped hath unwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
The mariner yet halfe amazed stares
At perill past, and yet in doubt ne dares
To joy at his fool happie oversight :
So doubly is distrest twixt joy and cares
The dreadlesse courage of this elfin knight,
Having escapt so sad ensamples in his sight.
- 2 Yet sad he was, that his too hastie speede
The faire Duess' had forst him leave behind ;
And yet more sad, that Una, his deare dreed,
Her truth had staine with treason so unkind :
Yet crime in her could never creature find ;
But for his love, and for her owne selfe sake,
She wandred had from one to other Ynd,
Him for to seeke, ne ever would forsake,
Till her unwares the fiers Sansloy did overtake.
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- 6 The pitteous maiden, carefull, comfortlesse,
Does throw out thrilling shriekes, and shrieking cryes,
The last vaine helpe of womens greate distresse,
And with loud plaints importuneth the skyes,
The molten starres doe drop like weeping eyes ;
And Phoebus, flying so most shameful sight,
His blushing face in foggy cloud implies,
And hides for shame. What wit of mortall wight
Can now devise to quit a thrall from such a plight?

- 7 Eternall providence, exceeding thought,
 Where none appeares can make her selfe a way :
 A wondrous way it for this lady wrought,
 From lyons clawes to pluck the gripéd pray.
 Her shrill outcryes and shriekes so loud did bray,
 That all the woodes and forestes did resownd :
 A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away
 Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
 Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber sownd :
- 8 Who, when they heard that pitteous strained voice,
 In haste forsooke their rurall merriment,
 And ran towards the far rebownded noyce,
 To weet what wight so loudly did lament.
 Unto the place they come incontinent :
 Whom when the raging Sarazin espide,
 A rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement,
 Whose like he never saw, he durst not bide,
 But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ride.
- 9 The wyld wood gods, arrivéd in the place,
 There find the virgin, dolefull, desolate,
 With ruffled rayments, and faire blubbred face,
 As her outrageous foe had left her late ;
 And trembling yet through feare of former hate :
 And stand amazéd at so uncouth sight,
 And gin to pittie her unhappie state ;
 All stand astonied at her beautie bright,
 In their rude eyes unworthy of so wofull plight.
- 10 She, more amaz'd, in double dread doth dwell ;
 And every tender part for feare does shake :
 As when a greedy wolfe, through honger fell,
 A seely lamb far from the flock does take,
 Of whom he meanes his bloody feast to make,
 A lyon spyes fast running towards him,
 The innocent pray in hast he does forsake ;
 Which, quitt from death, yet quakes in every lim
 With chaunge of feare, to see the lyon looke so grim.

11 Such fearefull fit assaid her trembling hart ;
 Ne worde to speake, ne joynt to move she had :
 The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
 And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad ;
 Their frowning forheads, with rough hornes yclad
 And rustick horror, all a side doe lay ;
 And gently grenning, show a semblance glad
 To comfort her, and, feare to put away,
 Their backward bent knees teach her humbly to obay.

12 The doubtfull damzell dare not yet commit
 Her single person to their barbarous truth ;
 But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sit,
 Late learnd what harme to hasty trust ensu'th :
 They, in compassion of her tender youth,
 And wonder of her beautie souveraine,
 Are wonne with pity and unwonted ruth,
 And, all prostrate upon the lowly plaine,
 Do kisse her feete, and fawne on her with count'nance faine.

13 Their harts she ghesseeth by their humble guise,
 And yieldees her to extremitie of time ;
 So from the ground she fearlesse doth arise,
 And walketh forth without suspect of crime :
 They, all as glad as birdes of joyous prime,
 Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
 Shouting, and singing all a shepheards ryme,
 And with greene braunches strowing all the ground,
 Do worship her, as queene, with olive girlond cround.

14 And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
 That all the woods with double eccho ring,
 And with their horned feet do weare the ground,
 Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant spring.
 So towards old Sylvanus they her bring ;
 Who, with the noyse awakéd, commeth out
 To weet the cause, his weake steps governing
 And agéd limbs on cypresse stadle stout ;
 And with an yvie twyne his wast is girt about.

- 15 Far off he wonders, what them makes so glad,
Or Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,
Or Cybeles franticke rites have made them mad:
They, drawing nigh, unto their god present
That flowre of faith and beautie excellent.
The god himselfe, vewing that mirrhour rare,
Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent:
His owne faire Dryope now he thinkes not faire,
And Pholoe fowle, when her to this he doth compaire.
- 16 The woodborne people fall before her flat,
And worship her as goddessse of the wood;
And old Sylvanus selfe bethinkes not what
To thinke of wight so faire, but gazing stood,
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood:
Sometimes dame Venus selfe he seemes to see;
But Venus never had so sober mood:
Sometimes Diana he her takes to be;
But misseth bow and shaftes, and buskins to her knee.
- 17 By vew of her he ginneth to revive
His ancient love, and dearest Cyparisse;
And calles to mind his pourtraiture alive,
How faire he was, and yet not faire to this;
And how he slew with glauncing dart amisse
A gentle hynd, the which the lovely boy
Did love as life, above all worldly blisse;
For grieve whereof the lad n'ould after joy,
But pynd away in anguish and selfe-wild annoy.
- 18 The wooddy nymphes, faire Hamadryades,
Her to behold do thither runne apace,
And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades
Flocke all about to see her lovely face:
But, when they vewed have her heavenly grace.
They envy her in their malicious mind,
And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace:
But all the Satyres scorne their woody kind,
And henceforth nothing faire, but her, on earth they find

19 Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucky maid
 Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
 And long time with that salvage people staid,
 To gather breath in many miseries.
 During which time her gentle wit she plyes,
 To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine,
 And made her th' image of idolatryes:
 But when their bootlesse zeale she did restraine
 From her own worship, they her asse would worship fayn.

20 It fortunéd a noble warlike knight
 By just occasion to that forrest came
 To seeke his kindred, and the lignage right,
 From whence he tooke his well deserved name:
 He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,
 And fild far lands with glorie of his might;
 Plaine, faithfull, true, and enemy of shame,
 And ever lov'd to fight for ladies right:
 But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight.

21 A satyres sonne yborne in forrest wyld,
 By straunge adventure as it did betyde,
 And there begotten of a lady myld,
 Faire Thyamis the daughter of Labryde;
 That was in sacred bands of wedlocke tyde
 To Therion, a loose unruly swayne,
 Who had more joy to raunge the forrest wyde,
 And chase the salvage beast with busie payne,
 Then serve his ladies love, and wast in pleasures vayne.

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24 For all he taught the tender ymp was but
 To banish cowardize and bastard feare;
 His trembling hand he would him force to put
 Upon the lyon and the rugged beare;
 And from the she beares teats her whelps to teare;
 And eke wyld roaring buls he would him make
 To tame, and ryde their backes not made to beare;
 And the robuckes in flight to overtake:
 That every beast for feare of him did fly, and quake.

25 Thereby so fearlesse and so fell he grew,
That his owne sire and maister of his guise
Did often tremble at his horrid vew,
And oft, for dread of hurt, would him advise
The angry beastes not rashly to despise,
Nor too much to provoke; for he would learne
The lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,
(A lesson hard) and make the libbard sterne
Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did earne.

26 And for to make his powre approvéd more,
Wyld beasts in yron yokes he would compell;
The spotted panther, and the tusked bore,
The pardale swift, and the tigre cruell,
The antelope and wolfe, both fierce and fell;
And them constraine in equall teme to draw.
Such joy he had their stubborne harts to quell,
And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw,
That his beheast they feared, as a tyrans law.

27 His loving mother came upon a day
Unto the woods, to see her little sonne;
And chaunst unwares to meet him in the way,
After his sportes, and cruell pastime donne;
When after him a lyonesse did runne,
That roaring all with rage, did lowd requere
Her children deare, whom he away had wonne:
The lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,
And lull in rugged armes withouten childish feare.

28 The fearefull dame all quakéd at the sight,
And turning backe, gan fast to fly away,
Untill with love revokt from vaine affright,
She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,
And then to him these womanish words gan say:
Ah Satyrane, my dearling, and my joy,
For love of me leave off this dreadfull play;
To dally thus with death, is no fit toy:
Go, find some other play-fellowes, mine own sweet boy

29 In these and like delights of bloudy game
He trayned was, till ryper years he raught ;
And there abode, whilst any beast of name
Walkt in that forest, whom he had not taught
To feare his force : and then his courage haught
Desird of forreine foemen to be knowne,
And far abroad for straunge adventures sought ;
In which his might was never overthrowne ;
But through all Faery lond his famous worth was blown.

30 Yet evermore it was his manner faire,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Unto those native woods for to repaire,
To see his syre and offspring auncient.
And now he thither came for like intent ;
Where he unwares the fairest Una found,
Straunge lady in so straunge habiliment,
Teaching the satyres, which her sat around,
Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did redound.

31 He wondred at her wisdom heavenly rare,
Whose like in womens wit he never knew ;
And when her curteous deeds he did compare,
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rew,
Blaming of fortune, which such troubles threw,
And joyd to make prooffe of her cruelty
On gentle dame, so hurtlesse, and so trew.
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learnd her discipline of faith and verity.

32 But she, all vovd unto the Redcrosse knight,
His wandring perill closely did lament,
Ne in this new acquintaunce could delight,
But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
And all her wit in secret counsels spent,
How to escape. At last in privy wise
To Satyrane she shewed her intent ;
Who, glad to gain such favour, gan devise,
How with that pensive maid he best might thence arise.

33 So on a day, when satyres all were gone
To do their service to Sylvanus old,
The gentle virgin, left behind alone,
He led away with courage stout and bold.
Too late it was to satyres to be told,
Or ever hope recover her againe:
In vaine he seekes that having cannot hold.
So fast he carried her with carefull paine,
That they the woods are past, and come now to the plaine.

34 The better part now of the lingring day
They traveild had, whenas they far espide
A weary wight forwandring by the way,
And towards him they gan in hast to ride,
To weete of newes, that did abroad betide,
Or tidings of her knight of the Redcrosse:
But he them spying, gan to turne aside
For feare, as seemd, or for some feigned losse:
More greedy they of newes, fast towards him do crosse

35 A silly man, in simple weedes forworne,
And soild with dust of the long dried way;
His sandales were with toilsome travell torne,
And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,
As he had traveild many a sommers day
Through boyling sands of Arabie and Ynde;
And in his hand a Jacobs staffe, to stay
His weary limbs upon: and eke behind
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

36 The knight, approaching nigh, of him inquerd
Tidings of warre, and of adventures new;
But warres, nor new adventures, none he herd.
Then Una gan to aske, if ought he knew,
Or heard abroad of that her champion trew,
That in his armour bare a croslet red.
Ay me! Deare dame (quoth he), well may I rew
To tell the sad sight which mine eies have red:
These eies did see that knight both living and eke dead.

- 37 That cruell word her tender hart so thrild,
 That suddein cold did runne through every vaine,
 And stony horroure all her sences fild
 With dying fit, that downe she fell for paine.
 The knight her lightly reared up againe,
 And comforted with curteous kind reliefe:
 Then, wonne from death, she bad him tellen plaine
 The further processe of her hidden grieve:
 The lesser pangs can beare, who hath endur'd the chief.
- 38 Then gan the pilgrim thus; I chaunst this day,
 This fatall day, that shall I ever rew,
 To see two knights, in travell on my way,
 (A sory sight) arraung'd in battell new,
 Both breathing vengeaunce, both of wrathfull hew;
 My fearefull flesh did tremble at their strife,
 To see their blades so greedily imbrew,
 That, drunke with blood, yet thirsted after life: [knife.
 What more? the Redcrosse knight was slaine with Paynim
- 39 Ah! dearest lord (quoth she), how might that bee,
 And he the stoutest knight that ever wonne?
 Ah! dearest dame (quoth he), how might I see
 The thing that might not be, and yet was donne?
 Where is (said Satyrane) that Paynims sonne,
 That him of life, and us of joy, hath reft?
 Not far away (quoth he) he hence doth wonne,
 Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left [cleft.
 Washing his bloody wounds, that through the steele were
- 40 Therewith the knight thence marched forth in hast,
 Whiles Una with huge heavinesse opprest,
 Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;
 And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,
 Whereas that pagan proud him selfe did rest
 In secret shadow by a fountaine side:
 Even he it was, that earst would have supprest
 Faire Una: whom when Satyrane espide,
 With foule reprochfull words he boldly him defide;

- 41 And said, Arise, thou curséd miscreant,
Thou hast with knightlesse guile, and trecherous train,
Faire knighthood fowly shamed, and doest vaunt
That good knight of the Redcrosse to have slain:
Arise, and with like treason now maintain
Thy guilty wrong, or els thee guilty yield.
The Sarazin this hearing, rose amain,
And, catching up in hast his three-square shield
And shining helmet, soone him bucked to the field.
- 42 And, drawing nigh him, said, Ah misborne elfe,
In evill houre thy foes thee hither sent,
Anothers wrongs to wreak upon thy selfe:
Yet ill thou blamest me for having blent
My name with guile and traiterous intent:
That Redcrosse knight, perdie, I never slew;
But had he beene, where earst his arms were lent,
Th' enchaunter vaine his errour should not rew:
But thou his errour shalt, I hope, now proven trew.
- 43 Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,
To thunder blowes, and fiersly to assaile
Each other, bent his enemy to quell;
That with their force they perst both plate and maile,
And made wide furrowes in their fleshs fraile,
That it would pittie any living eie.
Large floods of blood adowne their sides did raile;
But floods of blood could not them satisfie:
Both hongred after death; both chose to win, or die.
- 44 So long they fight, and full revenge pursue,
That, fainting, each themselves to breathen let;
And oft refreshed, battell oft renue:
As when two bores, with rancling malice met,
Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely fret,
Til breathlesse both them selves aside retire,
Where foming wrath, their cruell tuskes they whet,
And trample th' earth, the whiles they may respire;
Then backe to fight againe, new breathéd and entire.

45 So fiersly, when these knights had breathéd once,
 They gan to fight returne, increasing more
 Their puissant force, and cruell rage attonce,
 With heaped strokes more hugely then before;
 That with their drery woundes, and bloody gore,
 They both, deformed, scarsely could be known.
 By this, sad Una fraught with anguish sore,
 Led with their noise which through the aire was thrown,
 Arriv'd wher they in erth their fruitles blood had sown.

46 Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin
Espide, he lefte the battell hastily,

 To catch her, newly offred to his eie:
 But Satyrane, with strokes him turning, staid,
 And sternely bad him other businesse plie
 Then hunt the steps of pure unspotted maid:
 Wherewith he all enrag'd these bitter speaches said,

47 O foolish faeries sonne! what fury mad
 Hath thee incenst to hast thy dolefull fate?
 Were it not better I that lady had
 Then that thou hadst repented it too late?
 Most sencelesse man he, that himselfe doth hate,
 To love another. Lo! then, for thine ayd,
 Here take thy lovers token on thy pate.
 So they two fight; the whiles the royall mayd
 Fledd farre away, of that proud Paynim sore afraid.

48 But that false pilgrim, which that leasing told,
 Being in deed old Archimage, did stay
 In secret shadow, all this to behold;
 And much rejoicéd in their bloody fray:
 But, when he saw the damsell passe away,
 He left his stond, and her pursewd apace,
 In hope to bring her to her last decay.
 But for to tell her lamentable cace,
 And eke this battels end, will need another place.

CANTO VII

*The Redcrosse knight is captive made
by gyaunt proud opprest:
Prince Arthur meets with Una great-
ly with those newes distrest.*

- 1 WHAT man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,
As to discry the crafty cunning traine,
By which deceit doth maske in visour faire,
And cast her colours dyéd deep in graine,
To seeme like truth, whose shape she well can faine,
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame;
The guiltlesse man with guile to entertaine?
Great maistresse of her art was that false dame,
The false Duessa, clokéd with Fidessaes name.
- 2 Who when, returning from the drery Night,
She fownd not in that perilous house of Pryde,
Where she had left the noble Redcrosse knight,
Her hopéd pray, she would no lenger bide,
But forth she went to seeke him far and wide.
Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie sate
To rest him selfe foreby a fountaine side,
Disarmed all of yron-cotéd plate,
And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.
- 3 He feedes upon the cooling shade, and bayes
His sweatie forehead in the breathing wind,
Which through the trembling leaves full gently playes,
Wherein the chearefull birds of sundry kind
Do chaunt sweet musick, to delight his mind:
The witch approching gan him fairely greet,
And with reproch of carelesnesse unkind
Upbrayd, for leaving her in place unmeet,
With fowie words tempring faire, soure galle with hony sweet.

- 4 Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,
And bathe in pleasaunce of the joyous shade,
Which shielded them against the boyling heat,
And, with greene boughes decking a gloomy shade,
About the fountaine like a girllonde made ;
Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,
Ne ever would through fervent sommer fade :
The sacred nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
Was out of Dianes favor, as it then befell.
- 5 The cause was this : One day, when Phoebe fayre
With all her band was following the chace,
This nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching ayre,
Sat downe to rest in middest of the race :
The goddesse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,
And bad the waters, which from her did flow,
Be such as she her selfe was then in place.
Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and slow ;
And all that drinke thereof do faint and feeble grow.
- 6 Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was ;
And lying downe upon the sandie graile,
Drunke of the streame, as cleare as cristall glas :
Eftsoones his manly forces gan to faile,
And mightie strong was turnd to feeble fraile.
His chaunged powres at first themselves not felt,
Till crudled cold his corage gan assaile,
And cheareful bloud in faintnesse chill did melt,
Which like a fever fit through all his body swelt.
- 7 Yet goodly court he made still to his dame,
Pourd out in loosnesse on the grassy grownd,
Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame :
Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sownd,
Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebownd,
That all the earth for terror seemd to shake,
And trees did tremble. Th' Elfe, therewith astownd,
Upstartd lightly from his looser make,
And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

8 But ere he could his armour on him dight,
 Or get his shield, his monstrous enemy
 With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,
 An hideous geant, horrible and hye,
 That with his tallnesse seemd to threat the skye;
 The ground eke groned under him for dreed;
 His living like saw never living eye,
 Ne durst behold; his stature did exceed
 The hight of three the tallest sonnes of mortall seed.

10 So growen great through arrogant delight
 Of th' high descent, whereof he was yborne,
 And through presumption of his matchlesse might,
 All other powres and knighthood he did scorne.
 Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,
 And left to losse; his stalking steps are stayde
 Upon a snaggy oke, which he had torne
 Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made
 His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen he dismayde.

11 That, when the knight he spide, he gan advance
 With huge force and insupportable mayne,
 And towards him with dreadfull fury prounce;
 Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine
 Did to him pace, sad battaile to darrayne,
 Disarmd, disgrast, and inwardly dismayde;
 And eke so faint in every joynt and vaine,
 Through that fraile fountaine, which him feeble made.
 That scarcely could he weeld his bootlesse single blade.

12 The geaunt strooke so maynly mercillesse,
 That could have overthrowne a stony towre;
 And, were not heavenly grace that did him blesse,
 He had beene pouldred all, as thin as flowre:
 But he was wary of that deadly stowre,
 And lightly lept from underneath the blow:
 Yet so exceeding was the villeins powre
 That with the wind it did him overthrow,
 And all his sences stound, that still he lay full low.

13 As when that divelish yron engin, wrought
 In deepest hell, and framd by Furies skill,
 With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
 And ramd with bullet round, ordaind to kill,
 Conceiveth fire, the heavens it doth fill
 With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke,
 That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,
 Through smouldry cloud of duskish stincking smoke;
 That th' only breath him daunts, who hath escapt the stroke.

14 So daunted when the geaunt saw the knight,
 His heavie hand he heaved up on hye,
 And him to dust thought to have battred quight,
 Untill Duessa loud to him gan crye;
 O great Orgoglio! greatest under skye,
 O! hold thy mortall hand for ladies sake;
 Hold for my sake, and do him not to dye,
 But vanquisht thine eternall bondslave make,
 And me, thy worthy meed, unto thy leman take.

15 He hearkned, and did stay from further harmes,
 To gayne so goodly guerdon, as she spake:
 So willingly she came into his armes,
 Who her as willingly to grace did take,
 And was possessed of his new found make.
 Then up he tooke the slombred sencelesse corse,
 And, ere he could out of his swowne awake,
 Him to his castle brought with hastie forse,
 And in a dongeon deepe him threw without remorse.

16 From that day forth Duessa was his deare,
 And highly honourd in his haughtie eye.
 He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,
 And triple crowne set on her head full hye,
 And her endowd with royall majestye:
 Then, for to make her dreaded more of men.
 And peoples harts with awfull terror tye,
 A monstrous beast ybred in filthy fen
 He chose, which he had kept long time in darksome den.

17 Such one it was, as that renowned snake
Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,
Long fostred in the filth of Lerna lake;
Whose many heads, out budding ever new,
Did breed him endlesse labour to subdew.
But this same monster much more ugly was,
For seven great heads out of his body grew,
An yron brest, and back of scaly bras,
And all embrewd in bloud his eyes did shine as glas.

18 His tayle was stretchéd out in wondrous length,
That to the house of heavenly gods it raught,
And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,
The ever-burning lamps from thence it braught,
And proudly threw to ground, as things of naught;
And underneath his filthy feet did tread
The sacred things, and holy heasts foretaught.
Upon this dreadfull beast with sevenfold head
He sett the false Duessa, for more aw and dread.

19 The wofull dwarfe, which saw his maisters fall
Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed,
And valiant knight become a caytive thrail,
When all was past, tooke up his forlorne weed;
His mightie armour, missing most at need;
His silver shield, now idle, maisterlesse;
His poynant speare, that many made to bleed,
The rueful monuments of heavinessse,
And with them all departes, to tell his great distresse.

20 He had not travaild long, when on the way
He wofull lady, wofull Una, met
Fast flying from that paynims greedy pray.
Whilest Satyrane him from pursuit did let:
Who when her eyes she on the dwarfe had set,
And saw the signes that deadly tydings spake,
She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
And lively breath her sad brest did forsake,
Yet might her pitteous hart be seene to pant and quake.

21 The messenger of so unhappie newes
 Would faine have dyde : dead was his hart within,
 Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes.
 At last, recovering hart, he does begin
 To rub her temples, and to chaufe her chin,
 And everie tender part does tosse and turne :
 So hardly he the flitted life does win
 Unto her native prison to retourne :
 Then gins her grievéd ghost thus to lament and mourne.

22 Ye dreary instruments of dolefull sight,
 That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
 Why do ye lenger feed on loathéd light,
 Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
 Sith cruell fates the carefull threds unfould,
 The which my life and love together tyde?
 Now let the stony dart or senselesse cold
 Perce to my hart, and pas through every side,
 And let eternall night so sad sight fro me hide.

23 O lightsome day! the lampe of highest Jove,
 First made by him mens wandring wayes to guyde,
 When darkenesse he in deepest dongeon drove ;
 Henceforth thy hatéd face for ever hyde,
 And shut up heavens windowes shyning wyde :
 For earthly sight can nought but sorrow breed,
 And late repentance, which shall long abyde.
 Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed,
 But seeled up with death, shall have their deadly meed.

24 Then downe againe she fell unto the ground,
 But he her quickly reared up againe :
 Thrise did she sinke adowne in deadly swownd,
 And thrise he her reviv'd with busie paine.
 At last when life recover'd had the raine,
 And over-wrestled his strong enemye,
 With foltring tong, and trembling every vaine,
 Tell on (quoth she) the wofull tragedie,
 The which these reliques sad present unto mine eye.

25 Tempestuous fortune hath spent all her spight,
 And thrilling sorrow throwne his utmost dart;
 Thy sad tongue cannot tell more heavy plight
 Then that I feele, and harbour in mine hart:
 Who hath endur'd the whole, can beare each part.
 If death it be, it is not the first wound,
 That launched hath my brest with bleeding smart.
 Begin, and end the bitter balefull stound;
 If lesse then that I feare, more favour I have found.

26 Then gan the dwarfe the whole discourse declare;
 The subtile traines of Archimago old;
 The wanton loves of false Fidessa faire,
 Bought with the blood of vanquisht paynim bold;
 The wretched payre transformed to treen mould;
 The house of Pride, and perils round about;
 The combat, which he with Sansjoy did hould;
 The lucklesse conflict with the gyant stout,
 Wherein captiv'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

27 She heard with patience all unto the end,
 And strove to maister sorrowfull assay,
 Which greater grew, the more she did contend,
 And almost rent her tender hart in tway;
 And love fresh coles unto her fire did lay:
 For greater love, the greater is the losse.
 Was never lady lovéd dearer day
 Then she did love the knight of the Redcrosse,
 For whose deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.

28 At last when fervent sorrow slakéd was,
 She up arose, resolving him to find
 Alive or dead: and forward forth doth pas,
 All as the dwarfe the way to her assynd:
 And evermore, in constant carefull mind,
 She fed her wound with fresh renewed bale:
 Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,
 High over hills, and low adowne the dale,
 She wandred many a wood, and measurd many a vale.

29 At last she chauncéd by good hap to meet
 A goodly knight, faire marching by the way,
 Together with his squire, arayéd meet :
 His glitterand armour shinéd far away,
 Like glauncing light of Phoebus brightest ray ;
 From top to toe no place appeared bare,
 That deadly dint of steele endanger may.
 Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware, [rare :
 That shind, like twinkling stars, with stones most pretious

30 And, in the midst thereof, one pretious stone
 Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,
 Shapt like a ladies head, exceeding shone,
 Like Hesperus emongst the lesser lights,
 And strove for to amaze the weaker sights :
 Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
 In yvory sheath, ycarv'd with curious slights,
 Whose hilts were burnisht gold, and handle strong
 Of mother pearle, and buckléd with a golden tong.

31 His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
 Both glorious brightnesse and great terrour bred ;
 For all the crest a dragon did enfold
 With greedie pawes, and over all did spred
 His golden wings : his dreadfull hideous hed,
 Close couched on the bever, seemd to throw
 From flaming mouth bright sparkles fiery red,
 That suddeine horror to fainte hartes did show ;
 And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his back full low.

32 Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
 A bunch of haire discolourd diversly,
 With sprincléd pearle, and gold full richly drest,
 Did shake, and seemd to daunce for jollity ;
 Like to an almonnd tree ymounted hye
 On top of greene Selinis all alone,
 With blossoms brave bedecked daintily ;
 Whose tender locks do tremble every one
 At every little breath, that under heaven is blowne.

33 His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
Ne might of mortall eye be ever seene;
Not made of steele, nor of enduring bras,
Such earthly mettals soon consuméd beene,
But all of diamond perfect pure and cleene
It framéd was, one massy entire mould,
Hewen out of adamant rocke with engines keene,
That point of speare it never percen could,
Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance would.

34 The same to wight he never wont disclose,
But whenas monsters huge he would dismay,
Or daunt unequall armies of his foes,
Or when the flying heavens he would affray:
For so exceeding shone his glistring ray,
That Phoebus golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beames doth over-lay;
And silver Cynthia waxed pale and faint,
As when her face is staynd with magicke arts constraint.

35 No magicke arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloody wordes of bold enchaunters call;
But all that was not such, as seemd in sight,
Before that shield did fade, and suddeine fall:
And, when him list the raskall routes appall,
Men into stones therewith he could transmew,
And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all:
And, when him list the prouder lookes subdew,
He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

36 Ne let it seeme that credence this exceeds;
For he that made the same was knowne right well
To have done much more admirable deedes.
It Merlin was, which whylome did excell
All living wightes in might of magicke spell:
Both shield, and sword, and armour all he wrought
For this young prince, when first to armes he fell;
But, when he dyde, the Faerie Queene it brought
To Faerie lond, where yet it may be seene, if sought.

- 37 A gentle youth, his dearely lovéd squire,
 His speare of heben wood behind him bare,
 Whose harmefull head, thrice heated in the fire,
 Had riven many a brest with pikehead square:
 A goodly person, and could menage faire
 His stubborne steed with curbed canon bit,
 Who under him did trample as the aire,
 And chauft that any on his backe should sit:
 The yron rowels into frothy fome he bit.
- 38 Whenas this knight nigh to the lady drew,
 With lovely court he gan her entertaine;
 But, when he heard her answers loth, he knew
 Some secret sorrow did her heart distraine:
 Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,
 Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,
 And for her humor fitting purpose faine,
 To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray;
 Wherewith enmov'd, these bleeding words she gan to say;
- 39 What worlds delight, or joy of living speach,
 Can hart, so plung'd in sea of sorrowes deep
 And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach?
 The carefull cold beginneth for to creep,
 And in my heart his yron arrow steep,
 Soone as I thinke upon my bitter bale:
 Such helplesse harmes yts better hidden keep,
 Then rip up grieve, where it may not availe:
 My last left comfort is my woes to weepe and waile.
- 40 Ah lady deare, quoth then the gentle knight,
 Well may I ween your grieve is wondrous great;
 For wondrous great grieve groneth in my spright,
 Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat.
 But, woefull lady, let me you intrete
 For to unfold the anguish of your hart:
 Mishaps are maistréd by advice discrete,
 And counsell mitigates the greatest smart;
 Found never help, who never would his hurts impart.

41 O, but (quoth she) great griefe will not be tould,
And can more easily be thought then said.
Right so; (quoth he) but he, that never would,
Could never: will to might gives greatest aid.
But griefe (quoth she) does greater grow displaid,
If then it find not helpe, and breeds despaire.
Despair breeds not (quoth he) where faith is staid.
No faith so fast, (quoth she) but flesh does paire.
Flesh may empaire, (quoth he) but reason can repaire.

42 His goodly reason, and well guided speach,
So deepe did settle in her gracious thought,
That her perswaded to disclose the breach,
Which love and fortune in her heart had wrought;
And said; Faire Sir, I hope good hap hath brought
You to inquire the secrets of my griefe,
Or that your wisdom will direct my thought,
Or that your prowess can me yield reliefe:
Then heare the story sad, which I shall tell you brieve.

43 The forlorne maiden, whom your eyes have seene
The laughing stocke of fortunes mockeries,
Am th' onely daughter of a king and queene,
Whose parents deare, whilst equal destinies
Did runne about, and their felicities
The favourable heavens did not envy,
Did spred their rule through all the territories,
Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by,
And Gehons golden waves doe wash continually.

44 Till that their cruell curséd enemy,
An huge great dragon, horrible in sight,
Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,
With murtherous ravine, and devouring might,
Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted quight;
Themselves, for feare into his jawes to fall,
He forst to castle strong to take their flight;
Where, fast embard in mighty brasen wall,
He has them now foure years besiegd to make them thrall.

- 45 Full many knights, adventurous and stout,
Have enterpriz'd that monster to subdew:
From every coast that heaven walks about,
Have thither come the noble martial crew,
That famous hard atchievements still pursew;
Yet never any could that girlond win,
But all still shronke, and still he greater grew:
All they, for want of faith, or guilt of sin,
The pitteous pray of his fierce cruelty have bin.
- 46 At last, yled with far reported praise,
Which flying fame throughout the world had spred,
Of doughty knights, whom Faery land did raise,
That noble order hight of maidenhed,
Forthwith to court of Gloriane I sped,
Of Gloriane, great queene of glory bright,
Whose kingdomes seat Cleopolis is red,
There to obtaine some such redoubted knight
That parents deare from tyrants powre deliver might.
- 47 It was my chance (my chance was faire and good)
There for to find a fresh unprovéd knight;
Whose manly hands imbrew'd in guilty blood
Had néver beene, ne ever by his might
Had throwne to ground the unregarded right:
Yet of his prowesse prooffe he since hath made
(I witnesse am) in many a cruell fight;
The groning ghosts of many one dismaide
Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging blade.
- 48 And ye, the forlorne reliques of his powre,
His biting sword, and his devouring speare,
Which have endured many a dreadfull stowre,
Can speake his prowesse, that did earst you beare,
And well could rule: now he hath left you heare
To be the record of his ruefull losse,
And of my dolefull disaventurous deare:
O! heavie record of the good Redcrosse,
Where have you left your lord, that could so well you tosse?

49 Well hopéd I, and faire beginnings had,
That he my captive languor should redeeme,
Till, all unweeting, an enchaunter bad
His sence abusd, and made him to misdeeme
My loyalty, not such as it did seeme,
That rather death desire then such despight.
Be judge, ye heavens, that all things right esteeme,
How I him lov'd, and love with all my might.
So thought I eke of him, and think I thought aright.

50 Thenceforth me desolate he quite forsooke,
To wander where wilde fortune would me lead,
And other bywaies he himselfe betooke,
Where never foot of living wight did tread,
That brought not backe the balefull body dead;
In which him chauncéd false Duessa meete,
Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread,
Who with her witchcraft, and misseeming sweete,
Inveigléd him to follow her desires unmeete.

51 At last, by subtill sleights she him betraid,
Unto his foe, a gyaunt huge and tall,
Who him disarmed, dissolute, dismaid,
Unwares surpriséd, and with mighty mall
The monster mercillesse him made to fall,
Whose fall did never foe before behold;
And now in darkesome dungeon, wretched thrall,
Remedillesse, for aie he doth him hold.
This is my cause of griefe, more great then may be told.

52 Ere she had ended all, she gan to faint:
But he her comforted, and faire bespake;
Certes, madame, ye have great cause of plaint,
That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to quake.
But be of cheare, and comfort to you take;
For till I have acquit your captive knight,
Assure your selfe I will you not forsake.
His chearefull words reviv'd her chearlesse spright.
So forth they went, the dwarfe them guiding ever right.

CANTO VIII

*Faire virgin, to redeeme her deare,
brings Arthur to the fight:
Who slayes that Gyant, wounds the beast,
and strips Duessa quight.*

- 1 AV me! how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
And stedfast truth acquite him out of all.
Her love is firme, her care continuall,
So oft as he, through his own foolish pride
Or weaknesse, is to sinfull bands made thrall:
Els should this Redcrosse knight in bands have dyde,
For whose deliverance she this prince doth thither guide.
- 2 They sadly traveild thus, untill they came
Nigh to a castle builded strong and hie:
Then cryde the dwarfe, Lo! yonder is the same,
In which my lord, my liege, doth lucklesse lie,
Thrall to that gyants hatefull tyranny:
Therefore, deare sir, your mightie powres assay.
The noble knight alighted by and by
From loftie steede, and bad the ladie stay,
To see what end of fight should him befall that day.
- 3 So with his squire, th' admirer of his might,
He marched forth towards that castle wall,
Whose gates he found fast shut, ne living wight
To ward the same, nor answere commers call.
Then tooke that squire an horne of bugle small,
Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold
And tassels gay. Wyde wonders over all
Of that same hornes great vertues weren told
Which had approvéd bene in uses manifold.

- 4 Was never wight that heard that shrilling sownd,
But trembling feare did feel in every vaine ;
Three miles it might be easy heard arownd,
And ecchoes three answerd it selfe againe :
No false enchauntment, nor deceitfull traine,
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was voide and wholly vaine :
No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,
But with that percing noise flew open quite, or brast.
- 5 The same before the geants gate he blew,
That all the castle quakéd from the ground,
And every dore of free will open flew.
The gyant selfe, dismaiéd with that sownd,
Where he with his Duessa dalliance fownd,
In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,
With staring countenance sterne, as one astownd,
And staggering steps, to weet what suddein stowre
Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dreaded powre.
- 6 And after him the proud Duessa came,
High mounted on her many-headed beast ;
And every head with fyrie tongue did flame,
And every head was crowned on his creast,
And bloody mouthed with late cruell feast.
That when the knight beheld, his mightie shild
Upon his manly arme he soone addrest,
And at him fiersly flew, with courage fild,
And eger greedinesse through every member thrild.
- 7 Therewith the gyant buckléd him to fight,
Inflam'd with scornefull wrath and high disdaine,
And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,
All arm'd with ragged snubbes and knottie graine,
Him thought at first encounter to have slaine.
But wise and wary was that noble pere ;
And, lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,
Did faire avoide the violence him nere ;
It bootéd nought to thinke such thunderbolts to beare.

8 Ne shame he thought to shunne so hideous might :
 The idle stroke, enforcing furious way,
 Missing the marke of his misaymed sight
 Did fall to ground, and with his heavie sway
 So deeply dinted in the driven clay,
 That three yardes deepe a furrow up did throw :
 The sad earth, wounded with so sore assay,
 Did grone full grievous underneath the blow, [show.
 And, trembling with strange feare, did like an earthquake

9 As when almightie Jove, in wrathfull mood,
 To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
 Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,
 Enrold in flames, and smouldring dreriment,
 Through riven cloudes and molten firmament ;
 The fierce threeforked engin, making way,
 Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
 And all that might his angry passage stay,
 And, shooting in the earth, casts up a mount of clay.

10 His boystrous club, so buried in the ground,
 He could not rearen up againe so light,
 But that the knight him at advantage found ;
 And, whiles he strove his combred clubbe to quight
 Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
 He smote off his left arme, which like a blocke
 Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might ;
 Large streames of bloud out of the truncked stocke
 Forth gushed, like fresh water streame from riven rocke.

11 Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,
 And eke impatient of unwonted paine,
 He lowdly brayd with beastly yelling sownd,
 That all the fields rebellowed againe :
 As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian plaine
 An herd of bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,
 Do for the milky mothers want complaine,
 And fill the fields with troublous bellowing :
 The neighbour woods around with hollow murmur ring.

- 12 That when his deare Duessa heard, and saw
The evil stownd, that daungerd her estate,
Unto his aide she hastily did draw
Her dreadfull beast, who, swolne with blood of late,
Came ramping forth with proud presumptuous gate,
And threatned all his heades like flaming brands.
But him the squire made quickly to retrate,
Encountring fierce with single sword in hand ;
And twixt him and his lord did like a bulwarke stand.
- 13 The proud Duessa, full of wrathfull spight,
And fierce disdaine to be affronted so,
Enforst her purple beast with all her might
That stop out of the way to overthroe,
Scorning the let of so unequall foe :
But nathemore would that courageous swayne
To her yeeld passage gainst his lord to goe ;
But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,
And with his body bard the way atwixt them twaine.
- 14 Then tooke the angrie witch her golden cup,
Which still she bore, replete with magick artes ;
Death and despeyre did many thereof sup,
And secret poyson through their inner parts,
Th' eternall bale of heaue wounded harts :
Which, after charmes and some enchauntments said,
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker parts ;
Therewith his sturdie courage soone was quayd,
And all his sences were with suddein dread dismayd.
- 15 So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
Who on his neck his bloody clawes did seize,
That life nigh crusht out of his panting brest :
No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize.
That when the carefull knight gan well avise,
He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,
And to the beast gan turne his enterprise ;
For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
To see his loved squire into such thraldom brought.

- 16 And, high advauncing his blood-thirstie blade,
 Stroke one of those deformed heades so sore,
 That of his puissance proud ensample made ;
 His monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth it tore,
 And that misformed shape misshapéd more :
 A sea of blood gusht from the gaping wound,
 That her gay garments staynd with filthy gore,
 And overflowed all the field around,
 That over shoes in blood he waded on the ground.
- 17 Thereat he roared for exceeding paine,
 That to have heard great horror would have bred ;
 And scourging th' emptie ayre with his long traine,
 Through great impatience of his grievéd hed,
 His gorgeous ryder from her loftie sted
 Would have cast downe, and trod in durty myre,
 Had not the gyant soone her succoured ;
 Who, all enrag'd with smart and franticke yre,
 Came hurtling in full fierce, and forst the knight retyre.
- 18 The force, which wont in two to be disperst,
 In one alone left hand he now unites,
 Which is through rage more strong then both were erst ;
 With which his hideous club aloft he dites,
 And at his foe with furious rigour smites,
 That strongest oake might seeme to overthrow :
 The stroke upon his shield so heavie lites,
 That to the ground it doubleth him full low :
 What mortall wight could ever beare so monstrous blow?
- 19 And in his fall his shield, that covered was,
 Did loose his vele by chaunce, and open flew ;
 The light whereof, that heavens light did pas,
 Such blazing brightnesse through the aier threw,
 That eye mote not the same endure to vew.
 Which when the gyaunt spyde with staring eye,
 He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
 His weapon huge, that heavéd was on hye
 For to have slain the man, that on the ground did lye.

- 20 And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, amazd
At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,
Became starke blind, and all his sences dazd,
That downe he tumbled on the durtie field,
And seemd himselfe as conquered to yield.
Whom when his maistresse proud perceiv'd to fall,
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
Unto the gyant loudly she gan call;
O! helpe, Orgoglio; helpe! or else we perish all.
- 21 At her so pitteous cry was much amooov'd
Her champion stout, and for to ayde his frend,
Againe his wonted angry weapon proov'd:
But all in vaine, for he has read his end
In that bright shield, and all their forces spend
Themselves in vaine: for, since that glauncing sight,
He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend;
As where th' Almightyes lightning brond does light,
It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the senses quight.
- 22 Whom when the prince, to battell new addrest
And threatning high his dreadfull stroke, did see,
His sparkling blade about his head he blest,
And smote off quite his right leg by the knee,
That downe he tombled; as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift,
Whose hart strings with keene steele nigh hewen be,
The mightie trunck halfe rent, with ragged rift
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.
- 23 Or as a castle, reared high and round,
By subtile engins and malicious slight
Is underminéd from the lowest ground,
And her foundation forst, and feebled quight,
At last downe falles; and with her heaped hight
Her hastie ruine does more heavie make,
And yields it selfe unto the victours might.
Such was this gyants fall, that seemd to shake
The stedfast globe of earth, as it for feare did quake.

24 The knight, then lightly leaping to the pray,
With mortall steele him smot againe so sore,
That headlesse his unweldy bodie lay,
All wallowd in his owne fowle bloody gore,
Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous store.
But, soone as breath out of his breast did pas,
That huge great body, which the gyant bore,
Was vanisht quite, and of that monstrous mas
Was nothing left, but like an emptie bladder was.

25 Whose grievous fall when false Duessa spide,
Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,
And crowned mitre rudely threw aside:
Such percing grieve her stubborne hart did wound,
That she could not endure that dolefull stound;
But, leaving all behind her, fled away:
The light-foot squire her quickly turnd around,
And by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
So brought unto his lord as his deserved pray.

26 The royall virgin which beheld from farre,
In pensive plight and sad perplexitie,
The whole atchievement of this doubtfull warre,
Came running fast to greet his victorie,
With sober gladnesse and myld modestie;
And with sweet joyous cheare him thus bespake:
Faire braunch of noblesse, flowre of chevalrie,
That with your worth the world amazed make,
How shall I quite the paines ye suffer for my sake?

27 And you, fresh budd of vertue springing fast,
Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto deaths dore,
What hath poore virgin for such perill past
Wherewith you to reward? Accept therefore
My simple selfe, and service evermore;
And he that high does sit, and all things see
With equall eyes their merites to restore,
Behold what ye this day have done for mee,
And what I cannot quite requite with usuree.

- 28 But sith the heavens, and your faire handeling,
Have made you master of the field this day,
Your fortune maister eke with governing,
And, well begun, end all so well, I pray!
Ne let that wicked woman scape away;
For she it is, that did my lord bethrall,
My dearest lord, and deepe in dongeon lay,
Where he his better dayes hath wasted all.
O heare, how piteous he to you for ayd does call!
- 29 Forthwith he gave in charge unto his squire,
That scarlot witch to keepen carefully;
Whiles he himselfe with greedie great desire
Into the castle entred forcibly,
Where living creature none he did espye.
Then gan he lowdly through the house to call:
But no man car'd to answer to his crye.
There raignd a solemne silence over all;
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seene in bowre or hall
- 30 At last, with creeping crooked pace forth came
An old old man, with beard as white as snow,
That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
And guide his wearie gate both too and fro,
For his eye sight him failed long ygo:
And on his arme a bounche of keyes he bore,
The which unuséd rust did overgrow:
Those were the keyes of every inner dore;
But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.
- 31 But very uncouth sight was to behold,
How he did fashion his untoward pace;
For as he forward moov'd his footing old,
So backward still was turnd his wrincled face:
Unlike to men, who ever, as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
This was the auncient keeper of that place,
And foster father of the gyant dead;
His name Ignaro did his nature right ahead.

- 32 His reverend haire and holy gravitie
The knight much honord, as beseemed well,
And gently askt, where all the people bee,
Which in that stately building wont to dwell.
Who answerd him full soft, he could not tell.
Again he askt, where that same knight was layd,
Whom great Orgoglio with his puissaunce fell
Had made his caytive thrall; againe he sayde,
He could not tell: ne ever other answer made.
- 33 Then asked he, which way he in might pas:
He could not tell, againe he answered.
Thereat the curteous knight displeaséd was,
And said, Old sire, it seemes thou hast not red
How ill it sits with that same silver hed,
In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee:
But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
With natures pen, in ages grave degree,
Aread in graver wise what I demaund of thee.
- 34 His answer likewise was, he could not tell.
Whose sencelesse speach, and doted ignorance,
Whenas the noble prince had marked well,
He ghest his nature by his countenance,
And calm'd his wrath with goodly temperance.
Then, to him stepping, from his arme did reach
Those keyes, and made himselfe free enterance.
Each dore he opened without any breach;
There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to empeach.
- 35 There all within full rich arayd he found,
With royall arras and resplendent gold,
And did with store of every thing abound,
That greatest princes presence might behold.
But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
With blood of guiltlesse babes, and innocents trew,
Which there were slaine as sheepe out of the fold,
Defiléed was, that dreadfull was to vew;
And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

36 And there beside of marble stone was built
An altare, carv'd with cunning imagery,
On which true Christians bloud was often spilt,
And holy martyrs often doen to dye
With cruell malice and strong tyranny:
Whose blessed spfites, from underneath the stone,
To God for vengeance cryde continually;
And with great grieve were often heard to grone,
That hardest heart would bleede to hear their piteous mone.

37 Through every rowme he sought, and every bowr,
But no where could he find that woful thrall:
At last he came unto an yron doore,
That fast was lockt, but key found not at all
Emongst that bounch to open it withall;
But in the same a little grate was pight,
Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd did call
With all his powre, to weet if living wight
Were houséd therewithin, whom he enlargen might.

38 Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce
These pitteous plaints and dolours did resound:
O! who is that, which brings me happy choyce
Of death, that here lye dying every stound,
Yet live perforce in balefull darkenesse bound?
For now three moones have changéd thrice their hew,
And have been thrice hid underneath the ground,
Since I the heavens chearfull face did vew.
O! welcome thou, that doest of death bring tydings trew.

39 Which when that champion heard, with percing point
Of pitty deare his hart was thrilled sore,
And trembling horror ran through every joynt
For ruth of gentle knight so fowle forlore:
Which shaking off, he rent that yron dore
With furious force and indignation fell;
Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
But all a deepe descent, as darke as hell,
That breathéd ever forth a filthie banefull smell.

- 40 But neither darkenesse fowle, nor filthy bands,
 Nor noyous smell, his purpose could withhold,
 (Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
 But that with constant zeale and courage bold,
 After long paines and labours manifold,
 He found the meanes that prisoner up to reare;
 Whose feeble thighes, unhable to uphold
 His pinéd corse, him scarce to light could beare;
 A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly dreere.
- 41 His sad dull eyes, deepe sunck in hollow pits,
 Could not endure th' unwonted sunne to view;
 His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,
 And empty sides deceivéd of their dew,
 Could make a stony hart his hap to rew;
 His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned bowrs
 Were wont to rive steele plates, and hemlets hew,
 Were cleane consum'd, and all his vitall powres
 Decayd, and all his flesh shronk up like withered flowres.
- 42 Whom when his lady saw, to him she ran
 With hasty joy: to see him made her glad,
 And sad to view his visage pale and wan,
 Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.
 Tho, when her well of teares she wasted had,
 She said, Ah dearest lord! what evill starre
 On you hath frownd, and pourd his influence bad,
 That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,
 And this misseeming hew your manly looks doth marre?
- 43 But welcome now, my lord, in wele or woe,
 Whose presence I have lackt too long a day;
 And fie on fortune, mine avowéd foe,
 Whose wrathful wreakes them selves doe now alay;
 And for these wrongs shall treble penaunce pay
 Of treble good: good growes of evils priefe.
 The chearelesse man, whom sorrow did dismay,
 Had no delight to treaten of his grieve;
 His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

- 44 Faire lady, then said that victorious knight,
 The things, that grievous were to do, or beare,
 Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight;
 Best musicke breeds delight in loathing eare:
 But th' only good that growes of passed feare,
 Is to be wise, and ware of like agein.
 This dayes ensample hath this lesson deare
 Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,
 That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.
- 45 Henceforth, Sir knight, take to you wonted strength,
 And maister these mishaps with patient might.
 Loe! where your foe lies stretcht in monstrous length;
 And loe! that wicked woman in your sight,
 The roote of all your care and wretched plight,
 Now in your powre, to let her live, or die.
 To do her die, (quoth Una) were despight,
 And shame t'avenge so weake an enemy;
 But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly.
- 46 So, as she bad, that witch they disaraid,
 And robd of royall robes, and purple pall,
 And ornaments that richly were displaid;
 Ne sparéd they to strip her naked all.
 Then, when they had despoiled her tire and call,
 Such as she was their eyes might her behold,
 That her misshapéd parts did them appall;
 A loathy, wrinckled hag, ill favoured, old,
 Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be told.
-
- 49 Which when the knights beheld, amazd they were,
 And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
 Such then, (said Una) as she seemeth here,
 Such is the face of falsehood, such the sight
 Of fowle Duessa, when her borrowed light
 Is laid away, and counterfesaunce knowne.
 Thus when they had the witch disrobed quight,
 And all her filthy feature open showne,
 They let her goe at will, and wander wayes unknowne.

50 She, flying fast from heavens hated face,
And from the world that her discovered wide,
Fled to the wastfull wildernesses apace,
From living eyes her open shame to hide,
And lurkt in rocks and caves, long unespide.
But that faire crew of knights, and Una faire,
Did in that castle afterwards abide,
To rest them selves, and weary powres repaire;
Where store they found of all that dainty was and rare.

CANTO IX

*His loves and lignage Arthur tells:
the knights knit friendly bands:
Sir Trevisan flies from Despayre,
whom Redcrosse knight withstands.*

- 1 O GOODLY golden chaine, wherewith yfere
The vertues linked are in lovely wize;
And noble mindes of yore allyéd were,
In brave poursuit of chevalrous emprize,
That none did others saféty despize,
Nor aid envy to him in need that stands,
But friendly each did others praise devize,
How to advaunce with favourable hands, [bands.
As this good prince redeemd the Redcrosse knight from
- 2 Who, when their powres, empaired through labour long,
With dew repast they had recuré well,
And that weake captive wight now wexed strong;
Them list no lenger there at leasure dwell,
But forward fare as their adventures fell:
But ere they parted, Una faire besought
That straunger knight his name and nation tell;
Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,
Should die unknown, and buried be in thanklesse thought.
- 3 Faire virgin, (said the Prince) ye me require
A thing without the compas of my wit:
For both the lignage and the certain sire,
From which I sprong, from me are hidden yit.
For all so soone as life did me admit
Into this world, and shewed heavens light,
From mothers pap I taken was unfit,
And streight deliver'd to a Faery knight,
To be upbrought in gentle thewes and martiall might.

4 Unto old Timon he me brought bylive;
Old Timon, who in youthly yeares hath beene
In warlike feates th' expertest man alive,
And is the wisest now on earth I weene;
His dwelling is low in a valley greene,
Under the foot of Rauran mossy hore,
From whence the river Dee, as silver cleene,
His tomling billowes roll with gentle rore;
There all my dayes he traird me up in vertuous lore.

5 Thither the great magicien Merlin came,
As was his use, oftentimes to visit me:
For he had charge my discipline to frame,
And tutors nouriture to oversee.
Him oft and oft I askt in privity,
Of what loines and what lignage I did spring;
Whose aunswere bad me still assuréd bee,
That I was sonne and heire unto a king,
As time in her just term the truth to light should bring.

6 Well worthy impe, said then the lady gent,
And pupill fit for such a tutors hand!
But what adventure, or what high intent,
Hath brought you hither into Faery land,
Aread, Prince Arthur, crowne of martiall band?
Full hard it is, (quoth he) to read aright
The course of heavenly cause, or understand
The secret meaning of th' eternall might,
That rules mens wayes, and rules the thoughts of living wight.

7 For whether he, through fatall deepe foresight,
Me hither sent, for cause to me unghest,
Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night
Whilome doth rangle in my riven brest,
With forcéd fury following his behest,
Me hither brought by wayes yet never found,
You to have helpt I hold myself yet blest.
Ah! curteous knight, (quoth she) what secret wound
Could ever find to grieve the gentlest hart on ground?

8 Deare dame, (quoth he) you sleeping sparkes awake,
Which, troubled once, into huge flames will grow;
Ne ever will their fervent fury slake,
Till living moysture into smoke do flow,
And wasted life do lye in ashes low.
Yet sithens silence lesseneth not my fire,
But, told, it flames, and, hidden, it does glow,
I will revele what ye so much desire:
Ah love! lay down thy bow, the whiles I may respire.

9 It was in freshest flowre of youthly yeares,
When courage first does creepe in manly chest,
Then first the coale of kindly heat appears
To kindle love in every living brest;
But me had warnd old Timons wise behest,
Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,
Before their rage grew to so great unrest,
As miserable lovers used to rew,
Which still wex old in woe, whiles woe still wexeth new.

*subdew
but*
10 That idle name of love, and lovers life,
As losse of time, and vertues enemy,
I ever scornd, and joyd to stirre up strife,
In middest of their mournfull tragedy;
Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,
And blow the fire, which them to ashes brent:
Their god himselfe, griev'd at my libertie,
Shot many a dart at me with fiers intent;
But I them warded all with wary government.

11 But all in vaine: no fort can be so strong,
Ne fleshly brest can armed be so sound,
But will at last be wonne with battrie long,
Or unawares at disadvantage found:
Nothing is sure that growes on earthly ground:
And who most trustes in arme of fleshly might,
And boasts in beauties chaine not to be bound,
Doth soonest fall in disaventrous fight,
And yeeldes his caytive neck to victours most despight.

12 Ensample make of him your haplesse joy,
And of my selfe now mated, as ye see;
Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging boy
Did soone pluck downe, and curbd my libertie.
For on a day, prickt forth with jollitie
Of looser life, and heat of hardiment,
Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
The fields, the floods, the heavens, with one consent,
Did seeme to laugh on me, and favour mine intent.

13 For-wearied with my sports, I did alight
From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd:
The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmet faire displayd:
Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,
And slombring soft my hart did steale away,
Me seemed, by my side a royall mayd
Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay:
So fayre a creature yet saw never sunny day.

14 Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment
She to me made, and bad me love her deare;
For dearly sure her love was to me bent,
As, when just time expired, should appeare.
But whether dreames delude, or true it were,
Was never hart so ravisht with delight,
Ne living man like words did ever heare,
As she to me delivered all that night;
And at her parting said, She Queene of Faeries hight.

15 When I awoke, and found her place devoyd,
And nought but pressed gras where she had lyen,
I sorrowed all so much as earst I joyd,
And washed all her place with watry eyen.
From that day forth I lov'd that face divine;
From that day forth I cast in carefull mind
To seek her out with labour and long tyne,
And never vovd to rest till her I find:
Nine monethes I seek in vain, yet n'ill that vow unbind.

- 16 Thus as he spake, his visage wexed pale,
And chaunge of hew great passion did bewray;
Yet still he strove to cloke his inward bale,
And hide the smoke that did his fire display,
Till gentle Una thus to him gan say;
O happy Queene of Faeries! that hast found,
Mongst many, one that with his prowesse may
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confound.
True loves are often sown, but seldom grow on ground.
- 17 Thine, O! then, said the gentle Redcrosse knight,
Next to that ladies love, shall be the place,
O fairest virgin! full of heavenly light,
Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
Was firmest fixt in mine extremest case.
And you, my lord, the patrone of my life,
Of that great Queene may well gaine worthy grace,
For onely worthy you through prowes priefe,
Yf living man mote worthie be to be her lief.
- 18 So diversly discoursing of their loves,
The golden sunne his glistring head gan shew,
And sad remembraunce now the prince amoves
With fresh desire his voyage to pursew:
Als Una earnd her traveill to renew.
Then those two knights, fast friendship for to bynd,
And love establish each to other trew,
Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mynd,
And eke as pledges firme, right hands together joynd.
- 19 Prince Arthur gave a boxe of diamond sure,
Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were closd few drops of liquor pure,
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
That any wownd could heale incontinent.
Which to requite, the Redcrosse knight him gave
A booke, wherein his Saveours testament
Was writ with golden letters rich and brave;
A worke of wondrous grace, and able soules to save.

20 Thus beene they parted, Arthur on his way
To seeke his love, and th' other for to fight
With Unaes foe, that all her realme did pray.
But she, now weighing the decayéd plight
And shrunkē synewes of her chosen knight,
Would not a while her forward course pursew,
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,
Till he recovered had his former hew:
For him to be yet weake and wearie well she knew.

21 So as they traveild, lo! they gan espy
An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
Or other griesly thing that him aghast.
Still as he fled, his eye was backward cast,
As if his feare still followed him behind:
Als flew his steed, as he his bands had brast,
And with his winged heeles did tread the wind,
As he had beene a fole of Pegasus his kind.

22 Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head
To be unarmed, and curld uncombed heares
Upstaring stiffe, dismayd with uncouth dread;
Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares,
Nor life in limbe: and to increase his feares,
In fowle reproch of knighthoods faire degree,
About his neck an hempen rope he weares,
That with his glistring armes does ill agree;
But he of rope or armes has now no memoree.

23 The Redcrosse knight toward him crossed fast,
To weet what mister wight was so dismayd:
There him he finds all sencelesse and aghast,
That of him selfe he seemd to be afrayd;
Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
Till he these wordes to him deliver might;
Sir knight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,
And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight?
For never knight I saw in such misseeming plight.

24 He answerd nought at all, but adding new
Feare to his first amazment, staring wide
With stony eyes and hartlesse hollow hew,
Astonisht stood, as one that had aspide
Infernall furies with their chaines untide.
Him yet againe, and yet againe, bespake
The gentle knight, who nought to him replide,
But, trembling every joint, did inly quake,
And foltring tongue at last these words seemd forth to shake.

25 For Gods deare love, Sir knight, do me not stay;
For loe! he comes, he comes fast after mee.
Eft looking back would faine have runne away;
But he him forst to stay, and tellen free
The secrete cause of his perplexitie:
Yet nathemore by his bold hartie speach
Could his bloud-frozen heart emboldned bee,
But through his boldnesse rather feare did reach;
Yet, forst, at last he made through silence suddein breach.

26 And am I now in safetie sure (quoth he)
From him, that would have forcéd me to dye?
And is the point of death now turnd fro mee,
That I may tell this haplesse history?
Fear nought, (quoth he) no daunger now is nye.
Then shall I you recount a ruefull cace,
(Said he) the which with this unlucky eye
I late beheld; and, had not greater grace
Me reft from it, had bene partaker of the place.

27 I lately chaunst (would I had never chaunst!)
With a fayre knight to keepen companee,
Sir Terwin hight, that well himselfe advaunst
In all affaires, and was both bold and free,
But not so happy as mote happy bee:
He lov'd, as was his lot, a lady gent,
That him againe lov'd in the least degree:
For she was proud, and of too high intent,
And joyd to see her lover languish and lament.

- 28 From whom retourning sad and comfortlesse,
 As on the way together we did fare,
 We met that villen (God from him me blesse!)
 That curséd wight, from whom I scapt whyleare,
 A man of hell, that calls himselfe Despaire:
 Who first us greets, and after faire areedes
 Of tydings straunge, and of adventures rare:
 So creeping close, as snake in hidden weedes,
 Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.
- 29 Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
 Embost with bale, and bitter byting griefe,
 Which love had launched with his deadly darts,
 With wounding words, and termes of foule repriefe,
 He pluckt from us all hope of due reliefe,
 That earst us held in love of lingring life:
 Then hopelesse, hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe
 Perswade us die, to stint all further strife:
 To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife.
- 30 With which sad instrument of hasty death,
 That wofull lover, loathing lenger light,
 A wide way made to let forth living breath.
 But I, more fearefull or more lucky wight,
 Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight,
 Fled fast away, halfe dead with dying feare;
 Ne yet assur'd of life by you, Sir knight,
 Whose like infirmity like chaunce may beare:
 But God you never let his charmed speeches heare!
- 31 How may a man (said he) with idle speach
 Be wonne to spoyle the castle of his health?
 I wote (quoth he) whom triall late did teach,
 That like would not for all this worldes wealth.
 His subtill tongue, like dropping honny, mealt'h
 Into the hart, and searcheth every vaine;
 That, ere one be aware, by secret stealth
 His powre is reft, and weaknesse doth remaine.
 O never, Sir, desire to try his guilefull traine.

- 32 Certes, (said he) hence shall I never rest,
Till I that treachours art have heard and tride:
And you, Sir knight, whose name mote I request,
Of grace do me unto his cabin guide.
I, that hight Trevisan, (quoth he) will ride
Against my liking backe to do you grace:
But not for gold nor glee will I abide
By you, when ye arrive in that same place;
For liefer had I die, then see his deadly face.
- 33 Ere long they come where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggy cliff ypight,
Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcasses doth crave:
On top whereof aye dwelt the ghastly owle,
Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle;
And all about it wandring ghostes did waile and howle.
- 34 And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seene,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;
On which had many wretches hanged beene,
Whose carcasses were scattered on the greene,
And throwne about the cliffs. Arrived there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull teene,
Would faine have fled, ne durst approchen neare;
But th' other forst him stay, and comforted in feare.
- 35 That darkesome cave they enter, where they find
That curséd man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullein mind:
His griesie lockes, long growen and unbound,
Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and staréd as astound;
His raw-bone cheekes, through penurie and pine,
Were shronke into his jawes, as he did never dine.

- 36 His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
 With thornes together pind and patched was,
 The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;
 And him beside there lay upon the gras
 A dreary corse, whose life away did pas,
 All wallowed in his own yet luke-warme blood,
 That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas!
 In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
 And made an open passage for the gushing flood.
- 37 Which piteous spectacle, approving trew
 The wofull tale that Trevisan had told,
 Whenas the gentle Redcrosse knight did vew,
 With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold
 Him to avenge before his blood were cold,
 And to the villein said, Thou damned wight,
 The author of this fact we here behold,
 What justice can but judge against thee right,
 With thine owne blood to price his blood, here shed in sight?
- 38 What franticke fit (quoth he) hath thus distraught
 Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give?
 What justice ever other judgement taught,
 But he should die who merites not to live?
 None else to death this man despayring drive
 But his owne guiltie mind, deserving death.
 Is then unjust to each his due to give?
 Or let him die, that loatheth living breath?
 Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneath?
- 39 Who travels by the wearie wandring way,
 To come unto his wished home in haste,
 And meetes a flood that doth his passage stay,
 Is not great grace to helpe him over past,
 Or free his feet that in the myre sticke fast?
 Most envious man, that grieves at neighbours good,
 And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast!
 Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood
 Upon the banke, yet wilt thy selfe not passe the flood?

40 He there does now enjoy eternall rest
And happy ease, which thou dost want and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little paine the passage have,
That makes fraile flesh to feare the bitter wave?
Is not short paine well borne, that brings long ease,
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please.

41 The knight much wondred at his suddeine wit,
And sayd, The terme of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong nor shorten it:
The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,
Nor leave his stand untill his captaine bed.
Who life did limit by almightie doome,
(Quoth he) knowes best the termes established;
And he, that points the centonell his roome,
Doth license him depart at sound of morning droome.

42 Is not his deed, what ever thing is donne
In heaven and earth? Did not he all create
To die againe? All ends that was begonne.
Their times in his eternall booke of fate
Are written sure, and have their certaine date.
Who then can strive with strong necessitie,
That holds the world in his still chaunging state,
Or shunne the death ordaynd by destinie?
When houre of death is come, let none aske whence, nor why.

43 The lenger life, I wote, the greater sin;
The greater sin, the greater punishment:
All those great battels, which thou boasts to win
Through strife, and blood-shed, and avengement,
Now praysd, hereafter deare thou shalt repent:
For life must life, and blood must blood, repay.
Is not enough thy evill life forespent?
For he that once hath missed the right way,
The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

44 Then do no further goe, no further stray,
 But here lie downe, and to thy rest betake,
 Th' ill to prevent, that life ensewen may ;
 For what hath life, that may it lovéd make,
 And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
 Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
 Paine, hunger, cold that makes the hart to quake,
 And ever fickle fortune rageth rife ;
 All which, and thousands mo, do make a loathsome life.

45 Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest need,
 If in true ballance thou wilt weigh thy state :
 For never knight, that daréd warlike deed,
 More lucklesse disadvantages did amate :
 Witnesse the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
 Thy life shut up for death so oft did call ;
 And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,
 Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
 Into the which hereafter thou maiest happen fall.

46 Why then doest thou, O man of sin ! desire
 To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?
 Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
 High heaped up with huge iniquitie,
 Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
 Is not enough, that to this lady mild
 Thou falséd hast thy faith with perjurie,
 And sold thy selfe to serve Duessa vild,
 With whom in all abuse thou hast thy self defild?

47 Is not he just, that all this doth behold
 From highest heaven, and beares an equall eye?
 Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
 And guilty be of thine impietie?
 Is not his law, Let every sinner die :
 Die shall all flesh? What then must needs be donne,
 Is it not better to doe willinglie,
 Then linger till the glas be all out ronne?
 Death is the end of woes: die soone, O faeries sonne!

48 The knight was much enmovéd with his speach,
That as a sword poynt through his hart did perse,
And in his conscience made a secret breach,
Well knowing true all that he did rehearse,
And to his fresh remembraunce did reverse
The ugly vew of his deformed crimes;
That all his manly powres it did disperse,
As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes;
That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

49 In which amazement when the miscreant
Perceivéd him to waver, weake and fraile,
Whiles trembling horror did his conscience dant,
And hellish anguish did his soule assaile;
To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaille,
He shew'd him, painted in a table plaine,
The damned ghosts that doe in torments waile,
And thousand feends that doe them endlesse paine
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remaine.

50 The sight whereof so throughly him dismaid,
That nought but death before his eyes he saw,
And ever burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th' Almightyes law.
Then gan the villein him to overcraw,
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bad him choose what death he would desire:
For death was due to him that had provokt Gods ire.

51 But, when as none of them he saw him take,
He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,
And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake
And tremble like a leafe of aspin greene,
And troubled blood through his pale face was seene
To come and goe with tidings from the heart,
As it a running messenger had beene.
At last, resolv'd to worke his finall smart,
He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did start.

- 52 Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine
The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a swoone: but soone reliv'd againe,
Out of his hand she snatcht the curséd knife,
And threw it to the ground, enragéd rife,
And to him said; Fie, fie, faint harted Knight!
What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife?
Is this the battell which thou vauntst to fight
With that fire-mouthed dragon, horrible and bright?
- 53 Come; come away, fraile, feeble, fleshly wight,
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constant spright.
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
Why shouldst thou then despeire, that chosen art?
Where justice growes, there grows eke greater grace,
The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,
And that accurst hand-writing doth deface.
Arise, Sir knight; arise, and leave this curséd place.
- 54 So up he rose, and thence amounted streight.
Which when the carle beheld, and saw his guest
Would safe depart, for all his subtill sleight,
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hung him selfe, unbid, unblest.
But death he could not worke himselfe thereby;
For thousand times he so himselfe had drest,
Yet nathelesse it could not doe him die,
Till he should die his last, that is, eternally.

CANTO X

*Her faithfull knight faire Una brings
to house of Holinesse,
Where he is taught repentance, and
the way to heavenly blesse.*

- 1 WHAT man is he, that boasts of fleshly might
And vaine assurance of mortality,
Which, all so soone as it doth come to fight
Against spirituall foes, yields by and by,
Or from the field most cowardly doth fly?
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory.
If any strength we have, it is to ill,
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.
- 2 By that which lately hapned Una saw
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint;
And all his sinews woxen weake and raw,
Through long enprisonment, and hard constraint,
Which he endured in his late restraint,
That yet he was unfit for bloody fight.
Therefore, to cherish him with diets daint,
She cast to bring him where he chearen might,
Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.
- 3 There was an auncient house not far away,
Renowmd throughout the world for sacred lore,
And pure unspotted life: so well, they say,
It governd was, and guided evermore,
Through wisdom of a matrone grave and hore;
Whose onely joy was to relieve the needes
Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse pore:
All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
And all the day in doing good and godly deedes.

- 4 Dame Caelia men did her call, as thought
 From heaven to come, or thither to arise;
 The mother of three daughters, well upbrought
 In goodly thewes, and godly exercise:
 The eldest two, most sober, chaste, and wise,
 Fidelia and Speranza, virgins were;
 Though spoused, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize;
 But faire Charissa to a lovely fere
 Was lincked, and by him had many pledges dere.
- 5 Arrived there, the dore they find fast lockt,
 For it was warely watched night and day,
 For feare of many foes: but, when they knockt,
 The porter opened unto them streight way.
 He was an agéd syre, all hory gray,
 With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full slow,
 Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
 Hight Humiltá. They passe in, stouping low;
 For streight and narrow was the way which he did show.
- 6 Each goodly thing is hardest to begin;
 But, entred in, a spacious court they see,
 Both plaine, and pleasaunt to be walked in;
 Where them does meete a francklin faire and free,
 And entertaines with comely courteous glee;
 His name was Zele, that him right well became;
 For in his speeches and behaviour hee
 Did labour lively to expresse the same,
 And gladly did them guide, till to the hall they came.
- 7 There fairely them receives a gentle squire,
 Of milde demeanure and rare courtesie,
 Right cleanly clad in comely sad attire;
 In worde and deede that shew'd great modestie,
 And knew his good to all of each degree,
 Hight Reverence. He them with speeches meet
 Does faire entreat; no courting nicetie,
 But simple, true, and eke unfained sweet,
 As might become a squire so great persons to greet.

8 And afterwards them to his dame he leades,
That agéd dame, the lady of the place,
Who all this while was busy at her beades :
Which doen, she up arose with seemely grace,
And toward them full matronely did pace.
Where, when that fairest Una she beheld,
Whom well she knew to spring from heavenly race,
Her heart with joy unwonted inly sweld,
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld.

9 And, her embracing, said, O happy earth,
Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread,
Most vertuous virgin, borne of heavenly berth,
That, to redeeme thy woefull parents head
From tyrans rage and ever-dying dread,
Hast wandred through the world now long a day,
Yet ceasest not thy weary soles to lead ;
What grace hath thee now hither brought this way?
Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting hither stray?

10 Strange thing it is an errant knight to see
Here in this place, or any other wight,
That hither turnes his steps. So few there bee
That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right :
All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
With many rather for to go astray,
And be partakers of their evill plight,
Then with a few to walke the rightest way ;
O foolish men ! why haste ye to your owne decay?

11 Thy selfe to see, and tyréd limbes to rest,
O matrone sage, (quoth she) I hither came ;
And this good knight his way with me addrest,
Led with thy prayses, and broad-blazéd fame,
That up to heaven is blowne. The auncient dame
Him goodly greeted in her modest guise,
And entertaynd them both, as best became,
With all the court'sies that she could devise,
Ne wanted ought to shew her bounteous or wise.

- 12 Thus as they gan of sundry things devise,
Loe! two most goodly virgins came in place,
Alinked arme in arme in lovely wise:
With countenance demure, and modest grace,
They numbred even steps and equall pace:
Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
Like sunny beames threw from her christall face
That could have dazd the rash beholders sight,
And round about her head did shine like heavens light.
- 13 She was araied all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fild up to the hight,
In which a serpent did himselfe enfold,
That horroure made to all that did behold;
But she no whit did chaunge her constant mood:
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A booke, that was both signd and seald with blood:
Wherein darke things were writ, hard to be understood.
- 14 Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blew, that her beseemed well;
Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,
As was her sister; whether dread did dwell,
Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell.
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as befell:
And ever up to heaven, as she did pray,
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarvéd other way.
- 15 They, seeing Una, towards her gan wend,
Who them encounters with like courtesie;
Many kind speeches they betweene them spend,
And greatly joy each other well to see:
Then to the knight with shamefast modestie
They turne themselves, at Unaes meeke request,
And him salute with well beseeming glee;
Who faire them quites, as him beseemed best,
And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest.

16 Then Una thus ; But she, your sister deare,
The deare Charissa, where is she become?
Or wants she health, or busie is elsewhere?
Ah! no, said they, but forth she may not come ;
For she of late is lightned of her wombe,
And hath encreast the world with one sonne more,
That her to see should be but troublesome.
Indeed, (quoth she) that should be trouble sore ;
But thank't be God, and her encrease so evermore !

17 Then said the agéd Caelia, Deare dame,
And you, good Sir, I wote that of youre toyle
And labours long, through which ye hither came,
Ye both forwearied be: therefore, a while
I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle.
Then called she a groome, that forth him led
Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bed :
His name was meeke Obedience, rightfully ared.

18 Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,
And bodies were refresht with due repast,
Faire Una gan Fidelia faire request,
To have her knight into her schoolehouse plaste,
That of her heavenly learning he might taste,
And heare the wisdom of her words divine.
She graunted, and that knight so much agraste
That she him taught celestiall discipline,
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine.

19 And that her sacred booke, with blood ywrit,
That none could read, except she did them teach,
She unto him discloséd every whit,
And heavenly documents thereout did preach,
That weaker wit of man could never reach ;
Of God, of grace, of justice, of free will ;
That wonder was to heare her goodly speach :
For she was able with her words to kill,
And raise againe to life the hart that she did thrill.

20 And, when she list poure out her larger spright,
She would commaund the hasty sunne to stay,
Or backward turne his course from heavens hight;
Sometimes great hostes of men she could dismay;
[Dry-shod to passe she parts the flouds in tway;]
And eke huge mountaines from their native seat
She would commaund themselves to beare away,
And throw in raging sea with roaring threat.
Almightie God her gave such powre and puissaunce great.

21 The faithfull knight now grew in little space,
By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
To such perfection of all heavenly grace,
That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
And mortall life gan loath as thing forlore,
Greevd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,
And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so sore,
That he desirde to end his wretched dayes:
So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes.

22 But wise Speranza gave him comfort sweet,
And taught him how to take assuréd hold
Upon her silver anchor, as was meet;
Else had his sinnes, so great and manifold,
Made him forget all that Fidelia told.
In this distressed doubtfull agony,
When him his dearest Una did behold
Disdeining life, desiring leave to die,
She found her selfe assayld with great perplexity;

23 And came to Caelia to declare her smart;
Who, well acquainted with that commune plight,
Which sinfull horror workes in wounded hart,
Her wisely comforted all that she might,
With goodly counsell and advisement right;
And streightway sent with carefull diligence,
To fetch a leach, the which had great insight
In that disease of grievéd conscience,
And well could cure the same; his name was Patience.

24 Who, comming to that soule-diseased knight,
Could hardly him intreat to tell his grief:
Which knowne, and all that noyd his heavie spright
Well searcht, eftsoones he gan apply relief
Of salves and med'cines, which had passing prief;
And thereto added wordes of wondrous might:
By which to ease he him recured brief,
And much aswag'd the passion of his plight,
That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more light.

25 But yet the cause and root of all his ill,
Inward corruption and infected sin,
Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,
And festring sore did rankle yet within,
Close creeping twixt the marrow and the skin.
Which to extirpe, he laid him privily
Downe in a darkesome lowly place far in,
Whereas he meant his corrosives to apply,
And with streight diet tame his stubborne malady.

26 In ashes and sackcloth he did array
His daintie corse, proud humors to abate;
And dieted with fasting every day,
The swelling of his wounds to mitigate;
And made him pray both earely and eke late:
And ever, as superfluous flesh did rot,
Amendment readie still at hand did wayt
To pluck it out with pincers frie whot,
That soone in him was left no one corrupted jot.

27 And bitter Penance, with an yron whip,
Was wont him once to disple every day:
And sharpe Remorse his hart did prick and nip,
That drops of blood thence like a well did play;
And sad Repentance used to embay
His bodie in salt water smarting sore,
The filthy blots of sin to wash away.
So in short space they did to health restore
The man that would not live, but erst lay at deathes dore.

28 In which his torment often was so great,
 That like a lyon he would cry and rore,
 And rend his flesh, and his own synewes eat.
 His owne deare Una, hearing evermore
 His ruefull shriekes and gronings, often tore
 Her guiltlesse garments and her golden heare,
 For pittie of his paine and anguish sore;
 Yet all with patience wisely she did beare;
 For well she wist his crime could else be never cleare.

29 Whom, thus recover'd by wise Patience
 And trew Repentaunce, they to Una brought:
 Who, joyous of his curéd conscience,
 Him dearely kist, and fairely eke besought
 Himselfe to chearish, and consuming thought
 To put away out of his carefull brest.
 By this Charissa, late in child-bed brought,
 Was woxen strong, and left her fruitfull nest;
 To her faire Una brought this unacquainted guest.

30 She was a woman in her freshest age,
 Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,
 With goodly grace and comely personage,
 That was on earth not easie to compare;
 Full of great love, but Cupids wanton snare
 As hell she hated; chaste in worke and will:
 Her necke and breasts were ever open bare,
 That ay thereof her babes might sucke their fill;
 The rest was all in yellow robes arayed still.

31 A multitude of babes about her hong,
 Playing their sports, that joyd her to behold,
 Whom still she fed, whiles they were weake and young,
 But thrust them forth still as they waxed old:
 And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
 Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous faire,
 Whose passing price uneath was to be told:
 And by her side there sate a gentle paire
 Of turtle doves, she sitting in an yvory chaire.

- 32 The knight and Una entring faire her greet,
And bid her joy of that her happy brood ;
Who them requites with court'sies seeming meet,
And entertaines with friendly chearefull mood.
Then Una her besought, to be so good
As in her vertuous rules to schoole her knight,
Now after all his torment well withstood
In that sad house of Penaunce, where his spright
Had past the paines of hell, and long enduring night.
- 33 She was right joyous of her just request ;
And taking by the hand that Faeries sonne,
Gan him instruct in everie good behest,
Of love, and righteousness, and well to donne
And wrath, and hatred warely to shonne,
That drew on men Gods hatred and his wrath,
And many soules in dolours had fordonne :
In which when him she well instructed hath,
From thence to heaven she teacheth him the ready path.
- 34 Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guide,
An auncient matrone she to her does call,
Whose sober lookes her wisdom well descride :
Her name was Mercy, well knowne over all
To be both gracious and eke liberall :
To whom the carefull charge of him she gave,
To leade aright, that he should never fall
In all his wayes through this wide worldes wave ;
That Mercy in the end his righteous soule might save.
- 35 The godly matrone by the hand him beares
Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,
Scattred with bushy thornes and ragged breares,
Which still before him she remov'd away,
That nothing might his ready passage stay :
And ever, when his feet encombred were,
Or gan to shrink, or from the right to stray,
She held him fast, and firmly did upbeare,
As carefull nurse her child from falling oft does reare.

- 36 Eftsoones unto an holy hospitall,
That was fore by the way, she did him bring;
In which seven bead-men, that had vowed all
Their life to service of high heavens King,
Did spend their dayes in doing godly thing:
Their gates to all were open evermore,
That by the wearie way were traveiling;
And one sate wayting ever them before,
To call in commers by that needy were and pore.
- 37 The first of them, that eldest was and best,
Of all the house had charge and government,
As guardian and steward of the rest:
His office was to give entertainement
And lodging unto all that came and went;
Not unto such as could him feast againe,
And double quite for that he on them spent,
But such as want of harbour did constraîne:
Those for Gods sake his dewty was to entertaine.
- 38 The second was as almner of the place;
His office was the hungry for to feed,
And thristy give to drinke, a worke of grace:
He feard not once himselfe to be in need,
Ne car'd to hoord for those whom he did breede:
The grace of God he layd up still in store,
Which as a stocke he left unto his seede;
He had enough; what need him care for more?
And had he lesse, yet some he would give to the pore.
- 39 The third had of their wardrobe custody,
In which were not rich tyres, nor garments gay,
The plumes of pride, and winges of vanity,
But clothes meet to keep keené cold away,
And naked nature seemely to aray;
With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,
The images of God in earthly clay;
And, if that no spare clothes to give he had,
His owne coate he would cut, and it distribute glad.

40 The fourth appointed by his office was
 Poore prisoners to relieve with gracious ayd,
 And captives to redeeme with price of bras
 From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd;
 And though they faulty were, yet well he wayd,
 That God to us forgiveth every howre
 Much more then that why they in bands were layd;
 And he, that harrowd hell with heavie stowre,
 The faulty soules from thence brought to his heavenly bowre.

41 The fift had charge sick persons to attend,
 And comfort those in point of death which lay;
 For them most needeth comfort in the end,
 When sin, and hell, and death do most dismay
 The feeble soule departing hence away.
 All is but lost, that living we bestow,
 If not well ended at our dying day.
 O man! have mind of that last bitter throw;
 For as the tree doth fall, so lyes it ever low.

42 The sixt had charge of them now being dead,
 In seemely sort their corses to engrave,
 And deck with dainty flowres their bridall bed,
 That to their heavenly spouse both sweet and brave
 They might appeare, when he their soules shall save
 The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne mould,
 Whose face he made all beastes to feare, and gave
 All in his hand, even dead we honour should.
 Ah, dearest God, me graunt, I dead be not defould!

43 The seventh, now after death and buriall done,
 Had charge the tender orphans of the dead
 And widowes ayd, least they should be undone:
 In face of judgement he their right would plead,
 Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
 In their defence, nor would for gold or fee
 Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread;
 And, when they stood in most necessitee,
 He did supply their want, and gave them ever free.

44 There when the elfin knight arrivéd was,
The first and chiefest of the seven, whose care
Was guests to welcome, towards him did pas:
Where seeing Mercie, that his steps upbare
And alwayes led, to her with reverence rare
He humbly louted in meeke lowlinesse,
And seemely welcome for her did prepare:
For of their order she was patronesse,
Albe Charissa were their chiefest founderesse.

45 There she awhile him stayes, him selfe to rest,
That to the rest more able he might bee:
During which time, in every good behest,
And godly worke of almes and charitee,
She him instructed with great industree.
Shortly therein so perfect he became,
That from the first unto the last degree,
His mortall life he learned had to frame
In holy righteousness, without rebuke or blame.

46 Thence forward by that painfull way they pas
Forth to an hill that was both steepe and hy,
On top whereof a sacred chappell was,
And eke a little hermitage thereby,
Wherein an agéd holy man did lie,
That day and night said his devotion,
Ne other worldly busines did apply:
His name was heavenly Contemplation;
Of God and goodnesse was his meditation.

47 Great grace that old man to him given had;
For God he often saw from heavens hight:
All were his earthly eyen both blunt and bad,
And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
Yet wondrous quick and persant was his spright,
As eagles eye that can behold the sunne.
That hill they scale with all their powre and might,
That his fraile thighes nigh weary and fordonne
Gan faile, but by her helpe the top at last he wonne.

48 There they do finde that godly agéd sire,
With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed;
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy braunches of an oke halfe ded.
Each bone might through his body well be red
And every sinew seene, through his long fast:
For nought he car'd his carcas long unfed;
His mind was full of spirituall repast,
And pyn'd his flesh to keepe his body low and chast.

49 Who, when these two approching he aspide,
At their first presence grew agrievéd sore,
That forst him lay his heavenly thoughts aside;
And had he not that dame respected more,
Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
He would not once have movéd for the knight.
They him saluted, standing far afore,
Who, well them greeting, humbly did requight,
And asked to what end they clomb that tedious height.

50 What end (quoth she) should cause us take such paine,
But that same end, which every living wight
Should make his marke, high heaven to attaine?
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
To that most glorious house, that glistreth bright
With burning starres and everliving fire,
Whereof the keyes are to thy hand behight
By wise Fidelia? She doth thee require,
To shew it to this knight, according his desire.

51 Thrise happy man, said then the father grave,
Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,
And shewes the way his sinfull soule to save!
Who better can the way to heaven aread
Then thou thy selfe, that was both borne and bred
In heavenly throne, where thousand angels shine?
Thou doest the praiers of the righteous sead
Present before the majesty divine,
And his avenging wrath to clemency incline.

- 52 Yet, since thou bidst, thy pleasure shalbe donne.
Then come, thou man of earth, and see the way,
That never yet was seene of Faeries sonne;
That never leads the traveiler astray,
But after labors long and sad delay,
Brings them to joyous rest and endlesse blis.
But first thou must a season fast and pray,
Till from her bands the spright assoiléd is,
And have her strength recur'd from fraile infirmitis.
- 53 That done, he leads him to the highest mount;
Such one as that same mighty man of God,
That blood-red billowes, like a walled front,
On either side disparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
Dwelt forty dayes upon; where, writ in stone
With bloody letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him shone:
- 54 Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hie,
Adorn'd with fruitfull olives all arownd,
Is, as it were for endlesse memory
Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was fownd,
For ever with a flowring girlond crownd:
Or like that pleasaunt mount, that is for ay
Through famous poets verse each where renown'd,
On which the thrise three learned ladies play
Their heavenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay.
- 55 From thence, far off he unto him did shew
A litle path that was both steepe and long,
Which to a goodly citie led his vew;
Whose wals and towres were builded high and strong
Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song:
The citie of the great king hight it well,
Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell.

56 As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed angels to and fro descend
From highest heaven in gladsome companee,
And with great joy into that citie wend,
As commonly as friend does with his frend.
Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquire,
What stately building durst so high extend
Her lofty towres unto the starry sphere,
And what unknownen nation there empeopled were.

57 Faire knight, (quoth he) Hierusalem that is,
The new Hierusalem, that God has built
For those to dwell in that are chosen his,
His chosen people, purg'd from sinfull guilt
With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt
On curséd tree, of that unspotted lam,
That for the sinnes of al the world was kilt:
Now are they saints all in that citie sam,
More dear unto their God than younglings to their dam.

58 Till now, said then the knight, I weened well,
That great Cleopolis, where I have beene,
In which that fairest Faerie Queene doth dwell,
The fairest citie was that might be seene;
And that bright towre, all built of christall clene,
Panthea, seemd the brightest thing that was:
But now by prooffe all otherwise I weene,
For this great citie that does far surpas,
And this bright angels towre quite dims that towre of glas.

59 Most trew, then said the holy agéd man;
Yet is Cleopolis, for earthly frame,
The fairest peece that eye beholden can;
And well beseemes all knights of noble name,
That covett in th' immortall booke of fame
To be eternizéd, that same to haunt,
And doen their service to that soveraigne dame,
That glory does to them for guerdon graunt:
For she is heavenly borne, and heaven may justly vaunt.

60 And thou, faire ymp, sprong out from English race,
 How ever now accompted elfins sonne,
 Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,
 To aide a virgin desolate, fordonne.
 But when thou famous victory hast wonne,
 And high emongst all knights hast hong thy shield,
 Thenceforth the suit of earthly conquest shonne,
 And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field:
 For blood can nought but sin, and wars but sorrows yield.

61 Then seek this path that I to thee presage,
 Which after all to heaven shall thee send;
 Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
 To yonder same Hierusalem do bend,
 Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end:
 For thou emongst those saints whom thou doest see,
 Shall be a saint, and thine owne nations frend
 And patrone: thou *Saint George* shalt called bee,
Saint George of mery *England*, the signe of victoree.

62 Unworthy wretch (quoth he) of so great grace,
 How dare I thinke such glory to attaine?
 These, that have it attained, were in like cace,
 (Quoth he) as wretched, and liv'd in like paine.
 But deeds of armes must I at last be faine
 And ladies love to leave, so dearely bought?
 What need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine,
 (Said he) and battailes none are to be fought?
 As for loose loves, they're vaine, and vanish into nought.

63 O! let me not (quoth he) then turne againe
 Backe to the world, whose joyes so fruitlesse are;
 But let me here for aye in peace remaine,
 Or streight way on that last long voyage fare,
 That nothing may my present hope empare.
 That may not be, (said he) ne maist thou yit
 Forgo that royall maides bequeathed care,
 Who did her cause into thy hand commit,
 Till from her curséd foe thou have her freely quit.

64 Then shall I soone, (quoth he) so God me grace,
Abet that virgins cause disconsolate,
And shortly back returne unto this place,
To walke this way in pilgrims poore estate.
But now aread, old father, why of late
Didst thou behight me borne of English blood,
Whom all a Faeries sonne doen nominate?
That word shall I (said he) avouchen good,
Sith to thee is unknowne the cradle of thy brood.

65 For well I wote thou springst from ancient race
Of Saxon kings, that have with mightie hand,
And many bloody battailes fought in place,
High reard their royall throne in Britane land,
And vanquisht them, unable to withstand:
From thence a Faerie thee unweeting reft,
There as thou slepst in tender swadling band,
And her base elfin brood there for thee left.
Such, men do chaungelings call, so chaung'd by Faeries theft.

66 Thence she thee brought into this Faerie lond,
And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde;
Where thee a ploughman all unweeting fond,
As he his toylesome teme that way did guyde,
And brought thee up in ploughmans state to byde,
Whereof Georgos he gave thee to name;
Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde,
To Faerie court thou cam'st to seek for fame,
And prove thy puissaunt armes, as seemes thee best became.

67 O holy Sire! (quoth he) how shall I quight
The many favours I with thee have found,
That hast my name and nation red aright,
And taught the way that does to heaven bound?
This said, adowne he looked to the ground
To have returnd; but dazéd were his eyne
Through passing brightnesse, which did quite confound
His feeble sence, and too exceeding shyne.
So darke are earthly things compard to things divine.

68 At last, whenas himselfe he gan to find,
To Una back he cast him to retire,
Who him awaited still with pensive mind.
Great thanks, and goodly meed, to that good syre
He thens departing gave for his paines hyre.
So came to Una, who him joyd to see;
And, after little rest, gan him desyre
Of her adventure mindfull for to bee.
So leave they take of Caelia and her daughters three.

CANTO XI

*The knight with that old Dragon fights
two dayes incessantly:*

*The third him overthrowes, and gayns
most glorious victory.*

- 1 HIGH time now gan it wex for Una faire
To thinke of those her captive parents deare,
And their forwasted kingdome to repaire :
Whereto whenas they now approched neare,
With hartie wordes her knight she gan to cheare,
And in her modest manner thus bespake ;
Deare knight, as deare as ever knight was deare,
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
High heaven behold the tedious toyle ye for me take !
- 2 Now are we come unto my native soyle,
And to the place where all our perils dwell ;
Here haunts that feend, and does his dayly spoyle ;
Therefore, henceforth, be at your keeping well,
And ever ready for your foeman fell.
The sparke of noble courage now awake,
And strive your excellent selfe to excell :
That shall ye evermore renownmed make
Above all knights on earth, that batteill undertake.
- 3 [And pointing forth, Lo ! yonder is (said she)
The brasen towre, in which my parents deare
For dread of that huge feend emprisond be ;
Whom I from far see on the walles appeare,
Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare :
And on the top of all I do espye
The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare ;
That, O my parents ! might I happily
Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery !]

4 With that they heard a roaring hideous sound,
 That all the ayre with terror filled wide,
 And seemd unceath to shake the stedfast ground.
 Eftsoones that dreadful dragon they espyde,
 Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
 Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill.
 But, all so soone as he from far descride
 Those glistring armes that heaven with light did fill,
 He rousd himselfe full blith, and hastned them untill.

5 Then bad the knight his lady yede aloof,
 And to an hill her selfe withdraw aside:
 From whence she might behold that battailles proof,
 And eke be safe from daunger far descryde.
 She him obayd, and turnd a little wyde.
 Now, O thou sacred Muse! most learned Dame,
 Faire ympe of Phoebus and his agéd bride,
 The Nourse of time and everlasting fame,
 That warlike hands ennoblest with immortall name;

6 O! gently come into my feeble brest;
 Come gently, but not with that mighty rage,
 Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,
 And harts of great heroës doest enrage,
 That nought their kindled courage may aswage:
 Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sownd,
 The God of warre with his fiers equipage
 Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sownd;
 And scaréd nations doest with horreur sterne astownd.

7 Faire Goddess, lay that furious fit aside,
 Till I of warres and bloody Mars do sing,
 And Briton fields with Sarazin bloud bedyde,
 Twixt that great Faery Queene and Paynim king,
 That with their horror heaven and earth did ring;
 A worke of labour long, and endlesse prayse:
 But now a while let downe that haughtie string,
 And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,
 That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

8 By this, the dreadfull beast drew nigh to hand,
Halfe flying and halfe footing in his haste,
That with his largenesse measuréd much land,
And made wide shadow under his huge wast,
As mountaine doth the valley overcast.
Approching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and vast ;
Which, to increase his wondrous greatnesse more,
Was swoln with wrath, and poyson, and with bloody gore ;

9 And over all with brasen scales was armd,
Like plated coate of steele, so couched neare
That nought mote perce, ne might his corse be harmd
With dint of sword, nor push of pointed speare ;
Which, as an eagle, seeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze full rudely dight ;
So shakéd he, that horreur was to heare :
For, as the clashing of an armour bright,
Such noyse his rouzéd scales did send unto the knight.

10 His flaggy wings, when forth he did display,
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way :
And eke the pennes, that did his pineons bynd,
Were like mayne-yards with flying canvas lynd ;
With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage find,
The cloudes before him fled for terror great,
And all the heavens stood still amazéd with his threat.

11 His huge long taylor, wound up in hundred foldes,
Does overspred his long bras-scaly back,
Whose wreathéd boughts when ever he unfolds,
And thicke entangled knots adown does slack,
Bespotted as with shields of red and blacke,
It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but little lacke ;
And at the point two stings in fixed arre,
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steele exceeden farre.

- 12 But stings and sharpest steele did far exceed
The sharpnesse of his cruell rending clawes ;
Dead was it sure, as sure as death in deed,
What ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,
Or what within his reach he ever drawes.
But his most hideous head my tongue to tell
Does tremble : for his deepe devouring jawes
Wide gapéd, like the griesly mouth of hell,
Through which into his darke abysses all ravin fell.
- 13 And, that more wondrous was, in either jaw
Three ranckes of yron teeth enraungéd were,
In which yet trickling blood, and gobbets raw,
Of late devoured bodies did appeare,
That sight thereof bred cold congealed feare :
Which to increase, and all atonce to kill,
A cloud of smothering smoke and sulphure seare
Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,
That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did fill.
- 14 His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shields,
Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre :
As two broad beacons, set in open fields,
Send forth their flames far off to every shyre,
And warning give that enemies conspyre
With fire and sword the region to invade ;
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre :
But far within, as in a hollow glade,
Those glaring lampes were set that made a dreadfull shade.
- 15 So dreadfully he towards him did pas,
Forelifting up aloft his speckled brest,
And often bounding on the bruséd gras,
As for great joyance of his newcome guest.
Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest,
As chauffed bore his bristles doth upreare,
And shoke his scales to battell ready drest ;
That made the Redcrosse knight nigh quake for feare,
As bidding bold defiance to his foeman neare.

16 The knight gan fairely couch his steady speare,
And fiercely ran at him with rigorous might :
The pointed steele, arriving rudely theare,
His harder hide would neither perce nor bight,
But, glauncing by, forth passed forward right ;
Yet sore amovéd with so puissaunt push,
The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
And him so rudely, passing by, did brush
With his long taylor, that horse and man to ground did rush.

17 Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,
And fresh encounter towardes him addrest :
But th' idle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to rest.
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beast,
To be avengéd of so great despight ;
For never felt his impercéable brest
So wondrous force from hand of living wight ;
Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puissant knight.

18 Then, with his waving wings displayed wyde,
Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly divide
The yielding aire, which nigh too feeble found
Her flitting parts, and element unsound,
To beare so great a weight : he, cutting way
With his broad sayles, about him soared round :
At last, low stouping with unweldy sway,
Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them quite away.

19 Long he them bore above the subject plaine,
So far as Ewghen bow a shaft may send,
Till struggling strong did him at last constraîne
To let them downe before his flightes end :
As hagarde hauke, presuming to contend
With hardy fowle above his hable might,
His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend
To trusse the pray too heavy for his flight ;
Which, comming down to ground, does free itselfe by flight.

20 He so disseizéd of his gryping grosse,
The knight his thrillant speare again assayd
In his bras-plated body to embosse,
And three mens strength unto the stroke he layd;
Wherewith the stiffe beame quakéd as affrayd,
And glauncing from his scaly necke did glyde
Close under his left wing, then broad displayd:
The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,
That with the uncouth smart the monster lowdly cryde.

21 He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore,
When wintry storme his wrathfull wreck does threat;
The rolling billowes beat the ragged shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat;
And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge:
Then gin the blustering brethren boldly threat
To move the world from off his stedfast henge,
And boystrous battell make, each other to avenge.

22 The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,
Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,
And quite a sunder broke. Forth flowed fresh
A gushing river of blacke gory blood,
That drowned all the land whereon he stood;
The streame thereof would drive a water-mill:
Treble augmented was his furious mood
With bitter sence of his deepe-rooted ill,
That flames of fire he threw forth from his large nosethrill.

23 His hideous taylor then hurled he about,
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes
Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout
Striving to loose the knot that fast him tyes,
Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash implyes,
That to the ground he is perforce constaynd
To throw his rider: who can quickly ryse
From off the earth, with durty blood distaynd,
For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd:

24 And fiercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
That nothing seemd the puissaunce could withstand :
Upon his crest the hardned yron fell,
But his more hardned crest was armd so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make ;
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,
But, when he saw them come, he did them still forsake.

25 The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguyld,
And smote againe with more outrageous might ;
But backe againe the sparckling steele recoyld,
And left not any marke, where it did light,
As if in adamant rocke it had beene pight.
The beast, impatient of his smarting wound
And of so fierce and forcible despight,
Thought with his wings to sty above the ground ;
But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

26 Then full of grieve and anguish vehement,
He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard,
And from his wide devouring oven sent
A flake of fire, that, flashing in his beard,
Him all amazd, and almost made afeard :
The scorching flame sore swingéd all his face,
And through his armour all his body seard,
That he could not endure so cruell cace,
But thought his armes to leave, and helmet to unlace.

27 Not that great Champion of the antique world,
Whom famous poetes verse so much doth vaunt,
And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,
So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
When him the poysond garment did enchaunt,
With Centaures blood and bloody verses charm'd ;
As did this knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,
Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that erst him arm'd ;
That erst him goodly arm'd, now most of all him harm'd.

28 Faint, wearie, sore, emboyléd, grievéd, brent
With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and inward fire,
That never man such mischiefes did torment;
Death better were; death did he oft desire,
But death will never come when needes require.
Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
He cast to suffer him no more respire,
But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld,
And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him feld.

29 It fortunéd, (as faire it then befell)
Behind his backe, unweeting, where he stood,
Of auncient time there was a springing well,
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good.
Whylome, before that curséd dragon got
That happy land, and all with innocent blood
Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot
The well of life, ne yet his vertues had forgot:

30 For unto life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away;
Those that with sicknesse were infected sore
It could recure, and agéd long decay
Renew, as one were borne that very day.
Both Silo this, and Jordan, did excell,
And th' English Bath, and eke the German Spau;
Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus, match this well:
Into the same the knight back overthrowen fell.

31 Now gan the golden Phoebus for to steepe
His fierie face in billowes of the west,
And his faint steedes watred in ocean deepe,
Whiles from their journall labours they did rest,
When that infernall monster, having kest
His wearie foe into that living well,
Can high advance his broad discoloured brest
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his yron wings, as victor he did dwell.

32 Which when his pensive lady saw from farre,
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
As weening that the sad end of the warre,
And gan to highest God entirely pray
That feared chance from her to turne away;
With folded hands, and knees full lowly bent,
All night she watcht, ne once adowne would lay,
Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,
But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

33 The morrow next gan early to appeare,
That Titan rose to runne his daily race;
But early, ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the sea faire Titans deawy face,
Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if she might spy
Her lovéd knight to move his manly pace:
For she had great doubt of his safety,
Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

34 At last she saw where he upstarted brave
Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay:
As eagle, fresh out of the ocean wave,
Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,
And deckt himselfe with feathers youthly gay,
Like eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies,
His newly budded pineons to assay,
And marveiles at himselfe still as he flies:
So new this new-borne knight to battell new did rise.

35 Whom when the damned feend so fresh did spy,
No wonder if he wondred at the sight,
And doubted whether his late enemy
It were, or other new suppliéd knight.
He now, to prove his late renewed might,
High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade,
Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite,
That to the scull a yawning wound it made:
The deadly dint his dulled sences all dismaid.

36 I wote not whether the revenging steele
 Were hardned with that holy water dew
 Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,
 Or his baptizéd hands now greater grew,
 Or other secret vertue did ensew;
 Else never could the force of fleshly arme,
 Ne molten mettall, in his blood embrew:
 For till that stownd could never wight him harme
 By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

37 The cruell wound enragéd him so sore,
 That loud he yelded for exceeding paine;
 As hundred ramping lions seem'd to rore,
 Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraine:
 Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,
 And therewith scourge the buxome aire so sore,
 That to his force to yelden it was faine;
 Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afore,
 That high trees overthrew, and rocks in peeces tore.

38 The same advauncing high above his head,
 With sharpe intended sting so rude him smot,
 That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead;
 Ne living wight would have him life behot:
 The mortall sting his angry needle shot
 Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seasd,
 Where fast it stucke, ne would there out be got:
 The grieve thereof him wondrous sore diseasd,
 Ne might his ranckling paine with patience be appeasd.

39 But yet, more mindfull of his honour deare
 Then of the grievous smart which him did wring,
 From loathéd soile he can him lightly reare,
 And strove to loose the far infixed sting:
 Which when in vaine he tryde with struggeling,
 Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he heft,
 And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string
 Of his huge taile he quite a sunder cleft;
 Five joints thereof he hewd, and but the stump him left

40 Hart cannot thinke what outrage and what cries,
With foule enfouldred smoake and flashing fire,
The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the skies,
That all was covered with darkenesse dire:
Then, fraught with rancour and engorgéd ire,
He cast at once him to avenge for all,
And gathering up himselfe out of the mire
With his uneven wings, did fiercely fall
Upon his sunne-bright shield, and gript it fast withall.

41 Much was the man encombred with his hold,
In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
Ne wist yet how his talants to unfold;
For harder was from Cerberus greedy jaw
To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
To reave by strength the gripéd gage away:
Thrise he assayd it from his foot to draw,
And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay;
It booted nought to thinke to robbe him of his pray.

42 Tho when he saw no power might prevaile,
His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,
Wherewith he fiercely did his foe assaile,
And double blowes about him stoutly laid,
That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid,
As sparckles from the andvile used to fly,
When heavy hammers on the wedge are swaid;
Therewith at last he forst him to unty
One of his grasping feete, him to defend thereby.

43 The other foot, fast fixed on his shield,
Whenas no strength nor stroks mote him constraîne
To loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,
He smot thereat with all his might and maine,
That nought so wondrous puissaunce might sustaine;
Upon the joint the lucky steele did light,
And made such way that hewd it quite in twaine;
The paw yett missed not his minisht might,
But hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

44 For grieve thereof and divelish despight,
From his infernall founace forth he threw
Huge flames, that dimmed all the heavens light,
Enrold in duskish smoke and brimstone blew:
As burning Aetna from his boyling stew
Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,
And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
Enwrapt in coleblacke clouds and filthy smoke,
That all the land with stench, and heaven with horror choke.

45 The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence,
So sore him noyd, that forst him to retire
A little backward for his best defence,
To save his body from the scorching fire,
Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.
It chaunst, (eternall God that chaunce did guide)
As he recoiled backward, in the mire
His nigh forweari'd feeble feet did slide,
And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore terrifide.

46 There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,
Loaden with fruit and apples rosy red,
As they in pure vermilion had beene dide,
Whereof great vertues over all were red:
For happy life to all which thereon fed,
And life eke everlasting did befall:
Great God it planted in that blessed sted
With his Almighty hand, and did it call
The tree of life, the crime of our first fathers fall.

47 In all the world like was not to be found,
Save in that soile, where all good things did grow,
And freely sprong out of the fruitfull ground,
As incorrupted nature did them sow,
Till that dread dragon all did overthrow.
Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof whoso did eat, eftsoones did know
Both good and ill: O mournfull memory!
That tree through one mans fault hath doen us all to dy.

48 From that first tree forth flowd, as from a well,
 A trickling streame of balme, most soveraine
 And dainty deare, which on the ground still fell,
 And overflowed all the fertile plaine,
 As it had deawed bene with timely raine;
 Life and long health that gracious ointment gave,
 And deadly wounds could heale, and reare againe
 The senselesse corse appointed for the grave.
Into that same he fell, which did from death him save.

49 For nigh thereto the ever damned beast
 Durst not approach, for he was deadly made,
 And all that life preservéd did detest:
 Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.
 By this the drouping day-light gan to fade,
 And yield his roome to sad succeeding night,
 Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
 The face of earth and wayes of living wight,
 And high her burning torch set up in heaven bright.

50 When gentle Una saw the second fall
 Of her deare knight, who, weary of long fight
 And faint through losse of blood, mov'd not at all,
 But lay, as in a dreame of deepe delight,
 Besmeard with pretious balme, whose vertuous might
 Did heale his wounds, and scorching heat alay;
 Againe she stricken was with sore affright,
 And for his safetie gan devoutly pray,
 And watch the noyous night, and wait for joyous day.

51 The joyous day gan early to appeare;
 And faire Aurora from the deawy bed
 Of agéd Tithone gan herselfe to reare
 With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing red;
 Her golden locks for haste were loosely shed
 About her eares, when Una her did marke
 Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred,
 From heaven high to chace the chearelesse darke;
 With merry note her loud salutes the mounting larke.

- 52 Then freshly up arose the doughty knight,
All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
And did himselfe to battell ready dight;
Whose early foe awaiting him beside
To have devourd, so soone as day he spyde,
When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
He woxe dismayd, and gan his fate to feare;
Nathlesse with wonted rage he him advauncéd neare.
- 53 And in his first encounter, gaping wide,
He thought attonce him to have swallowd quight,
And rusht upon him with outrageous pride;
Who him r'encountring fierce, as hauke in flight,
Perforce rebutted backe. The weapon bright,
Taking advantage of his open jaw,
Ran through his mouth with so importune might,
That deepe emperst his darksome hollow maw,
And, back retyrd, his life blood forth with all did draw.
- 54 So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift;
So downe he fell, that th' earth him underneath
Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift;
So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
Whose false foundation waves have washt away,
With dreadfull poyse is from the mayneland rift,
And, rolling downe, great Neptune doth dismay;
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.
- 55 The knight himselfe even trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a masse it seem'd:
And his deare lady, that beheld it all,
Durst not approch for dread which she misdeem'd;
But yet at last, whenas the direfull feend
She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright
She nigher drew, and saw that joyous end:
Then God she praysd, and thankt her faithfull knight,
That had atchievd so great a conquest by his might.

CANTO XII

*Faire Una to the Redcrosse knight
betrouthed is with joy:
Though false Duessa it to barre
her false sleights doe imploy.*

1 BEHOLD! I see the haven nigh at hand,
To which I meane my wearie course to bend;
Vere the maine shete, and beare up with the land,
The which afore is fairely to be kend,
And seemeth safe from storms that may offend:
There this faire virgin wearie of her way
Must landed be, now at her journeyes end:
There eke my feeble barke a while may stay,
Till merry wind and weather call her thence away.

2 Scarsely had Phoebus in the glooming East
Yet harnessed his frie-footed teeme,
Ne reard above the earth his flaming creast,
When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme,
That signe of last outbreathéd life did seeme
Unto the watchman on the castle wall;
Who thereby dead that balefull beast did deeme,
And to his lord and lady lowd gan call,
To tell how he had scene the dragons fatall fall.

3 Uprose with hasty joy, and feeble speed,
That agéd sire, the lord of all that land,
And looked forth, to weet if true indeed
Those tydings were, as he did understand;
Which whenas true by tryall he out found,
He bad to open wyde his brazen gate,
Which long time had beene shut, and out of hond
Proclaymed joy and peace through all his state;
For dead now was their foe, which them forrayéd late.

- 4 Then gan triumphant trompets sound on hie,
That sent to heaven the ecchoed report
Of their new joy, and happie victory
Gainst him, that had them long opprest with tort,
And fast imprisoned in siegéd fort.
Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
To him assembled with one full consort,
Rejoycing at the fall of that great beast,
From whose eternall bondage now they were releast.
- 5 Forth came that auncient lord, and agéd queene,
Arayd in antique robes downe to the ground,
And sad habiliments right well beseene:
A noble crew about them waited round
Of sage and sober peres, all gravely gownd;
Whom far before did march a goodly band
Of tall young men, all hable armes to sownd;
But now they laurell braunches bore in hand,
Glad signe of victory and peace in all their land.
- 6 Unto that doughtie conquerour they came,
And him before themselves prostrating low,
Their lord and patrone loud did him proclame,
And at his feet their laurell boughes did throw.
Soone after them, all dauncing on a row,
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
As fresh as flowres in meadow greene do grow,
When morning deaw upon their leaves doth light;
And in their hands sweet timbrels all upheld on hight.
- 7 And, them before, the fry of children young
Their wanton sportes and childish mirth did play,
And to the maydens sounding tymbrels song,
In well attuned notes, a joyous lay,
And made delightfull musick all the way,
Untill they came where that faire virgin stood:
As faire Diana in fresh sommers day
Beholdes her nymphes enraung'd in shady wood,
Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in christall flood:

8 So she beheld those maydens meriment
With chearefull vew; who, when to her they came,
Themselves to ground with gracious humblesse bent,
And her ador'd by honorable name,
Lifting to heaven her everlasting fame:
Then on her head they set a girland greene,
And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game:
Who, in her self-resemblance well beseene,
Did seeme, such as she was, a goodly maiden queene.

9 And after, all the raskall many ran,
Heaped together in rude rablement,
To see the face of that victorious man,
Whom all admiréd as from heaven sent,
And gaz'd upon with gaping wonderment.
But when they came where that dead dragon lay,
Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,
The sight with idle feare did them dismay,
Ne durst approach him nigh, to touch, or once assay.

10 Some feard, and fled; some feard, and well it faynd;
One, that would wiser seeme then all the rest,
Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd
Some lingring life within his hollow brest,
Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest
Of many dragonets, his fruitfull seed;
Another said, that in his eyes did rest
Yet sparckling fire, and bad thereof take heed;
Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.

11 One mother, whenas her foolehardy chyld
Did come too neare, and with his talants play,
Halfe dead through feare, her litle babe revyld,
And to her gossips gan in counsell say;
How can I tell, but that his talants may
Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand?
So diversly themselves in vaine they fray;
Whiles some, more bold, to measure him nigh stand,
To prove how many acres he did spread of land.

- 12 Thus flocked all the folke him round about ;
The whiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,
Being arrivéd where that champion stout
After his foes defeasance did remaine,
Him goodly greetes, and faire does entertaine
With princely gifts of yvory and gold,
And thousand thanks him yeeldes for all his paine.
Then when his daughter deare he does behold,
He dearely doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold.
- 13 And after to his pallace he them brings,
With shaumes, and trompets, and with clarions sweet ;
And all the way the joyous people singes,
And with their garments strowes the pavéd street ;
Whence mounting up, they find purveyaunce meet
Of all, that royall princes court became ;
And all the floore was underneath their feet
Bespred with costly scarlot of great name,
On which they lowly sit, and fitting purpose frame.
- 14 What needs me tell their feast and goodly guize,
In which was nothing riotous nor vaine ?
What needes of dainty dishes to devize,
Of comely services, or courtly trayne ?
My narrow leaves cannot in them containe
The large discourse of royall princes state.
Yet was their manner then but bare and plaine ;
For th' antique world excesse and pride did hate :
Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen up but late.
- 15 Then, when with meates and drinkes of every kinde
Their fervent appetites they quenched had,
That auncient lord gan fit occasion finde,
Of straunge adventures, and of perils sad
Which in his travell him befallen had,
For to demanda of his renowned guest :
Who then with utt'rance grave, and count'nance sad,
From point to point, as is before exprest,
Discourst his voyage long, according his request.

16 Great pleasures, mixt with pittiful regard,
That godly king and queene did passionate,
Whiles they his pittifull adventures heard;
That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,
And often blame the too importune fate
That heaped on him so many wrathfull wreakes:
For never gentle knight, as he of late,
So tossed was in fortunes cruell freakes;
And all the while salt teares bedewd the hearers cheaks.

17 Then sayd that royall pere in sober wise;
Deare sonne, great beene the evils which ye bore
From first to last in your late enterprise,
That I note, whether praise, or pittie more:
For never living man, I weene, so sore
In sea of deadly daungers was distrest;
But since now safe ye seised have the shore,
And well arrivéd are, (high God be blest!)
Let us devize of ease and everlasting rest.

18 Ah, dearest lord! said then that doughty knight,
Of ease or rest I may not yet devize;
For by the faith, which I to armes have plight,
I bounden am streight after this emprize,
As that your daughter can ye well advize,
Backe to returne to that great Faerie Queene,
And her to serve sixe yeares in warlike wize,
Gainst that proud paynim king that works her teene.
Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there have beene.

19 Unhappy falls that hard necessity,
(Quoth he) the troubler of my happy peace,
And vowed foe of my felicity;
Ne I against the same can justly preace:
But since that band ye cannot now release,
Nor doen undo; (for vowes may not be vaine)
Soone as the terme of those six yeares shall cease,
Ye then shall hither backe returne againe,
The marriage to accomplish vowd betwixt you twain:

20 Which, for my part, I covet to performe,
In sort as through the world I did proclame,
That whoso kild that monster most deforme,
And him in hardy battaile overcame,
Should have mine onely daughter to his dame,
And of my kingdome heyre apparaunt bee :
Therefore since now to thee pertaines the same,
By dew desert of noble chevalree,
Both daughter and eke kingdome, lo! I yield to thee.

21 Then forth he called that his daughter faire,
The fairest Un', his onely daughter deare,
His onely daughter, and his onely heyre ;
Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,
As bright as doth the morning starre appeare
Out of the East, with flaming lockes bedight,
To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,
And to the world does bring long wished light :
So faire and fresh that lady shewd her selfe in sight :

22 So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May ;
For she had layd her mournefull stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,
Whiles on her wearie journey she did ride ;
And on her now a garment she did weare
All lilly white, withoutten spot or pride,
That seemd like silke and silver woven neare ;
But neither silke nor silver therein did appeare.

23 The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame,
And glorious light of her sunshyny face,
To tell, were as to strive against the streame :
My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.
Ne wonder ; for her own deare loved knight,
All were she dayly with himselfe in place,
Did wonder much at her celestiall sight :
Oft had he seene her faire, but never so faire dight.

24 So fairely dight, when she in presence came,
She to her sire made humble reverence,
And bowed low, that her right well became,
And added grace unto her excellence :
Who with great wisdom and grave eloquence
Thus gan to say. But, ere he thus had said,
With flying speede, and seeming great pretence,
Came running in, much like a man dismaid,
A messenger with letters, which his message said.

25 All in the open hall amazed stood
At suddennesse of that unwary sight,
And wondred at his breathlesse hasty mood :
But he for nought would stay his passage right,
Till fast before the king he did alight ;
Where falling flat, great humblesse he did make,
And kist the ground, whereon his foot was pight ;
Then to his hands that writ he did betake,
Which he disclosing, read thus, as the paper spake ;

26 To thee, most mighty king of Eden faire,
Her greeting sends in these sad lines addrest
The wofull daughter, and forsaken heire
Of that great emperour of all the West ;
And bids thee be advized for the best,
Ere thou thy daughter linck in holy band
Of wedlocke to that new unknownen guest :
For he already plighted his right hand
Unto another love, and to another land.

27 To me, sad mayd, or rather widow sad,
He was affiauncéd long time before,
And sacred pledges he both gave, and had,
False erraunt knight, infámous, and forswore !
Witnesse the burning altars, which he swore,
And guilty heavens of his bold perjury,
Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
Yet I to them for judgment just do fly,
And them conjure t'avenge this shamefull injury.

28 Therefore, since mine he is, or free or bond,
 Or false or trew, or living or else dead,
 Withhold, O sovaine prince! your hasty hond
 From knitting league with him, I you aread;
 Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,
 Through weaknesse of my widowhed, or woe;
 For truth is strong her rightfull cause to plead,
 And shall finde friends, if need requireth soe.
 So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither friend nor foe,

Fidessa.

29 When he these bitter byting wordes had red,
 The tydings straunge did him abashed make,
 That still he sate long time astonished,
 As in great muse, ne word to creature spake.
 At last his solemne silence thus he brake,
 With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest;
 Redoubted knight, that for mine onely sake
 Thy life and honour late adventurst,
 Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be exprest.

30 What meane these bloody vowes and idle threats,
 Throwne out from womanish impatient mind?
 What heavens? what altars? what enragéd heates,
 Here heaped up with termes of love unkind,
 My conscience cleare with guilty bands would bind?
 High God be witnesse, that I guiltlesse ame.
 But if yourselfe, Sir knight, ye faulty find,
 Or wrapped be in loves of former dame,
 With crime doe not it cover, but disclose the same.

31 To whom the Redcrosse knight this answere sent;
 My lord, my king, be nought hereat dismayd,
 Till well ye wote by grave intendiment,
 What woman, and wherefore, doth me upbrayd
 With breach of love and loyalty betrayd.
 It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
 I lately traveild, that unwares I strayd
 Out of my way, through perils straunge and hard;
 That day should faile me, ere I had them all declard.

32 There did I find, or rather I was found
Of this false woman, that Fidessa hight,
Fidessa hight the falsest dame on ground,
Most false Duessa, royall richly dight,
That easy was to inveigle weaker sight :
Who by her wicked arts and wylie skill,
Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,
And to my foe betrayd, when least I feared ill.

33 Then stepped forth the goodly royall mayd,
And on the ground her selfe prostrating low,
With sober countenaunce thus to him sayd ;
O! pardon me, my souveraine lord, to show
The secret treasons, which of late I know
To have bene wrought by that false sorceresse.
She, onely she, it is, that earst did throw
This gentle knight into so great distresse,
That death him did awaite in dayly wretchednesse.

34 And now it seemes, that she subornéd hath
This crafty messenger with letters vaine,
To worke new woe and unprovided scath,
By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine ;
Wherein she uséd hath the practicke paine
Of this false footman, clokt with simplenesse,
Whom if ye please for to discover plaine,
Ye shall him Archimago find, I ghesse,
The falsest man alive ; who tries, shall find no lesse.

35 The King was greatly movéd at her speach,
And, all with suddein indignation fraight,
Bad on that messenger rude hands to reach.
Eftsoones the gard, which on his state did wait,
Attacht that faylor false, and bound him strait :
Who seeming sorely chauffed at his band,
As chained beare whom cruell dogs do bait,
With idle force did faine them to withstand :
And often semblaunce made to scape out of their hand.

36 But they him layd full low in dungeon deepe,
And bound him hand and foote with yron chains:
And with continual watch did warely keepe.
Who then would thinke, that by his subtile trains
He could escape fowle death or deadly pains?
Thus, when that princes wrath was pacifide,
He gan renew the late forbidden baine,
And to the knight his daughter dear he tyde
With sacred rites and vowes for ever to abyde.

37 His owne two hands the holy knots did knit,
That none but death for ever can divide;
His owne two hands, for such a turne most fit,
The housling fire did kindle and provide,
And holy water thereon sprinckled wide;
At which the bushy taede a groome did light,
And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
For feare of evill fates, but burnen ever bright.

38 Then gan they sprinkle all the posts with wine,
And made great feast to solemnize that day;
They all perfumde with frankincense divine,
And precious odours fetcht from far away,
That all the house did sweat with great aray:
And all the while sweete musicke did apply
Her curious skill, the warbling notes to play,
To drive away the dull melancholy;
The whiles one sung a song of love and jollity.

39 During the which there was an heavenly noise
Heard sound through all the pallace pleasantly,
Like as it had bene many an angels voice
Singing before th' eternall Majesty,
In their trinall triplicities on hye;
Yet wist no creature whence that heavenly sweet
Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly
Himselfe thereby reft of his senses meet,
And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

40 Great joy was made that day of young and old,
And solemne feast proclaimd throughout the land,
That their exceeding merth may not be told :
Suffice it heare by signes to understand
The usuall joyes at knitting of loves band.
Thrise happy man the knight himselfe did hold,
Possessed of his ladies hart and hand ;
And ever, when his eye did her behold,
His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

41 Her joyous presence, and sweet company,
In full content he there did long enjoy ;
Ne wicked envy, ne vile gealosity,
His deare delights were able to annoy :
Yet, swimming in that sea of blissfull joy,
He nought forgot how he whilome had sworne,
In case he could that monstrous beast destroy,
Unto his Faerie Queene backe to returne ;
The which he shortly did, and Una left to mourne.

42 Now, strike your sailes ye jolly Mariners,
For we be come unto a quiet rode,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this weary vessell of her lode.
Here she a while may make her safe abode,
Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
And wants supplide. And then againe abroad
On the long voyage whereto she is bent :
Well may she speede, and fairely finish her intent !

NOTES

THE DEDICATION

1. 1. In imitation of the lines, found in some MSS. of Virgil's *Aeneid*, and recognized by Donatus and Servius. They were perhaps intended by Virgil to serve as a temporary, but not as the artistic, opening of the poem:

" Ille ego, qui quondam gracili modulatus avena
Carmen, et egressus silvis vicina coegi
Ut quamvis avido parerent arva colono,
Gratum opus agricolis, at nunc horrentia Martis
Arma virumque cano, &c."

As Virgil, the writer of the *Bucolics* and *Georgics*, now prepares to sing of his epic, so Spenser, the writer of the *Shepheards Calender* in 1579, begins his great work.

whilome=formerly. O.E. *hwilum*, Latin *olim*. So Byron, *Childe Harold*, i. 2:

" *Whilome* in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth".

2. weeds, clothes, dress. Not as now restricted to mourning, e.g. "widow's weeds".

Marmion, v. vi.:

"The Baron dons his peaceful *weeds*".

4. oaten reeds=rustic pipes, as *avena* above. So Virgil, *Eclogues*, i. 2:

"*Silvestrem tenui musam meditaris avena*".

7. areeds=counsels, advises.

2. 1. chiefe of nine. Clio, the Muse of History. "The eldest sister of the c.ew" (*Tears of the Muses*).

3. scryne=chest for books, desk. Latin, *scrinium*.

5. Tanaquill. The daughter of Oberon, *Faery Queene*, ii. x. 76. She is there identified with Queen Elizabeth, or Gloriana, sought out by Prince Arthur.

3. 1. impe. Cupid, son of Jupiter and Venus. Impe=offspring, with no depreciatory or comic sense. In Chaucer, used of shoots, grafts, saplings.

3. **rove**=shoot. Technical term of archery. See the long quotation by Scott (*Lay of Last Minstrel*, iii. 17) from Drayton's *Polyolbion*.

5. **heben**, of ebony wood.

7. **Mart**=Mars. A Chaucer use.

4. 1. **eke**=also. "A train-band captain *eke* was he, Of famous London town" (*John Gilpin*).

5. **eyne**=eyes. "The termination *-en* now remains only in *oxen*. Other examples, not long obsolete or still in provincial use, are '*een*' (Chaucer's and Spenser's '*eyen*', eye-en, O.E. *eag-en*), '*esen*' (eaves, O.E. *esen*), '*hosen*' and '*shoon*' (= '*shoe-en*', O.E. *scon*), '*house-n*', '*pesen*' (peas), '*pullen*' (fowls), *toon* (toes), *tree-n*, &c." (Bain, *English Grammar*, p. 126.)

7. **type of thine**=Una.

8. **afflicted stile**=the subject or 'argument' (Lat. *argumentum*) of my lowly style. So Spenser speaks modestly of his own highly ornate verse.

9. **dearest dread**=Most dear, High and Mighty, Queen Elizabeth, to whom he dedicated his book, "to live with the eternity of her fame".

CANTO I

1-6.—*The Red Cross Knight, accompanied by Una and the Dwarf, bound on adventures and a commission from Gloriana, the Queen of Faery Land, appear on the plain.*

1. 1. **pricking**=spurring his horse. So Macaulay, *Battle of Irvy*:

"The fiery Duke is *pricking* fast across St. Andre's plain".

2. **Ycladd**=clad, with the prefix *ge*, as in *y-drad*, *y-like*, *y-gone*. Milton (*On Shakespeare 1630*) has: "Under a star-*y*-pointing pyramid".

3. The Red Cross Knight, the type of Saint George, the patron saint of England, is arrayed in the dress and with the weapons of the gospel-soldier (*Ephesians*, vi. 10-20). The armour is old and dinted, as having been worn on many a stricken field, though this is the first expedition of their wearer.

8. **jolly**, not merry, but bold and high-spirited, free and gay.

9. The knight goes forth to fight the powers of Error and Falsehood, Cruelty and Wrong. These, in Spenser's day, were represented to England and the Queen by the Pope and his henchman of the Armada, Philip II. "The new Protestantism, like the new spirit of political liberty, saw its real foe in Philip. It was Spain, rather than the Guises, against which Coligni and the Huguenots struggled in vain; it was Spain with which William of Orange was wrestling

for religious and civil freedom; it was Spain which was soon to plunge Germany into the chaos of the Thirty Years' War, and to which the Catholic world had for twenty years been looking, and looking in vain, for a victory over heresy in England" (J. R. Green, *Short History*, p. 403). Oliver Cromwell made this his cardinal point in foreign policy. "Truly", he said (in the speech styled by Carlyle "like a block of beaten gold, right royal in spirit"), "your great enemy is the Spaniard. He is naturally so, by reason of that enmity that is in him against whatever is of God, led on by superstition and the implicitness of his faith in submitting to the see of Rome."

9. **giusts** = jousts, tourneys, combats in the lists.

2. 1. **crosse**, as a Crusader. See the description of the Knight-Templar in Scott's *Ivanhoe*, ch. ii.

7. **faithfull true** = faithfully, adverbial use. "In the oldest English, the adverb was regularly formed from the adjective by adding 'e', as 'soft, soft^e', and the dropping of the 'e' left the adverb in the adjective form; thus, 'claene', adverb, became 'clean', and appears in the phrase "*clean gone*"; 'faeste, fast', to stick fast. By a false analogy, many adjectives that never formed adverbs in -e were freely used as adverbs in the age of Elizabeth: 'thou didst it excellent'." (Bain, *English Grammar*, p. 77.)

8. **cheere** = face, feature.

9. **ydrad**: see on 'ycladd' above. He was fearless himself, but dreaded by others.

3. 2. **Gloriana**, Queen Elizabeth, who also figures variously in the poem as Belpheobe, Britomart, Mercilla; as contrasted with her hated rival, Mary, Queen of Scots, who is introduced as Duessa, Florimel, Radegund, &c.

9. **Dragon**, the Devil, personified in Spain and the Pope. *Revelations*, xx. 2.

4. 1. **Una** = Truth, as *one* and undivided, simple and unvarying, as contrasted with the *double* and deceitful Duessa. It has been sought to derive Una from an Irish source, from the Faery Queen of that name, associated with Knocksheegowna (Hill of the Fairy Una) overlooking Birr or Parsonstown. But as Una is an essential part of the *Faery Queene* (for we hear of a first draft of the poem as early as 1580, in a letter from Spenser to his friend Gábríel Harvey) it is unlikely on any ground that such a name could have been known to the poet before his Irish home at Kilcolman, about 1588.

2. **then** = than. "Than (formerly 'then') follows comparatives. 'He is stronger *than* you' is, in full, 'he is stronger; *then* (=next, in a lower degree) *strong are you*'." (Bain. *English Grammar*, p. 72.)

4. **wimpled** = folded as a veil.

8. **Seemed** = impersonal, with 'it' omitted. So i. 30. 9, "sits not"; 32. 4, "Now (sayd the lady) [it] draweth toward night".

9. **lad** = led.

5. 2. We should now say "all virtuous lore".

3. For her royal descent see i. vii. 43. There is also an allusion to *Isaiah*, xlix. 23: "Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and their queens thy nursing mothers".

8. **Forwasted**. The prefix signifies loss, or change: as 'forlorn', 'forspent', 'fordone', 'forweary' &c.

9. **compeld** = brought. Latin *compulerat*.

6. 6. In the mythological spirit, the rain descending on the earth is the type of the union of Jupiter and Juno.

8. **to shrowd** = to seek shelter.

did. "The enfeebling expletives, *do* and *did*, though certainly very common in our early writers, had never been employed with such an unfortunate predilection as by Spenser. Their everlasting recurrence is among the great blemishes of his style" (Hallam). Johnson notes it as a defect of Waller, "though he lived to see it almost universally ejected".

7-13.—*Driven by a shower of rain, they seek refuge in a shady grove. "Error's Den" described.*

7. 8. **footing**, treading, footsteps. *Matthew*, vii. 13: "Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that enter in thereby".

9. **them** is dative. So "*Methinks, meseems, &c.*". It appears to them a fair refuge.

8. 5. **can** = gan = began. Or 'gan', as auxiliary verb = do, and 'gan praise' = do praise, praise.

Hallam has noted a curious error in this passage. "Every one", he says, "knows that a natural forest never contains such a variety of species; nor indeed could such a medley as Spenser, treading in the steps of Ovid, has brought together from all soils and climates, exist long if planted by the hands of man." It may, however, be noted that this confusion of the jungle-growth in the Grove of Error is perhaps intentional on the part of the poet. Mark Pattison remarks (*Milton*, p. 25) on the inaccuracy of Milton's strewing the hearse of Lycidas with "primrose and woodbine, daffodil and jasmine". Spenser and Milton alike err (*Arcades*, 89) in making the elm, one of the thinnest-foliaged trees, star-proof. Pope also criticised Ambrose Philips' "Pastorals", in *The Guardian*, for making the lily, rose, and daffodil bloom all in one season.

The reader should note the first introduction of a constant feature in Spenser's style, the exhaustive enumeration of all the

items or particulars in a scene or landscape. He enumerates, but rarely selects. "No writer", says Taine, "is more like Homer. He is redundant, ingenuous. He says everything, he puts down reflections which we have made beforehand, he repeats, he beholds objects with infinite detail, never hurrying or slackening." (*History of English Literature*, i, p. 183, ed. 1887.)

6-9. **saying Pine**=good for making ships. **vine-prop Elme**=for propping or training vines along the trees, as in Italy. Horace, *Epodes*, ii. 10. **Poplar never dry**, as suitable for river-banks and damp places. **builder Oake**=good for ship-timber or houses. **Cypresse funerall**, classical sign of grief: "Cypress branches, wherewith in old time they were wont to dress graves" (Sidney, *Arcadia*).

9. 3. As in Desdemona's song (*Othello*, iv. 3) of forsaken Barbara: "Sing all a green willow". Mr. Henderson (*Little Book of Scottish Verse*, Methuen, 1899, p. 127) suggests a connection of this idea with the old song, "O waly, waly up the bank". So in Gilbert's *Mikado*: "On a tree by a river a little tom-tit, Sang willow", &c. &c.; and in Fitz Eustace's song in *Marmion*, iii. 10.

9. **carver Holme**=good for carving.

10. 6. **weene**=think.

9. **been**, or **bin**=be: archaic.

11. 2. **or—or**=either—or.

8. **Eftsoones**=soon after. "Eftsoones his hand dropped he" (Coleridge, *Ancient Mariner*).

12. 7, 8. It would be shameful to draw back, for fear of a shadow.

9. "What went ye out for to see?" (*Matthew*, xi. 8). See the explanation of this idiom on Canto x. 33. 4: "well to donne".

13. 2. **wot**=know; p.t. is "I wist".

8. **read**=I warn, counsel. Richard II was Richard the Redeless, as impatient of counsel. So Burns:

"I *rede* ye well, take care o' skaith".

9. **fearefull**=timid, fearing.

14-26.—*The knight fights with the Dragon and kills it.*

14. 1. **hardiment**=hardihood, boldness.

4. **glistring**=shining. "All that glisters is not gold" (*Merchant of Venice*, ii. 7).

15. 3. **boughtes**=coils. Cf. the *Bight* of Benin, the great Australian *Bight*, or Gulf; a man fights a *bout* or round, has a 'bout' of drinking, &c.

16. 1. **upstart**=started up. "And with that cry Arcite anon upstert" (Chaucer, *Knight's Tale*, 1080).

4. **entraile**=twist, entanglement.

6. to point=Fr. *à point*; *cap-a-pie*.

7. **bale**=sorrow.

17. 1. **Elfe**. The Elfin Knight of the Fairy Court.

3. **trenchand**=trenchant=cutting. This form of the present participle, 'glitterand', &c., is a remnant of the Northern Dialect affected by Spenser in his poem, but especially in his *Shepheards Calender*. "Bydand"=biding, constant, is the motto of the Gordons.

7. Threatening him with her sting.

8. **enhaunst**=lifted up.

18. 1. Note the alliteration, a permanent feature of Spenser's style, a remnant of his archaic masters, Chaucer and Langland, the author of *Piers Plowman*.

5. **Tho**=then.

6. **traine**=tail, in 9=snare. Latin *trahere*, to drag. Spenser permits himself this use of a double rhyme when the meaning of the words is different. See xi. 46, "red".

19. 6. The ancients conceived the gall as the seat of anger. He griped her by the throat so that *he* did her constrain.

20. This stanza is strongly censured by the higher critics for its offence against taste. This is to confuse needlessly the standards of the Elizabethan and the Victorian days. The passage was a favourite with Burke, and Professor Minto (*Characteristics of English Poets*, 1874, p. 237) well remarks that "Spenser's design may have been entirely moral in drawing repulsive pictures of Error and Popery; but there is, whatever may have been his design, a certain intrinsic charm of sublime exaltation in the supreme energy of loathing". Burke quoted the passage to Sir James Mackintosh to describe the French Revolution (*Burke*: John Morley, p. 206).

4. **vildly**=vilely.

6. In the 'bookes' and 'papers' there is an allusion to the pamphlets and Bulls of Excommunication fulminated against Queen Elizabeth by Pope Sixtus V, and to the many slanderous reports circulated by his agents against her. See the whole scene in Kingsley's *Westward Ho!*, chapter xi, where Raleigh reads the documents: "frantic and filthy slanders against Elizabeth, Burghley, Leicester, Essex (the elder), Sidney; bombastic attempts to terrify weak consciences; wearisome arguments about the bull *In cœna Domini*; the nullity of English law, the sacred duty of rebellion, the right to kill a prince impenitently heretical, and the like insanities and villainies", &c. &c.

9. **parbreake**=vomit.

21. father Nilus. The river-god was personified by the ancients. See Virgil, *Aeneid*, viii. 31, x. 421. Compare Macaulay's *Horatius*: "O Tiber, Father Tiber, To whom the Romans pray"; and the description of "Camus, reverend sire" in *Lycidas*, 104.

5. avale=sink down. Fr. *avalier*. Cf. the "avalanche" that 'sinks down' into the Alpine valleys; and *Merchant of Venice*, i. 1. 28:

"My wealthy Andrew,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs".

9. reed=I perceive.

22. 3. ne=no longer. Double negative. For 'ne' compare *n'ould*, would not=*ne wolde*; *nill*=will not (*ne willan*). It is a constant matter for imitation by Byron and Thomson, in their poems based on Spenser. *E.g.* "Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth, Who *ne* in virtue's ways did take Delight" (*Childe Harold*, i. 2. 1). "No living wight could work, *ne* cared e'en for play" (*Castle of Indolence*, i. 11. 9).

23. 2. to welke=to fade away in the clouds, in the welkin. The imitation by Thomson (*Castle of Indolence*, i. 30) is subjoined to show his general style, and to quote a famous stanza, improving it may be said on Spenser, which also compares a swarming crowd of numbers with a different subject.

"As when a shepherd of the Hebrid-Isles
Placed far amid the melancholy main
(Whether it be lone Fancy him beguiles;
Or that aërial beings sometime deign
To stand, embodied, to our senses plain)
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilst in Ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro,
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show."

24. 5. lin=cease.

8. raft=reaved, reft.

26. 7. her life—the which. 'The which' (Fr. *lequel*, *laquelle*) is now a 'Gampism', familiar in Dickens and in the speech of the miners in Bret Harte. For *which*=*who* see *Bain's Grammar*, p. 35: "The exclusion of 'which' from reference to *persons* has become more and more strict since the end of the seventeenth century. Before then the application of 'which' to persons was quite common. 'Our Father *which* art in Heaven' is a familiar representative of numerous examples in the Bible. Even Tennyson wrote: 'The one true lover *which* you ever had'; but the newest edition (1878) reads 'The true true lover *whom* you ever own'd'."

8. needeth him. Impersonal use: 'him' is dative: Now he needs, &c.

27, 28.—*Una congratulates the knight on his victory. They ride on their way.*

27. 3. The belief in the stars, as influencing the birth of those born under their appearance, was both classical and mediæval. Horace fancifully asserts that he and his patron Mæcenas were both born under one star; *Odes*, ii. xvii. 21. Persius (v. 45) also regards himself and his stoic teacher, Cornutus, as so related. It survives in the adjectives 'jovial' and 'saturnine', people of such temperaments being thought to be influenced by the stars of Jupiter and Saturn. Melanchthon was half a believer in it, and was rallied by Luther; Dryden calculated the horoscopes of his sons, and believed to the last in this science of astrology. See for much illustrative material chapters iii and iv of Scott's *Guy Mannering, or The Astrologer*.

9. I pray you may have many such adventures, and that similar ones may succeed this, your first one.

28. 7. God to frend: an idiom surviving alone in 'take to wife'. "He hath a pretty young man to his son" (Bunyan); "A woman anointed his body to the burial" (Bunyan); "We have Abraham to our father" (*Matthew*, iii. 9).

29-34.—*They meet an aged sire, Archimago, who leads them to his little forest hermitage.*

29. 2. agéd sire, Archimago, "chief magus" or wise man, is the Pope, or Philip II of Spain, or both combined in one power of evil.

weedes. See note to Dedication, i. 2.

yclad. See on i. i. 2.

30. 1. louting = bending, bowing. So *Ballad of True Thomas of Ercildoune*:

"True Thomas he pulled off his cap,
And louted low down on his knee".

2. Who requited him, or gave him his quits, as being the courteous person that he was; inasmuch as he was courteous.

6. Silly = simple, innocent, not = foolish. It is still a North Country use. In the *Gaberlunzie Man*, attributed by Percy and others to King James V, we have "Will ye lodge a silly poor man?" In the Ballads, e.g. *Alison Grose*, the court of the Fairies, of the harmless, innocent people, is "the Seely Court".

7. Bidding his beades = saying his prayers: A.S. *bed*, a prayer, German, *gebet*. 'Bead' is thus primarily a 'prayer'; but, as a prayer was said or told by the rosary—each *Ave Maria* ("Hail Mary") or Pater Noster ("Our Father") being marked off by one of the string of beads—the secondary sense has now supplanted the

original one. In the *Lady of the Lake*, i. 35, it is said of the king that

“His midnight orisons he told,
A prayer with every bead of gold”.

In *Marmion*, i. 26, it is remarked of the jovial Friar John, that he

“sleeps before his beads
Have marked ten aves and two creeds”.

9. **sits not**: it suits not. Impersonal use. French idiom, *il ne sied pas*.

mell=meddle.

32. 2. **wight**=person.

3. **thorough**=through. So in the Scottish version of the *Psalms*, lxxxiv. 6, by the Englishman Francis Rous, M.P. for Truro in the Long Parliament:

“Who passing *thorough* Baca’s vales,
Therein do dig up wells”.

The old songs on the Duke of Marlborough celebrated the victor of Blenheim as “Jack of Marlboro”, who beat the Frenchmen thorough and thorough, *i.e.* throughout.

8. Phœbus in his golden chariot, that all day long has traversed the heavens and measured out the day into hours, is now sinking in the western waves, and refreshing his weary steeds in the ocean. Juvenal (14. 280) fancifully remarks that the hiss of the burning wheels was heard at the Pillars of Hercules, at Cadiz, the ancient Gades.

9. **baite**=gave them a ‘bite’, or ‘bit’. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, xii. 1:

“As one who, in his journey, *bates* at noon”.

33. 7. **in**=inn, lodging place of any kind, and not necessarily as in the modern restricted use. *Shepheards Calender*, December:

“The ghastlie owl her grievous *ynne* doth keepe”.

‘Inn’, A.V. *Genesis*, xlii. 27 = ‘lodging-place’, R.V. Spenser’s reputed death at an ‘inn’ in London, January 16, 1599, is one more proof that J. P. Collier’s statement is a clumsy forgery, based on a mistaken use of ‘lodging’. (*Life of Spenser*, i, cxlv.)

34. 4. **little wyde**=a little apart.

5. **edifyde**=built. Spenser has been censured for this needless Latinism. But it may have been common usage, for we find it as early as Langland in *Piers Plowman*:

“These eremytes (hermits) that *edefyten* thus by the heye weyes”.

6. **wont** = was wont. Past tense of *wone*. Milton, *Samson Agonistes*, 1485, has both forms:

“Sires are wont to lay up for their sons;
Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age”.

35-38.—*They pass the night there. Archimago, while they sleep, weaves his enchantments round them.*

35. 7. **file** = smooth. Chaucer's Pardoner (*Prologue, Canterbury Tales*, 712) could “wel affile his tongue to wynne silver”.

9. **Ave-Mary**. Hail Mary, prayer to the Virgin Mary. See on 30.

36. 3. **Morpheus**, the God of sleep, Ovid's (*Metamorph.*, xi. 634) “*artifex simulatorque figuræ*”. He is the sender of dreams, visions, forms (Greek *μορφή*), or phantasies.

7. **amiddes** = amidst, the ‘t’ being an insertion, as in ‘whilest’.

37. 4. **Persephone**, or Proserpine.

8. **Gorgon**, not the classical Medusa or Gorgon, whose head had the power of petrifying beholders, but the great mediæval Demogorgon, magician or tyrant of the lower world. Milton (*Paradise Lost*, ii. 964) sees him in Chaos with “Orcus and Ades and the dreaded name Of Demogorgon”. Cf. Spenser's “dreaded name of Hecate” in 43. 2.

9. **Cocytus**, the river of wailing, and **Styx** were two of the rivers in the Infernal regions. The others were Acheron and Phlegethon.

38. 2. **Sprights** = spirits. For ‘the which’ see on 26. 7.

39-43.—*He sends a spirit to Morpheus, to bring a deluding dream. Description of House of Morpheus.*

39. 3. **Morpheus house**. The ‘s’ of the possessive is omitted when too many hissing sounds would come together. “In O.E. fifteenth century, if the noun ended in a sibilant or was followed by a word beginning with a sibilant, the possessive sign was dropt; as ‘a goose egg’, ‘the river side’.”—Morris, quoted by Bain, *English Grammar*, p. 134.

6. **Tethys**, the daughter of Uranus and Terra, and wife of Oceanus; here used as the personification of the Sea.

7. **Cynthia**, the Moon, Diana, from the scene of her birth, Mount Cynthus in the Island of Delos.

40. 1. The fancy of the double gates is taken from *Aeneid*, vi. 894, where the two gates of sleep are made of ivory and of horn. By the former, false dreams were made to pass. In Homer, *Odyssey*, xix. 562, Orcus also has his double gates.

9. **takes keepe**=takes care of. A.S. *kepen*, to care for: "Be at your *keeping* well". i. 11. 2.

41. Note the perfect blending of sound and sense, increased by the skilful use of alliteration, in this stanza. Thomson's imitation (*Castle of Indolence*, i. 6) may be compared.

3. **upon the loft**=upon high. Cf. 'up *aloft*' in nautical phrase, *a* being the prep. 'on' as '*aloof*', '*abed*', '*afield*', '*afoot*', '*ashore*', &c. Burns uses the word 'lift' for 'heaven' or sky in *A Winter Night*:

"When Phoebus gives a short lived glower | Far south the *lift*".

42. 3. **mought**=might. Now an Americanism, and common in the speech of the characters in the works of Bret Harte.

6. *that he* forced him.

43. 8. To serve his purpose.

9. Delude the 'scent' or perception.

44-end.—*The dreams and spells, working in sleep, cause terrible and wrong ideas to seize the mind of Una and the knight.*

44. 2. **diverse dreame**=a dream that causes troubling, confusing, or wrong thoughts.

4. **carke**=care. "His weary *carking* cares" (Burns, *Cotter's Saturday Night*, iii. 8).

45. 6. The **maker selfe**=the maker himself.

46. 4. Mock his fancy, delude his mind.

CANTO II

1-6.—*Morning breaks: the false dream works on the knight. In despair he and the dwarf fly from the place.*

1. 1. "Spenser is the last of the poets who went (without affectation) by the great clock of the firmament. Dante, the miser of time, who goes by the same timepiece, is full of these roundabout ways of telling us the hour. I for one should be sorry to lose these stately revolutions. Who would prefer the plain time of day to this? Canto ii. 1; iii. 16; v. 2. The generous indefiniteness, which treats an hour more or less as of no account, is in keeping with that sense of endless leisures which it is one chief merit of the poem to suggest."—J. R. Lowell.

northerne wagoner=the driver of the constellation of the seven stars, Ursa Major or Great Bear, the Latin *Septemtriones*. He is the classical Bootes, Arctophylax; the mediæval Charles-Wain,

i.e. churl's wain, or ceorl's wain. Cf. *Juvenal*, v. 23, and Tennyson's *May Queen*:

"Charles-Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops".

By a confusion of *Arcturus* of the Latins with Arthur is given "Arthur's-Wain", as in Scott, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, i. 17.

2. **stedfast starre**=the Northern Star, which was a fixed mark in the northern latitudes, in which it never sets. It is to this Pole-star, the lodestar or 'leading'-star of the mariners, that Shakespeare (*Sonnets*, 116) refers.

"It is an ever fixed mark
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken,
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken".

7, 8. See note to i. 32.

8. "But look, the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill"
(*Hamlet*, i. i. 116).

2. 9. **cast about**=devised, planned.

7, 8.—*Una bewails his loss: she sets out to seek him.*

7. 1. **rosy-fingred Morning**=the ῥοδοδάκτυλος ἠώς of Homer. Aurora, the immortal goddess, was wedded to the mortal Tithonus, son of Laomedon. Of the gods she begged and obtained for him the gift of immortality, but forgot at the same time to ask that he would remain ever young.

4. **Titan**, Helios, the Sun God.

5. **drowsy-hed**=drowsihood, drowsiness. The suffix -'hed', as in hardihood, maidenhood, &c., remains unchanged in 'god-hed'.

9. **stowre**=distress, confusion. So Burns, *Mary Morison*:

"How gladly would I bide the stoure".

9-11.—*Archimago, in the false disguise of the Red Cross Knight, sets out in pursuit of Una.*

9. 4. **drift**=intention, what he was driving at.

10. 4. **Proteus**, son of Neptune, could assume any shape at will. To draw a prophecy from him it was necessary to seize him firmly and hold him fast. Virgil, *Georgics*, iv. 441; *Odyssey*, iv. 384.

Proteus is the symbol of Philip II of Spain, regarded by the Elizabethan world as something devilish in his nature. "He was" (says Macaulay, speaking of the Spanish type—*The Succession in Spain*—Essays) "a kind of dæmon, horribly malevolent, but withal most sagacious and powerful. 'They be very wise and politick,'

says an honest Englishman in a memorial addressed to Mary, 'and can, through their wisdom, reform and bridle their own natures for a time, and apply their conditions to the manners of those men with whom they meddle gladly by friendship; whose mischievous manners a man shall never know until he come under their subjection; which thing I pray England never do: for in dissimulations until they have their purposes, and afterwards in oppression and tyranny when they can obtain them, they do exceed all other nations upon the earth.' But how art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning. How art thou cut to the ground, that didst weaken the nations." Read the language of Salvation Yeo, in Kingsley's *Westward Ho!*, for the feeling of the Elizabethan sailors to the Spaniard.

11. 1. **person**, the mask, or character. A Latin use, *persona*=a mask. He 'impersonated' the Red Cross Knight. "His supreme pleasure" (says Johnson, *Life of Milton*) "is to tax his adversary Salmasius, so renowned for criticism, with vicious Latin. He opens his book with telling that he has used *Persona*, which according to Milton signifies only a mask, in a sense not known to the Romans, by applying it as we apply *Person*."

5. His equipment is that of the knight, in i. 1, 2, with the crested helmet.

7. **well addrest**=well prepared for his task. You would have taken him for St. George himself.

9. The confusion, in the legend of St. George, of classical and mediæval legends is extraordinary. St. George was a bishop of Cappadocia and a follower of Arius. He was created bishop of Alexandria, but was deposed by Julian, when his body was burned and the ashes cast into the sea in A.D. 361. He was, however, canonized as a saint, and a church was dedicated to him at Lydda in Palestine. This place had traditionally been the scene of Perseus rescuing Andromeda from the sea monster. The classical and ecclesiastical heroes became blended, and his reputation was extended by the crusaders. As early as 1222 a feast in his honour was decreed by an English ecclesiastical council, but it was not till the days of Edward III that he was formally adopted as the patron of the order of the Garter and installed as the national saint. His connection with the dragon must, however, have been facilitated through the old Teutonic legends of Siegfried and other heroes. For 'Jack-the-Giant-Killer' see Carlyle, *Heroes and Hero Worship*, p. 33.

12-19.—*The knight meets the Saracen Sansfoy with the Scarlet Woman, Duessa.*

12. 1. **semblaunt**=semblance, appearance.

5. **chaunst**=impersonal, as in *methinks*, &c. 'Him' is dative.

6. **to point**. See on i. 16. 6. By the union of the false Duessa

and the Saracen, Spenser shadows forth the unhallowed union, for political purposes, of the Pope and the Ottoman Power. Combined they formed the type of Evil, just as Bunyan in his *Pilgrim's Progress* conjoins them in the "cave where two giants Pope and Pagan dwelt in old time". The three sons of Aveugle—Sansjoy, Sansfoy, Sansloy—are the signs of the joyless, faithless, lawless Turkish Power. This was broken for ever by the battle of Lepanto, 7th October, 1571, in which Cervantes was wounded in his hand and maimed. Europe was thus freed from a Reign of Terror.

9. **point.** For the rhyme of 'point' and 'point' see on i. 18.

13. 2. The lady is Duessa or Fidessa. She represents Mary, Queen of Scots, as contrasted with Elizabeth, Defender of the Faith.

"And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet, and decked with gold and precious stone" (*Revelation*, xvii. 4).

3. **Purfiled**=embroidered. Chaucer's monk, *Prologue*, 193, had his sleeves "y-purfiled at the hand", in his foppery.

assay=value. Fr. *assai*, a term of the coinage or mint.

4. **mitre**=the Persian headpiece or tiara, with a side reference to the Papal mitre.

5. **owches**, ornaments, sockets for precious stones. The original form 'nouche' has become, by the blending of the article with the first letter, 'ouch'. So *an* adder=a *nadder*, *an* apron=a *naperon*, *an* ewt=a *nemt*, *an* orange=a *norange*, &c. See Bain, *Higher English Grammar*, p. 228.

9. **bosses brave**=splendid, gaudy embossed ornaments.

17. 4. Each is angry at the equally-matched might of his opponent, and seeks with keen glances to pierce through his side, looking for a weak spot in his armour. Cf. i. 4. 14. 'Their' is collectively used for 'his', each of the combatants.

envies has the accent on the final syllable, envy'.

7. For the alliteration, compare Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*:

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free".

9. **streams**—dies. The plural noun and the singular verb is not uncommon, but 'die' is restored in most texts.

18. 8. The descending sword *shred* away a large *share*, or piece sliced off, of the other's crest.

9. The meaning seems to be that the blade, by glancing harmlessly down his shield, *delivered* him from harm. At least, in i. vii. 12, Spenser does so use the verb. "Heavenly grace that did him *bless*."

19. 4. **stroke** = struck. Varying forms are 'strake', 'strook'.

7. The alliteration heightens the 'struggling' effect. The "grudging ghost" struggles to free itself from the bonds of the flesh. Or it is an imitation of Virgil's line, "Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras" (*Aeneid*, xii. 952).

20-26.—*Fidessa, the Scarlet Woman, reveals her name, and tells the false story of her situation.*

21. 4. **humblesse** = humility. Cf. 'richesse', 'noblesse'.

6. **emmove** = move.

8. Impersonal; I greatly pity, it rueth me.

22. 3. **thrall**, bond-slave. For the ceremony of making a slave, by boring his ears to the door, see *Deuteronomy*, xv. 17. Cf. "nostril = nose-thirl", the opening or pierced part of the nose. A 'thrilling' sound is a sound that pierces the ears. See the description of the dress and condition of Gurth, the swineherd, and Wamba, the jester, "sworn thralls of Cedric of Rotherwood", in *Ivanhoe*, ch. i.

4. list. 'heavens' is dat. Before it pleased the heavens to frown.

7. Duessa, representing the Papacy, is made to claim descent from the emperors of Rome, to whose position the popes succeeded. The phrase 'Holy Roman Empire, is a standing witness of the claim, never stronger than in the days of Charles V. See Prof. Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire*, and the interesting chapter in Dean Stanley's *Ecclesiastical Institutions*, 1881, in which the dress of the Pope is shown closely to conform to the traditions and forms of the old Roman emperors, or Cæsars.

23. 5. **debonaire** = gracious. Fr. *de bon aire*. So Milton, *L'Allegro*, 24, "So buxom, blithe, and debonair".

7. fell from the high pitch to which he had climbed.

8. **fone** = foes, the old form of plural. See on 'eyne', *Dedication*, 4. 5.

24. 3. **fro me** = from me.

5. **assaid** = tried, attempted, assaulted.

27-29.—*The knight and the lady travel on. Weary of the way, they shelter under two trees.*

26. 5. **passion**, of love.

27. 5. **chaunge of cheare** = change of countenance. So "to be of good cheer"; Shakespeare, *All's Well*, iii. 2. 67: "I prithee, Lady, have a better cheer".

6. **shamfast** = shamefast. This is the correct spelling of the word, which has changed to 'shamefaced'. Cf. 'steadfast'.

9. She is so coy and dainty that she creates a wish, or need, for the gratification of the feelings. This, however, seems scarcely the meaning of the proverb ('they say'), which must mean that fine and dainty living brings people to want.

28. 3. *faire*. For the adverbial use see note to 'faithfull', i. 2. 7.

7. The shepherd in his fear never sat under them.

9. *oaten pipe*. See on 'oaten reeds', Dedication, i. 4.

29. 1. *can*. See note to i. 8. 5.

5. *cruell hot*, adverbial use. See note to 28.

9. *tide*, a time, for a time, for a space in which something betides.

30-43.—*The knight plucks a garland for the lady. The tree breaks forth into speech: "I am Fradubio, here with Fraelissa, changed into trees by the spells of the false Duessa. Time and the Fates can alone release us."*

30. 3. *falséd*, falsified: "Make him *false* his faith unto his king" (Marlowe, *Tamburlaine*).

31. 1. This scene, rather based on mediæval and romantic tradition than in strict consonance with modern feeling, is borrowed from the episode of Polydorus in Virgil, *Aeneid*, iii. 20-70, with touches from Ariosto, Spenser's Italian model. The constant change of human beings into inanimate things by the action of the gods might have sanctioned such a fanciful imagination with Virgil and others, but its introduction into an Elizabethan poem is scarcely relevant, even with the assumption that everything in it is supposed to happen in Fairyland.

2. *spare to teare*. Imitated, by a Latinism, from Virgil's "*parce scelerare manus*".

8. He stood astonished, astounded, and his hair rose up. Again Virgil's "*steteruntquecomæ, vox faucibus haesit*".

hove is a mistaken formation from *heave*, heaved up, intransitive. As transitive the p.t. is 'heft', i. xi. 39. The necessity of the rhyme led Spenser to the malformation.

32. 1. *whenas* = when; *whereas* = where, i. vi. 40.

5. *Limbo lake*. Practically = hell, though Limbo is not a 'lake'. There was conceived on the borders, or fringe (Lat. *Limbus*) of hell, a place where those dwelt who were regarded, for various reasons, as undeserving of the sterner penalty, e.g. unbaptized

children, deserving heathen who lived before the light of the Gospel, &c. &c. Dante (*Inferno*, iv) there sees those that

“ of sin
Were blameless; and if aught they merited,
It profits not, since baptism was not theirs,
The portal to thy faith. If they before
The Gospel liv'd, they served not God aright ”
(*Cary's Translation*).

There he places Homer and the classical poets: Brutus, Aristotle, Socrates, Plato, Euclid, &c. But Spenser and Shakespeare use the word for the abode of lost spirits.

8. rare=thin, faint. Latin *raras voces*.

33. 1. Nor—nor=neither—nor; so or—or=either—or, in 34.

“ Home they brought her warrior dead;
She *nor* swoon'd *nor* utter'd cry.”
—Tennyson, *Princess*.

3. Fradubio, the type of Mr. Doubtful, Ready-to-Halt-between-Two-Opinions, is punished for his “nature weake”. He is made to stand for an example of those who were ready to compromise the faith with its enemies. He is “Brother Doubtful”, Mr. Hesitating. *Fra* as in Fra Angelico, Fra Diavolo (Latin *Frater*).

7. The alliteration, in imitation of the *repeated* blasts of Boreas, should be noted.

9. cold and heat paines. The alternation of cold and heat by forming a single idea, ‘cold-and-heat’, takes the verb in the singular. Or for the ellipsis see Bain’s *English Grammar*, p. 304.

34. 9. errant knights, knights roaming about under a vow of chivalry, bound to protect all womankind and the helpless. Of such Don Quixote, in Cervantes’ famous work of that name, is the type. The form is usually ‘knights-errant’, as in ‘poet-laureate’, ‘court-martial’, ‘prince-regent’, ‘time immemorial’, ‘heir-apparent’, &c.

35. 7. Impersonal use. It chanced to me to be encountered by a knight. *Of*=by. “Understood *of* the people”; “to be the observed *of* all observers”; “ye shall be hated *of* all men”; “seen *of* all the apostles”, &c.

9. The lady was fair, but did hide beneath all her fairness the form of Duessa.

36. In conformity with the spirit of chivalry, the knight was pledged to the love of one fair lady, whose claims to beauty he was bound to maintain against all comers. So Don Quixote selects for the object of his love a village damsel, whom in his madness he takes to be a peerless beauty. Of his first adventure, with the

merchants of Toledo, we read in chap. iv.: "To imitate as nearly as possible what he had read in his books, he settled himself firmly in his stirrups, grasped his lance, and waited the approach of those whom he already judged to be *knights-errant*. With an arrogant tone he cried out: 'Let the whole world stand, if the whole world does not confess that there is not in the whole world a damsel more beautiful than the Empress of La Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso'."

7. Such is the die, the cast of the dice, or fortune of war.

37. 4. *Whether*=which of two. "*Whether* of the twain did the will of his father?" (*Matthew*, xxi. 31).

38. 3. She cast about or devised.

6. The mist rose, breathed on the face of Fraelissa, and dimmed *her* beauty. Then Duessa was alone there fair, though really neither was such.

9. *in place*=there, in that place.

39. 9. *treën* is an adjective, formed from the noun. So 'beechen', 'flaxen', 'oaken', 'wooden', 'leathern', &c.

40. 2. *unweeting*, unthinking, unsuspecting.

4. *that day is every prime*=that day happens regularly to fall every spring-time. The belief was that witches had then yearly to effect their purification.

7. *origane*=marjoram.

42. 1. See note to 27. 5 above.

7. *pight*=placed, now surviving in the phrases 'to *pitch* a tent', 'to *pitch* wickets'. O.E. *picchen*, p.t. *pihte*, *pighte*.

9. *waste*. For the rather careless rhyme see note to i. 18.

43. 2. This tree, so unfit a place for you.

4. Nothing but a change through the cleansing waters of faith can restore us.

7. *to your wonted well*=to your accustomed health. See i. 18.

8. Time and the date fixed for the Fates to be satisfied.

44, 45.—*Duessa hears all and faints. Revived by the attention of the knight, she proceeds on her way.*

44. 4. *dreriment*=dreariness.

45. 2. Duessa only pretended to faint. She knew all about the well, though pretending to be ignorant.

8. all passed feare=all fear being past. 'Ablative absolute' construction. So Milton, *Samson Agonistes*, 1755:

"His servants he, with new acquist
With peace and consolation hath dismiss'd,
And calm of mind, *all passion spent*".

9. bore on their way. Intransitive; passed forward.

CANTO III

1, 2.—*The author, a professed votary of and believer in chivalry, bewails the sad fate of distressed Una.*

1. Spenser, following the lead of his Italian models, prefixes to each canto a stanza of moral reflexion. In this he is imitated by Scott, who prefaces each canto of the *Lady of the Lake* with a Spenserian stanza. The tone of Spenser should here be carefully noted. "Our Sage and serious poet, Spenser," as Milton in the *Areopagitica* styles him, is a firm and professed believer in the better side of chivalry. This alone would separate him from the light, mocking, and often licentious tone of Ariosto. "The *Orlando Furioso* and the *Faery Queen*", Hallam remarks, "are each in the spirit of its age; but the one was for Italy in the days of Leo, the other for England under Elizabeth, before the severity of the Reformation had been softened away. The lay of Britomart, in twelve cantos, in praise of Chastity, would have been received with a smile at the court of Ferrara, which would have had almost as little sympathy with the justice of Artegall."

5. lately. 'her' swiftly and skilfully introduces a new person to the view. Spenser is not blinded by the fickleness of fortune, but having been *lately*, on his visit to England in 1590, introduced to the Court and the Queen, he professes himself to have been *blinded* by the beauty of 'Gloriana—Elizabeth', and to be thus still more devoted to the defence of all womankind. See note E to Scott's *Kenilworth*, where Raleigh swears he would not, when in prison, be debarred from seeing his light, his life, his goddess, Cynthia, Queen Elizabeth. "To see her was Heaven, to miss her was Hell", said Sir Christopher Hatton, the courtier.

In *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, written after his return to Ireland and his first visit to the Court, he thus describes the Queen:

"Until that we to Cynthia's presence came:
Whose glorie greater than my simple thought,
I found much greater than the former fame.
Such greatness I can not compare to ought,
But if I her like ought on earth might read,
I would her liken to a crown of lilies, &c. &c.

More fit it is t'adore, with humble mind,
The image of the heavens in shape humane."

2. 5. **touch**=gold, or the touchstone that detects the true from the spurious metal. Shakespeare, *Timon of Athens*, iv. 3:

“O thou *touch* of hearts”.

daughter of a king. See on i. 5.

6. The love of the knight, which was her due, was now given to, &c.

7. **nor—nor**=neither—nor.

9. **deriv'd**=given over to, parted. A Latin usage; a stream by being broken up into smaller streams, to water different lands, was *derivatus* (*de*, *rivus*).

3-9.—*A lion breaks out of the forest upon Una: it licks her hands and feet, and accompanies her on the way. The power of Truth over Strength.*

3. 3. **preace**=the press, the throng. So Chaucer, *Balade de bon Conseyl*:

“Flee fro the *press*, and dwelle with soothfastness”.

8. The alliteration is intended to heighten the effect of the wandering.

4. 1. **yrkesome**=tiresome, toilsome.

2. She alighted from her slow-footed beast, the ass.

3. “Coleridge, who had a very strong perception of the beauty of Spenser’s poetry, has observed his *alternate alliteration*, which when well observed is a great secret in melody; as ‘sad to see her sorrowful constraint’; ‘on the grass her dainty limbs did lay’” (Hallam).

For such a skilful use of alternate alliteration, compare

“His heavy-shotted hammock shroud

Drops in his vast and wandering grave”

(*In Memoriam*, vi).

5. **fillet—undight**. She unbound the fillet from her head, and laid aside her sable hood, or mantle. ‘Undight’ is not = ‘undid’ from ‘undo’, but is the negative of ‘dight’, arrange, prepare.

7. **eye of heaven**=the sun. The conceit or poetical thought is in full keeping with Spenser’s ideas. The moral of *Comus* is given by Milton himself, 1020-24:

“Love Virtue: she alone is free.

She can teach ye how to climb

Higher than the sphery chime;

Or, if Virtue feeble were,

Heaven itself would stoop to her”.

9. Never did mortal behold, &c.

5. 1. It fortunéd = it happened.

2. The lion rampant, ramping or rushing out of the forest, spares her. It was an old superstition in the legends of the church martyrs, and the tales of chivalry, that the lion will not attack those of the blood royal. Thus Falstaff, 1 *Henry IV*, ii. 4, excuses his cowardice: "Should I turn upon the true prince? Beware instinct. The lion will not touch the true prince."

3. salvage = savage. Latin *silvaticus*, through the French *sauvage*.

8. aswagéd, intransitive, was mitigated, fell.

6. 6. When Una marked the natural pride and force of the lion, which he now meekly yielded up to her, &c.

8. 1. Redounding teares = tears falling as wave after wave. A Latinism, *lacrimæ redundantes*.

3. For the alliteration, see above, iv. 3.

7. Arose; inversion of subject to express the sudden rise of Una. Her 'snowy palfrey' is of course the white ass.

9. 6. diligent. For adverbial form see note to i. 2. 7, 'faithfull'.

10-15.—*Una wanders on. Following a damsel with a pitcher of water on her shoulder, she comes to her home. There she is refused entrance, but the lion breaks open the door.*

10. 5. footing, tread. The noun: for the verb see 'footing before', lower in the stanza. "Camus went *footing* slow" (*Lycidas*, 103).

11. 9. hew = not colour, in Spenser, but appearance.

12. 3. whereas = where. Her mother being totally blind, is described as sitting in eternal night. So Gray, *Progress of Poesy*, 102, describes Milton:

"Blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in *endless night*".

9. requere = require, ask. Latin, *requiro*. The pronunciation is still preserved in the dialect of many of Dickens's characters.

13. 7. beads. See note to i. 30. The old woman represents the spirit of blind devotion, where religion is not regulated by right or reason. She repeated '*Pater Noster*' (Our Father which art, &c.) and '*Ave Maria*' (Hail, Mary!) over and over again. This reiterated use and sound of the word gave rise to the phrase 'to patter prayers'. Marmion's squire at Flodden impatiently says to his companion:

"Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
May bid your beads and patter prayer—
I gallop to the post" (vi. 27).

So *Lay of Last Minstrel*, ii. 6:

“For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,
Save to patter an Ave Mary”.

14. 4. That is, three days a week she fasted, three meals a day.

6. for to. See on i. 12. 9.

8. Which hardly doen, ablative absolute construction. Latin, *quo vix facto*. See on ii. 45. 8.

16-23.—*Una spends the night in the abode of Corceca: Kirkrapine attempting entrance is killed by the lion. At daybreak, cursed by the pair, Una departs.*

16. 1. See on ii. 1. 1. Aldeboran is the sun in Arabic astrology, and the star of the Bull's Eye in the constellation of Taurus. Cassiopeia, a constellation of thirteen stars that form a chair, was the wife of Cepheus, king of Ethiopia. Boasting that she was fairer than the Nereids, she was changed into a star. So Milton, *Il Penseroso*, 19:

“That starred Ethiop Queen that strove
To set her beauty's power above
The sea-nymphs”.

4. fare = pass, as in ‘way-farer’.

8. nightly stelhth = things stolen by night.

severall = separate. *Matthew*, xxv. 15, “to each according to his *several* ability”.

9. purchase = robbery. So Chaucer, *Prologue*, 256, says of the Friar: “His *purchas* was full greater than his rent”. A proverb meaning that the Friar, having no fixed property, got more by his wheedling ways.

17. 1. He was to all appearance, to judge by appearance, a thief. In the portrait of Kirkrapine Spenser is believed to shadow forth the abuse of the abbeys and monasteries, as affording rights of sanctuary to ill-deserving people, and their suppression by Henry VIII. That monarch's action is even hinted at in the next stanza, in the character of the lion. The whole chapter in Taine (*English Literature*, i, ch. v, *The Christian Renaissance*) should be read, together with the statement by Green, *Short History*, pp. 332-34, on the dissolution of the monasteries.

18. 4. Abessa, Italian Abietta, Latin *abjecta*, with a side reference to ‘abbess’.

Corceca = Blind Heart. (Latin *cor*, heart, and *cacus*, blind.) The compounds are Italianized after the manner of his models, Ariosto and Tasso.

5. **fat**, proleptic use, fed her so as to be fat, fed her into fatness. So 'they rub their arms bright' = *lucida spicula tergent* (Virgil, *Aeneid*, vii. 626).

19. 1. **bet** = beat, knocked at. A North Country and Scottish pronunciation still. "I asked Scott why he had ever relinquished poetry. 'Because Byron *bet* me', said he, pronouncing the word *beat*, short" (Sir William Gell, in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, chapter lxxxii).

3. The lion made them afraid, and kept them from letting Kirk-rapine in.

7. For the adverbial uses of '**fierce**' and '**sudden**' see on i. 2. 7.

9. **supprest**. Put his foot on him. Latin *suppressit*.

20. 1. It is no use for him to resist. Impersonal use.

5. The corse *is* left. Virgil's "*jacet ingens litore truncus*" (*Aeneid*, ii. 557).

21. 2. For the inversion of the subject, to express the quickness of the action, cf. Chaucer, *Knight's Tale*, 2272: "Up rose the Sun and up rose Emelye".

5. Ulysses; who, in the course of long years of wandering after the fall of Troy, was detained by Calypso in the isle of Ogygia. She offered to him immortality, if he would but stay with her; but he preferred his home and his wife, Penelope, in his own native island of Ithaca.

22. 1. **the fearfull twaine** = the timid pair.

7. **deare** = like two deer, or deers. "*Deer, sheep, swine, grouse, &c.*, have the same form in both numbers. This corresponds to a class of neuter nouns that had lost their nom. plural inflexion in the oldest English: O.E. *deor*, deer, *sceap*, &c." (*Bain's Grammar*, 127).

9. **her that**. For the idiomatic use of the restrictive '**that**', now lost or ignored, see *Bain's Grammar*, pp. 37 and 46, or his fuller treatment in the *Companion to Higher Grammar*.

23. 6. Though mother and daughter both pursue Una, it is the mother who prays and rails. The pronouns are hopelessly confused. They overtake Una, and rail at or abuse *her*. The mother, in the midst of *her* railing at Una, prayed that, &c.

9. **error** = wandering; the Latin use, *erro*, I wander.

24-32.—*Archimago overtakes Una. She believes him by his disguise to be the Red Cross Knight. She joins him and tells what had befallen her by the way.*

24. 4. **embost**, enclosed in, arrayed in.

7. **traynes**, traines, wiles, snares; Latin, *trahere*, to drag.

25. 6. **chaunce**=her lot, what befel or chanced to her.

26. 4. **turned wyde**=turned about, made a detour.

9. She came towards him with fair, timid humility. Her humility was beautiful to behold.

27. 5. **deare heart**=my own heart, the *φίλον ἡτορ* of Homer.

28. 7. **kindly**=genial; Latin, *Alma Terra*; or=the skill which she shows in bringing forth fruits after their kind. In the phrase 'the *kindly* fruits of the earth' the latter is the meaning.

9. **my lief**, not=my life, but=my dear. A.S. *leof*, dear; German, *lieb*. So *leman*=a paramour, i. 6. 7, O.E. *leofmon*.

29. 3. **felon**=a fierce, fell, cruel person; not as now restricted to a criminal.

6. I turned aside to fight this felon: this is a good reason why you should excuse my absence. That excuse you may well be pleased to accept. Or 'mote ye' may be optative: May it please you to accept that, and embrace my service.

8. **that**. The relative depends on 'me' implicit in 'my': 'the faithful service of me that have', &c. For the restrictive 'that' see on 22. 9.

30. 4. A **dram** of sweet is worth a pound of sour. Spenser is estimating it by apothecaries' weight, the pound there being now obsolete.

5. **stowre**, sorrow, woe. See note to ii. 7.

7. **true is**=true it is.

8. **looken**, old infin. form.

31. 3. **soust**=soused, sunk down in the waves. For *Tethys* see i. 39.

6. The giant **Orion** was converted into a constellation with belt and sword: his dog Sirius was supposed to be the cause of the great heat prevailing in 'the dog-days'.

9. **Nereus**, the father of the Sea Nymphs, and the male personification, as *Tethys* is the female, of the Ocean. In return for his safety, the seaman fills flowing cups to Nereus.

32. 3. **from ground**=from dry land, *terra firma*.

5. **hurles**, pours forth in his glad confusion of mind.

6. So passed they on their way.

8. What was the meaning of her being attended by the lion.

9. She told all that befell *to* her, as she went along.

33-39.—*The Saracen Sansloy the Lawless, brother of Sansfoy the Faithless, overtakes Archimago. Taking him by his disguise for the Red Cross Knight, he challenges and overthrows that sorcerer.*

33. 9. For the description of Marmion's shield and motto read *Marmion*, i. 6. See also the description of the lists at Ashby in *Ivanhoe*, chapters vii-ix, with the mottoes on the various shields of the combatants: Front-de-Bœuf's Latin, *Cave, adsum*; *Ivanhoe's* Spanish motto of *desdichado*, Disinherited; and Bois-Guilbert's French, *Gare le Corbeau*. When the knight was full armed, and the vizor of his helmet was down, it was by such 'cognizance' alone that he could be recognized.

34. 6. To taste the deadly steel, the blow of which hitherto he had not experienced.

7. In reliance on the presence of his lady fair (see note to ii. 36), he ventured on a combat.

35. 1. Paynim = Pagan. In the early days of Christianity the towns were first visited and brought into the Faith of the Gospel. The villages and outlying districts were longer left to themselves, and the *pagani* or villagers, as opposed to the *oppidani* or townspeople, were thus regarded as synonymous with heathen.

In this conflict between the Pagan Sansloy and the Papal Archimago is symbolized the constant struggle between the Ottoman Power and the Catholics. Repeatedly Vienna was threatened by the advance of the Turks, who formed one of the chief obstacles to the plans of the Emperor Charles V. As late as the days of the Grand Alliance of Anne's day, we find Defoe (see Prof. Minto's *Defoe*, in the *English Men of Letters* series, p. 59) arguing against the Hungarians calling in the Turks to attack their enemy the Emperor, and against the Allies, on the common ground of Christianity, permitting such.

2. sharp head, the compound is here = an adjective.

3. He pierced through the shield of Archimago, which in vain for him bore the cross. In his hands, the holy symbol could have no power to defend him, the arch wizard and traitor.

5. He should have borne his way through body and shield alike.

eke. See note to Dedication, 4. 1. 'To eke out a living' is to add to one's resources from all quarters.

7. The rhyme of 'beare' and 'beare' is careless, and does not come under the case noted on i. 18.

36. 3. Lo, he has his rich reward for having slain my brother Sansfoy.

5. Henceforth, the soul of Sansfoy, freed from all repining at having to wander long unburied below in the shades, may now cross

the river Lethe. I shall set up altars to mourn for him, and sacrifice to him victims. Thus shall he be appeased and the altars be purged, while the anger of the Furies shall be slaked.

There is in this passage a confusion of mythologies. It was the ancient belief that the unburied dead were subjected to wander for the space of a hundred years (Horace, *Odes*, i. 28; *Aeneid*, vi. 329). They drank the waters of Lethe or forgetfulness till the end of their term, then they came back to the banks of Acheron and were ferried over by Charon. But the idea of sacrificing human victims to appease the dead is not in consonance with classical mythology, but with Norse and other heathen ideas. Sansloy here speaks in the vein of Marlowe's Tamerlane.

37. 3. what ever, whoever. "Presume not on thy God, *what-
e'er* he be" (Milton, *Samson Agonistes*, 1156). Now restricted to things. See Canto iv. l. 1.

in place=here. O knight, whoever thou art that art here.

5. Archimago is at thy mercy. Do not withstand the appeal for mercy: "the quality of mercy is not strained", &c. &c.

38. 9. Archimago was never wont to fight in the field of battle, or in the closed-in lists of the tourney; *Ivanhoe*, chapter xii.

39. 1. syre, sire, old man. Latin, *senior*; French, *sieur*; Italian, *signor*; Spanish, *señor*.

8. Which doen away. Ablative absolute construction. When the cloud of death on Archimago's eyes was done away, had passed off, Sansloy rode on.

40-44.—*The Saracen Sansloy kills the lion and leads Una away.*

40. 3. Una was amazed to see how fitly Archimago had been rewarded for his treacherously assuming the arms of the Red Cross Knight.

7. Impersonal use: 'her' being dative.

41. 8. that=so that.

42. 3. corse=of mighty bodily strength.

6. chauféd, angry, inflamed.

8. launcht=lanced, pierced with his lance.

43. 2. From becoming the spoil of the lawless Saracen.

3-5. All the three clauses are in the ablative absolute construction: her guard, the lion, being removed; her hope being dismayed; herself being now a prey yielded to his will, to save or to destroy.

7. will or nill, will she or will she not. **Nill**=*ne will*=will not. See note to i. 22. 3.

44. 6. The poor ass, however, follows her yet. It is more kind, beast as it was, than the beastly Saracen Sansloy.

CANTO IV

1. — *Young knight, bound on thy journey in pursuit of fame, beware of inconstancy and false reports.*

1. **whatever** = whoever thou art that dost profess. For 'whatever' of persons, see on iii. 37. 3; and for 'that' restrictive, see on iii. 22. 9.

4. **dame** = lady. Latin, *domina*.

6. Lest rash misjudgment remove thy heart from her faithful service.

9. **ensample** = example.

2-7. — *The Red Cross Knight and Duessa arrive at the Palace of Pride. Its description.*

2. 1. **lorne** = lost. Participial ending, lor(e)n, forlor(e)n.

3. **borne** = had carried her about with him.

4. **Fidess'**, the final 'a' being elided before the vowel of the next word. Cf. 'Duess' each one' in 15. 3. Called Fidessa, 'Faithful' (Latin, *fides*, faith), but really all the while being the double-minded Duessa.

6. **garnished** = handsomely furnished.

8. **broad high way**. See *Matthew*, vii. 13 and note to i. 7. 8.

3. 1. **thitherward** = thither. Chaucer, *Prologue*, 793, has "to Canterbury ward". 'To us ward', 'to you ward', 'to the mercy seat ward' are Biblical phrases.

2. People of all ranks, of every degree and place in society came; all sorts and conditions of men.

6. **lazars**, lepers, like the beggar Lazarus in the Bible. The disease was not unknown in the England of Spenser's day. See the description in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, xi. 479.

4. 3. **nothing**. Adverbial use. The walls were in no way strong.

4. **foile** = golden leaf. Latin, *folium*. So Milton, *Lycidas*, 78, speaks of fame as

"No plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world".

9. The sundial told the hours as they passed. **told**=counted, an obsolete usage, preserved in the phrases "a *tale* of bricks" (*Exodus*, v. 8); the "tellers" in a bank and of a motion in the House of Commons. *Richard III*, v. 3: "Tell the clock"=count the hours.

5. 1. **for to behold**=to look upon. See on i. 12.

2. **wit**=understanding, invention.

3. **mould**=frame, plan, model. (Latin, *modulus*.)

7. **shakéd**=shook.

6. 1. **forth right**=straight onward.

3. **hight**=intrusted.

4. The Porter was called **Malvenù**=Ill-come, with a pun on the evil 'welcome' he gave them. Such fictitious personifications, like the 'porter Idleness', were largely derived from the old mediæval story of the *Romaunt of the Rose*, e.g. in Chaucer's translation of it: 531-593. Spenser's nature was essentially grave, and his plays on names are not successful. In the *Prothalamion*, the "two angels bred of *somer's-heat*" are the two daughters of Somerset, Earl of Worcester; while Essex, who by his victory in Spain had filled England "with endless *happiness of thine own name*" is thus punned on; *Devereux*=*devenir heureux*, 'become happy!'.

6. **arras**=rich hangings of cloth, from Arras in French Artois.

7. 2. **presence**=presence chamber; while in 13. 1, it is used in the ordinary sense. *Henry VIII*, iii. 1. 7: "The cardinals wait in the presence". *Richard III*, i. 3. 54: "To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?"

2-7. The splendour of the Palace of Pride is perhaps a reference to the rich interior of the Escorial, the royal residence at Madrid of Philip II of Spain. Its splendour and pompous ceremonial seem to have dazzled the dull imagination of James VI.

6. **Ne Persia selfe**=not even Persia itself. So 'the person self', 24. 4. Persia to the ancient Greeks, from the days of Cyrus to Darius Codomannus, overthrown by Alexander, was the great type of splendour and luxury, dazzling the imagination of such men as Themistocles, Pausanias, Alcibiades, and others. So Horace, *Odes*, i. 38. 1: "*Persicos odi puer apparatus*".

7. **crew**=crowd, invariably used in a respectful sense by Spenser.

8-15.—*They are presented to the Queen of the Palace. She receives them coldly and with her wonted pride.*

8. 3. **brave**, adverbial use. See note to 'faithfull', i. 2. 7.

4. **gorgeous**. "Spenser was an epicure in language. He loved costly words. His ear seems to delight in prolongations. For

example, he makes such words as *glorious, gracious, joyeous* dactyls" (J. R. Lowell).

5. as Titans ray = the ray of the Sun. 'Titania' is the Moon.

6. The effect is purposely heightened by the alliteration.

7. Her beauty strove to outshine the splendour of the throne, which in its turn was jealous of the brilliant beauty of its mistress. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 1-10, has perhaps this passage in view in his description of Satan's throne.

9. As = as if.

9. 1. Exceeding shone, adverbial use, i. 2. 7.

2. The bright beauty of the Queen is compared to the shining splendour of Phæthon, who demanded from his father, the Sun God, the use of his fiery chariot for a day. Unable to guide it, he nearly set the world on fire, and had to be hurled by a thunderbolt from Jupiter down into the river Eridanus, or Po.

4. weaker = too weak, or weaker than the wonted hand of Phœbus. So 'thy weaker novice', Dedication, 2. 2.

6, 8. eyen—skyen, eyes—skies. See on Dedication, 4. 5.

7. He leaves the beaten way through the clouds (see on i. 23. 2); and, being caught up by the burning wheels, fires the sky.

8. The fire of the Sun God, Phœbus, was made properly to give light to the world, and never intended to set it on fire.

10. 4. layne = was set = lay, had laid itself down.

7. fayne = glad, gladly.

11. 2. The Queen was daughter of Pluto and Proserpine, but she claimed descent from *Jupiter Tonans* himself. The spirit of Pride is personified in this queen; the dominion, that by alliance with the Pope, and his power or *claim of deposing monarchs*, thus set itself in all matters, ecclesiastical as well as civil, to be head supreme over all the nations.

12. 1. *Lucifera*, the feminine form of Lucifer, the Bright Star of the Morning, the personification of Babylon, the spiritual Rome of the book of *Revelation*.

In a special and restricted sense *Lucifera* is another sketch of Mary, Queen of Scots, the hated rival of Elizabeth. Though represented as 'crowned', she had no 'claim' to be such. It may be thought that here Spenser refers to the claim made by Mary to the crown of England, when she quartered the arms of England and Scotland with those of France, on her marriage with the Dauphin. This claim, resting on her descent from Margaret, the sister of Henry VIII and wife of James IV of Scotland, was formally, but never willingly and really, renounced by Mary at the Treaty of Edinburgh, in 1560. For the supreme moment in the national

history see Green, *Short History*, p. 373: "The claims of the Scottish Queen on the English throne [after her union with the Dauphin Francis] became so formidable as to drive Mary Tudor to her marriage with Philip of Spain. But the danger became a still greater one on the accession of Elizabeth, whose legitimacy [as the daughter of the divorced Anne Boleyn] no Catholic acknowledged, and whose religious attitude tended to throw the Catholic party into her rival's hands."

5, 6. **usurpe Upon**, seize upon.

7. **pollicie**. Spenser (see on ii. x.) contrasts the legal spirit of Elizabeth's rule, in conformity with the laws of the realm, with the 'statecraft', or 'policy' of the Spanish-Papal court. A special reference may even be detected to the avowed modelling of his political course by the Scottish statesman, *Maitland of Lethington*, on the Italian thinker *Machiavelli*. See Macaulay's brilliant essay on this important figure—*Machiavelli*. Buchanan, the Scottish tutor of James VI, elaborately exposes Machiavelli's reasoning, in his own *De Jure Regni*, a dialogue between himself and Lethington's brother. *Mitchel Wylie* is the mysterious figure, with a play on the name, that often appears in old Scottish writings for the great Florentine politician, Niccolo Machiavelli (1469–1527).

8. Her six wizards, or crafty counsellors, together with herself, make up the Seven Deadly Sins, later on mentioned and described.

13. 1. in presence. See note to 7. 2.

3. **husher**=door-keeper. French *huissier*, Latin *ostiarius*.

5. **staire**=step.

9. **To prove**, to test the truth of her greatness. They professed to come, like the Queen of Sheba of Solomon, to prove the truth of the reports she had heard of his greatness.

14. 4. Scarcely did *she* bid them arise.

5. Spenser, either by natural antipathies or from his Court experiences, especially shown in his *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, never lets an opportunity pass of reflecting contemptuously on courts and courtiers. Burleigh had long opposed his claims.

7. **frounce**=curl their hair on the brow; Latin *frons*. So Milton, *Il Penseroso*, 123:

"Not tricked and *frowned* as she was wont".

8. Others display their **ruffles**, or high starched Elizabethan collars. The ruff is such a characteristic feature of the dress and portraits of the time, that Macaulay (essay on *Addison*) writes: "She is better acquainted with Shakspeare and Raleigh, than with Congreve and Prior; and is far more at home among the *ruffs* and peaked beards of Theobald's than among the steenkirks and flowing periwigs which surrounded Anne's tea-table at Hampton".

8. **dight**=arrange, set out. Milton, *Il Penseroso*, 159, speaks of "storied windows richly dight", stained-glass full of historical figures.

9. **Their gay attire**. See for illustration of this Elizabethan feature, Taine, *English Literature*, i, pp. 146-148, ed. 1887. So also Green, *Short History*, p. 389: "The Queen's three thousand robes were rivalled in their bravery by the slashed velvets, the ruffs, the jewelled purpoints of the courtiers round her. Men 'wore a manor on their backs'. The old sober notions of thrift melted before the strange revolutions of fortune wrought by the New World." Raleigh was no exception. "His clothes were at all times noticeably gorgeous; and to the end of his life he was commonly bedizened with precious stones to his very shoes. When arrested in 1603 he was carrying £4000 in jewels on his bosom. His letters display his solicitous love of jewels, velvets, and embroidered damasks" (*Life of Raleigh*, p. 20, by Edmund Gosse).

9. Each spites the greater pride of the others.

15. 3. **Duess'**. See on **Fidess'**, 2. 4.

4. Note the pronunciation of **shew**, rhyming with 'crew' and 'knew'.

5. They knew her as former member, of old. See *Dedication*, i. 1.

6-9. The fairy Duessa, spite of all round her, thought that in comparison with the knight all was vain. She was angry at his not being better welcomed or countenanced by the Queen.

16, 17.—*The Queen calls for her coach and drives forth.*

16. 3. **hurtlen**=jostle together.

4. She comes out like the goddess of the morning, richly dressed in her purple attire; Latin *palla*. Milton (*Il Penseroso*, 98) fancies royal personages in tragedy "in sceptred pall come sweeping by".

9. **glitterand**. See note to 'trenchand' on i. 17. 3. The alliteration of the various lines in this stanza should be noticed, expressing the steady pace, the bright-extended beauty, and the glittering light of the Queen.

17. 3. **Flora**, the goddess of flowers. Chaucer's young squire was "fresh as is the month of May".

7. The 'brass-paved way' is the Homeric (*Iliad*, xiv. 173) description of the fiery-hot heaven, as it appears "All in a hot and copper sky" (*Ancient Mariner*). So in *Odyssey*, iii. 2, the sun rises from the ocean up to the "brazen heavens".

8. **of**=by agency. "Understanded *of* the people", "hated *of* all men", "seen *of* all the apostles".

Spenser is not quite accurate in his imagery. In Homer, Juno's chariot is drawn by horses; the peacock was only her emblem.

9. **Argus eyes**, Argus-like eyes; or, for the possessive, see note to i. 39. 3. Argus, as having one hundred eyes, was set by Juno to watch her rival, Io. He was lulled to sleep by Mercury, his head cut off, and his eyes transferred to the tail of the peacock.

dispredden, with the old termination of the verb, 3rd per. pl. "The loss of this short syllable has been regretted by poets" (Bain, *English Grammar*, p. 160).

18-37.—*The Queen's coach is drawn by six beasts. On the six beasts sit her six counsellors. Thus the Deadly Sins are figured: she is Pride, they are Idleness, Gluttony, Lechery, Avarice, Envy, Wrath. Satan drives the team.*

18. 3. The beasts were taught to obey the behests or commands of their beastly riders, each counsellor being mounted upon a beast that was a fit type of his own condition. Thus Sluggishness is mounted on an ass, Gluttony on a sow, &c.

8. **amis** = amice, French *amis*, monkish robe; p.p. of Latin *amicio*, to clothe. In Melrose Abbey the wizard Michael Scott lay, and (*Lay of Last Minstrel*, ii. xix.)

"A palmer's amice wrapped him round".

Milton (*Paradise Regained*, iv. 426) sees

"Morning fair
Come forth with pilgrim steps, in amice gray".

19. 1. **portesse**, or porteous, a breviary or prayer-book.

7. *It* may seem that the wain was ill led, when the blind thus led the blind.

20. 1. **esloyne**, remove himself.

3. **essoyme**, excuse. Technical law (Norman-French) term. So Chaucer, in the prose part of the *Parson's Tale*: "Certes, there availleth none essoyne, ne excusacioun".

4. **contemplation sake**. See Bain's *English Grammar*, p. 134, and note to i. 39. 3.

5. **riotise** = riotousness. So **covetise** = covetousness.

7. **lustlesse** = listless; by his evil appearance.

21. 2. **a swyne**. For the sing. and pl. being of the same form see on 'dear', iii. 22. 7:

"Downward fell into *a* swine" (*Comus*, 53).

22. 6. **bouzing can** = a can for drinking out of, for boozing.

23. 7. **dry dropsie**, a dropsy that only created the more a

craving for drinking, producing thirst in the victim. So Thomson, *Castle of Indolence*, i. 76:

“Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the hydropsy;
For still he drank, and yet he still was dry”.

Thus the proposed alterations ‘hydropsie’, or ‘dire dropsie’ (Horace’s *dirus hydrops*) seem needless.

27. 2. By mounting Avarice on a camel, Spenser refers to the ‘traveller’s tale’ in Herodotus, iii. 102, where the Indians rob the ants’ gold-heaps and escape on camels. To the same source Milton refers in *Paradise Lost*, ii. 945.

5. told = counted. See note to 4. 9 above.

6. pelfe, his ill-gotten, pilfered gains.

28. 5. compare, to bring together, to amass. Latin *comparare*.

7. To leave them to = to whom he could leave them. For exhaustive treatment of this idiom see Bain’s *English Grammar*, p. 43.

30. 2, 4. chaw—chaw. For the rhyme of verb and noun see note to i. 18. *Chaw*, verb; *chaw* = jaw.

9. waxed = waxed.

31. 1. Clothed in a mantle of coarse woollen stuff.

5. implyes = folds round. Latin *implicat*. Spenserian coinage.

7. grieve, grasping, ‘grippy’, mean.

32. 4. A happy touch of irony. The avaricious man abused the generous man for feeding the poor; he said such conduct was to distrust God, who would look after them. It was trusting to ‘good works’ and not to faith in God’s goodness.

8. all, that . . . writt. For the ‘restrictive’ use of ‘that’ see iii. 22. 9.

33. 4. The which. See note to i. 26. 7.

34. 1. ruffin, ruffled, disordered.

3. woxen wood = waxen mad. Scottish ‘wudd’.

35. 6. moe = more.

7. splene, spleen, liver, seat of anger.

8. Saint Fraunces fire, or St. Anthony’s fire = erysipelas. *Marmion* v. 31:

“Saint Anton fire thee [a plague on you], wilt thou stand?”

9. tire = band, row; a ‘tier’ of benches.

36. The picture of Satan driving the lazy team of the Seven Deadly Sins, and lashing Sloth, is so closely reproduced in the older Scottish poet’s narrative—*Dance of the Deadly Sins*, by William Dunbar (1460–1530(?))—as to suggest inevitably the idea that both

derive their source from some traditional scene in a Morality or Mystery play.

6. The finely imaginative touch at the close of the stanza should be noted.

37. 1. *marchen*. Cf. 'dispredden', 17. 9. Fallen though the knight was, through his mistake and his company with Duessa, he yet declines to associate himself with the crew round him.

38-43.—*Arrival of Sansjoy, the third of the Paynim brothers.*

38. 1. "Incense-breathing morn" (Gray's *Elegy*). For the form 'errant-knight' see ii. 34. 9; for the motto on shield see iii. 33. 9.

7. *hardy-hed*=hardihood, boldness. Suffix *-hed*, as in 'God-head'.

39. 1. *shaméd shield*, disgraced by being displayed (41) in a 'reversed' position; when he saw it borne by the dwarf, as page.

3. *Bewraying*=betraying; *Matthew*, xxvi. 73.

5. *envious gage*=envied pledge of the victor, the sign of his hateful victory.

7. *which*=who. See on i. 26. 7.

ought=owed, possessed. "That sweet sleep which thou owedst (hadst) yesterday" (*Othello*, iii. 3); "The disposition that I owe (have)" (*Macbeth*, iii. 4). See Bain's *English Grammar*, p. 179.

The knight who possessed that warlike prize of his prowess in fight, &c.

40. 2. Ready to set in order terrible battle.

41. 7. *prowest*=the most valiant, greatest in prowess.

43. 6. *in bowre and hall*. 'Bower' is generally restricted to the women's apartments, and always so in this fixed phrase of the ballads. So in Scott's beautiful *Jock of Hazeldean*:

"They sought her both by bower and ha',
The ladie was not seen".

44-51.—'Fidessa—Duessa' stealthily by night visits the Saracen:
she encourages him for the coming fray.

44. 6. *Morpheus*, the god of sleep. i. 39.

45. 3. *amoves*, *emoves*=moves.

46. 4. *muchell*=much. Scottish, *meikle*.

5, 6. I have never enjoyed one hour since the god of love, Cupid, pierced my heart with love of Sansfoy.

47. 4. **faytor**=deceiver. A Burns word in the form 'fautor'.
ware=wore.
7. **silly**=innocent. See on i. 30. 6.
48. 9. For the wandering ghost on Stygian shores, see iii. 36. 5.
49. 8. I live, and shall pay to him the last marks of respect.
50. 9. **I no whit reck**=I care naught, no thing. No whit=
 O.E. *na-wiht*=naught=not.
51. 1. **sithens**=since.
5. And endow you with the dowry of dead Sansfoy.
dead dowry, by the 'transferred epithet'; where the epithet
 is shifted from its proper subject to some allied subject or circum-
 stance:
 "The voice in my *dreaming* ear melted away"
 (Campbell, *Soldier's Dream*).
6. **Ay, me!**=Ah me, but really=*ay di mi*, 'O my God' (Spanish
 or Portuguese). So Milton, *Samson Agonistes*, 330: "Ay me,
 another inward grief". The idea that it is connected with the Greek
οἱ μοι, where 'me' is the dative, seems highly improbable.
- To see my proud foe again is like a second death to me.

CANTO V

- 1.—*The noble heart, full of virtuous thoughts, cannot rest till
 it finds a field for action. All night the knight is eager for
 the fray.*
1. The noble heart, entertaining virtuous thoughts, conceives
 great intentions.
3. **have brought**=has brought, or may have; potential mood.
7. **turnament**, conflict in the lists. See the brilliant description
 of the passage of arms at Ashby in Leicestershire, in *Ivanhoe*, ch.
 vii; and in ch. xliii, for the fight between Ivanhoe and Bois-
 Guilbert.
8. **atchieven**=achieved.
- 2-13.—*Morning breaks. The combatants meet in the common hall
 of the palace. They fight in presence of the Queen. The Saracen
 is beaten to his knee, but is saved by a magic cloud.*
2. 3. See *Psalms*, xix. 5.
8. **battailous**, fit for battle, ready for battle.
3. 2. **waite**=waits, collectively; many eyes wait him.

4. "And smale foweles maken melodye" (Chaucer, *Prologue*, 9).

5. **melancholy**, with accent on the second syllable.

7. **timely**, in time, in unison. Scott, in the second Spenserian stanza to the opening of Canto i, *Lady of the Lake*, has imitated this.

4. 2. **woven maile**, chain or linked mail sitting closely to the body.

3. The comparison seems rather undignified for the gravity of the scene.

5. Greek wines were known, e.g. Malmsey. "Broach ye a pipe of Malvoisie" (*Marmion*, i. 4); but no wines of Arabia are known. Perhaps Spenser is referring to Virgil, *Georgics II*, 90-102, and to the transition thence to *Eoasque domos Arabum*, 115.

8. **solemne oth**.

"They also made oath, that they came to do battle in knightly guise, and with the usual weapons, disclaiming the use of spells, charms, or magical devices, to incline victory to their side" (Scott, *The Talisman*, ch. xxviii).

9. The laws of arms, assigned to arms, the code of laws regulating the lists.

5. 1. **renowmed**, Fr. *renommée*, renowned. Lucifera was Queen of Beauty in the lists, like the Lady Rowena in *Ivanhoe*.

3. **paléd greene**, a place on the green sward enclosed by pales or a paling.

8. **Sansfoy his shield**=Sansfoy's shield. "In the oldest English, the genitive of masculine and neuter nouns was most commonly formed in *-es*. Chaucer has 'Cristes gospel', 'beddes head'; much later, the *-es* ceased to be pronounced as a separate syllable, and the 'e' dropped out in writing, its absence being signified by the apostrophe ('). Dr. Morris thinks that '(') was at first probably used to distinguish the genitive from the plural suffix', and that 'its use may have been established from a false theory of the origin of the genitive case, which was thoroughly believed in from Ben Jonson's to Addison's time'—that *-s* was a contraction of 'his', whence such expressions as 'the prince his house'. This substitution of *his* for *-es* dates from the thirteenth century. The full form *-es* yet exists in Wedn-*es*-day (Woden-*es*-daeg)." (Bain, *English Grammar*, p. 134.)

Shakespeare has both forms in a single line, *Sonnets*, 55:

"Not Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn".

hew=appearance, in Spenser. Both the shield and Duessa were the reward of victory.

6. 4. **blesse**, brandish. So i. viii. 22: "his sparkling blade he blest".

8. 2. **gryfon**, vulture. The construction is somewhat involved: As when a griffin that has seized its prey, encounters in its flight a dragon sailing idly through the air and ready to rob it of that prey, &c.

seizéd of, fastened on his prey.

5. The alliteration expresses the tugging and robbing on the part of the dragon, taking from the griffin his rightful prey.

6. **horror**, on the part of the onlookers.

7. **souce**=souse=buffet. Shakespeare, *King John*, v. 2. 148:

“The monarch is in arms,
And like an eagle o’er his aery towers
To souse annoyance”.

10. 8. Sansjoy addresses himself. Sluggish brother (Latin, *germanus*), dost thou slake thy force, dost thou slacken in thy attack, to send the slayer of Sansfoy down to hell after him? “Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither” (3 *Henry VI*, v. 6. 67). Spenser is imitating Virgil, *Aeneid*, ii. 545-550.

11. See on iii. 36.

4. **quit**, have rescued from his foe, and requited or avenged Sansfoy.

12. 5. For the sake of his lady fair. See on ii. 36.

6. **cast**, cast about, devised.

7. **strake**=struck, strook. See Bain’s *Grammar*, p. 194.

8. That *he*, or the blow, forced him.

9. **bee**=been. For the rhyme see on i. 18.

13. 6. As in Homer and Virgil, the defeated champion is often saved by being hid in a cloud or haze by some friendly god or goddess.

14-18.—*Duessa, as the prize, is assigned to the victor.
Her false lamentation.*

14. 3. **to**=for. See on i. 28. 7.

8. **bowres**. See on iv. 43. 6.

9. The conquest *is* yours, I *am* yours, the shield and glory *are* yours.

16. “While the trumpets sounded, while the heralds strained their voices in proclaiming honour to the brave and glory to the victor—while ladies waved their silken kerchiefs and embroidered veils, and while all ranks joined in a clamorous shout of exultation, the marshals conducted the Disinherited Knight across the lists to the foot of that throne of honour which was occupied by the Lady

Rowena. On the lower step of this throne the champion was made to kneel down" (*Ivanhoe*, ch. xii).

4. **gree**, with good satisfaction. Fr. *gré*. So Chaucer says we ought "receiven all in *gre* that God us sent", receive thankfully the gifts of God.

6. So *she* marches home, &c.

17. 2. Many skilful physicians there wait him, and lay healing balsams or balm ('*embalme*') to his wounds.

4. **woundes**, with the plural termination.

7. **divide**. To 'divide' was a technical term for playing in a florid style a passage of music. So *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5: "Some say the lark makes sweet division", trills his notes.

18. 2. The Nile passes by seven mouths through the Delta to the sea. "*Nilus septemplex, septemgeminus, septemfluus*" of the Latin poets.

4. The craftiness of the crocodile is purposely heightened by the alliteration.

5. It was an old 'traveller's tale' that the crocodile lured travellers to their death in this manner. So *2 Henry VI*, iii. 1:

"As the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers".

Othello, iv. 2. 252:

"If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile".

The well-known German students' song, *Ein lust'ger Musikante marschierte am Nil*, is an allusion to it.

19-27.—*Waiting till eventide, Duessa makes for the abode of Night. She meets that aged goddess coming forth in her chariot from her dark abode. She invokes her aid for Sansjoy.*

19. 1. A combination of (1) Duessa wept till eventide, and (2) Duessa wept until that the lamps at eventide were lighted.

5. **spright**=spirit.

20. 4. **mew**=place of confinement. The 'mew' was the dark cage for hawks when they were 'moulting' or changing their feathers (Latin *mutare*, Fr. *muer*). It is now confined, in the plural form, to mean 'stables', from the Royal Falconry having been in 1534 converted into such. So *Lady of the Lake*, v. 6:

"The young king, mew'd in Stirling tower,
Was stranger to respect and power";

i.e. James V, during his minority in the hands of the Angus faction, had no power.

5. hew = appearance, not colour, in Spenser.

6. charet = chariot; the pronunciation as late as Pope's day (*Dunciad*, ii. 24).

9. wood = mad. Scottish 'wudd'. "The women have all gone wudd about Charlie" (old song) = are raving after the Young Pretender, Prince Charles Edward.

21. 9. I crave you to abide, I ask you to stay.

22. 2. Night is naturally regarded as the oldest of all the gods, and as existing before the world was brought forth. She was supposed to have seen the secrets of Nature ere the world rose out of confusion and chaos. So Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 894, speaks of

"Eldest Night | And Chaos, ancestress of Nature".

3. whom. Not quite correct, classically. Jupiter was the son of Cronos and Rhea.

5. Daemogorgons. See on i. 37.

23. 4. groning beare = groaning bier. For the 'transferred epithet' see on iv. 51. 5, 'dead dowry'.

5. Whom I loved formerly not too wisely but too well.

6. What is the use of descent from the gods, if the three sons of old *Aveugle* ('Blind'), Sansfoy, Sansjoy, Sansloy, are thus to perish?

7. so evill heare = are so evilly spoken of, are in such an evil plight. A Latin idiom: *Si ejus filii sic male audiunt*.

24. 3. Let it be seen that, &c.

25. 3. ensew, successes which follow, or attend upon, their foes.

"Death would ensue this my attempt"

(Milton, *Paradise Lost*, i. 325).

5. Spenser has no classical authority for this Chain of Necessity.

9. To make one great by the other's loss is bad exchange.

excheat = a feudal forfeiture falling due to the lord of the manor. Fr. *échoir*, to fall to, to be due.

26. 4. price = pay the price of.

5. what = who. See note to iv. I. I.

6. I am Duessa, though I seem not to be she.

27. 1. Night bent down and kissed the wicked Duessa.

3. wist = knew, p.t. of 'wot'.

28-34.—*Duessa and Night speed in their chariot to where Sansjoy lay. They take him up, and descend to the regions of Pluto.*

28. 1. She betakes herself.

3. mirkesome, murky, dark.

4. twyfold teme = her team of unlike 'pairs'.

5. unlich = unlike; archaic for the rhyme.

8. foming tarre, with tar at their mouth. Their foam was pitchy black.

29. 1. be come. "With the past participle of an *intransitive* verb, 'be' forms *perfect* tenses: 'I *am* come, the train *was* just gone'. German retains this construction in great activity; we employ 'have' also with intransitive as well as with transitive verbs. In O.E. the participle was inflected to agree with the subject: *hi waeron cumene*, 'they were (had) come'" (Bain, *English Grammar*, p. 164).

6. cruddy, curdled.

9. So *they* lay Sansjoy in the chariot.

30. 2. Spenser imitates Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi. 257, and *Theocritus*, ii. 35, in the idea that the dogs detect the invisible presence of Hecate. Scott, *Lay of Last Minstrel*, i. 13, has a finely imaginative passage of the dogs in Branksome Hall howling at the unseen presence of the spirits of the Flood and the Fell.

6. owle; classical conception of her being messenger of death.

7. bewráy = betray, disclose. See on iv. 39.

31. 3. The whole conception of Avernus is derived from the Virgilian description of the Infernal Regions in *Aeneid*, vi. Lake Avernus was a lake in the volcanic district of Campania; it was regarded as an opening into Hell from the sulphurous exhalations that floated over it. In "*deepe Avernus hole*" Spenser appears to confuse the lake with the hole in the *Amsancti Valles* (*Aeneid*, vii. 560-570), through which the fury Allecto descends below—"specus horrendum et saevi spiracula Ditis". Thomson (*Castle of Indolence*, ii. 45: "steam'd from the jaws of vex'd Avernus hole") follows the error of Spenser.

8. brast = burst. But there is no classical authority for the Furies being bound with chains below.

32. 1. doe. For the enfeebling expletive see on i. 6. 8.

3. bilive, by and by. A Burns word (*Cotter's Saturday Night*):
"Belyve the elder bairns come drappin' in".

4. On every side of them, all around them.

33. 1, 3. Acheron is the river of Woe, Phlegeton of Fire. The

other two rivers in the Infernal Regions were Lethe, the river of Forgetfulness, and Cocytus, of Lamentation.

5. bootlesse, vainly.

6. the which. See on i. 26. 7.

34. 1. Cerberus, the triple-headed dog that guarded the entrance.

3. This addition of 'the adders' is not classical, nor is the 'flaming tongue' so.

4. lilled forth, shot out.

6. felly gnarre = fiercely snarl. dayes enemy = Night.

35-44.—*The description of the tortured in the Infernal Regions. They seek the aid of Aesculapius; he hesitates, but finally consents.*

35. 1. For the exhaustive or detailed manner of Spenser, see note to i. 8. 5. He repeats the standard examples of punishment, selected from Homer (*Odyssey*, xi) and Virgil (*Aeneid*, vi). *Ixion*, *Sisyphus*, *Tantalus*, are familiar names needing no explanation, though it may be noted that there is no authority for *Tantalus hanging* by his chin.

4. lin = cease.

6. *Tityus*, the giant son of Earth, was destroyed by Apollo for assaulting his mother, *Latona*. In hell he covered nine acres; a vulture fed on his liver, which ever grew again and so caused endless torture.

7. *Typhoeus*, the smoke-vomiting giant, was killed by the thunderbolt of Jupiter, and thrust down under Mount *Ætna*, which was fabled to make a volcanic eruption when the giant uneasily turned himself.

gin = trap, instrument or *engine* of torture.

"I know thy traps, thy gins, thy toils"

(Milton, *Samson Agonistes*, 933).

8. *Theseus*, for an attempt to carry off *Persephone*, was condemned to be fastened for ever to a rock, till he was released by *Hercules*.

endlesse slouth = Virgil's "*sedet aeternumque sedebit*" (*Aeneid*, vi. 617).

9. The fifty daughters of *Danaus* killed their husbands on their wedding-day. For this crime the *Danaides* were condemned to fill leaky vessels, full of holes, with water.

36. 1. In place = there. The ghosts, seeing living persons of the upper world, gaze at *Duessa* and *Sansjoy*.

9. Spenser closely follows the narrative and language of Virgil (*Aeneid*, vii. 765-773), though nothing is said anywhere about his being 'emprisond in chaines'.

40. 2. **avizd**, considered, reflected upon. In legal phrase, Jupiter took the case *ad avizandum*, as a judge takes a case into consideration.

8. There is no authority for this. Soon after his death he was translated to the sky as a star by Jupiter.

41. 2. **weary waine**. 'Transferred epithet'; see on iv. 51.

5. **Tho**=they.

8. **fordonne**. See on i. 5. 8.

42. 5. Is it not enough?

heaven dew, heaven's dew, heavenly dew.

8. **eeke**, to add to. To 'eke' out a living is to add to one's resources from all quarters.

defray, pay the expenses of, stand the cost of.

43. 6. **Goe to**=come, now. Interjection, with the rest of the sentence broken. 'Go to'—"go to, let us make brick" (*Genesis*, xi. 3).

44. 3. **the which**, which. See on i. 26.

9. **recure**=refresh. See on ii. 1 and i. 32. 8.

45-51.—*Duessa returns to the Palace of Pride. She finds the knight and dwarf gone. The dwarf had seen the captives in dungeons and warned his master in time.*

45. 1. **noyous**=wearisome, tedious. The dwarf had seen the victims of Pride, Covetousness, Envy, &c., the before-mentioned Seven Deadly Sins.

46. 4. **mortgaging**=resigning, making over by a will or legal deed.

6. **tyrannesse**, female tyrant.

47. Following his manner, Spenser again presents us with a long list of examples, a roll of victims of the Seven Sins.

1-5. There is a slight error here. Nebuchadnezzar in *Daniel*, iv. 32, is said not to have been changed into an ox, but only to have eaten grass like an ox. Again, the golden image set up in the plain of Dura is not said to have been an image of the king himself (*Daniel*, iii. 1-6).

6-9. **Croesus**, king of Lydia, and the warning of Solon, are too well known to need illustration. **Antiochus Epiphanes**, king of Syria, 175-164 B.C., was the implacable enemy of the Jews in the Maccabean period. He pillaged the Temple, profaned the altars, and attempted the destruction of the Jewish religion.

7. **richesse store**; for the possessive case see note to i. 39. 3.

48. Nimrod, *Genesis*, x. 8; **Ninus**, founder of Nineveh; **Ammons sonne**: Alexander the Great, "Macedonia's madman" (Pope), not content with being the son of Philip and Olympias, sought to claim descent from Jupiter Ammon, a deity of Libya. The last line of the stanza is rather wide of the mark. He died, as the result of a drinking bout, of fever at Babylon in B.C. 323, but he was then at the very height of his power.

49. Only two of the famous Romans call for any notice. **Lentulus** can only refer to Publius Cornelius Lentulus, who joined the conspiracy of Catiline, B.C. 63, flattering himself that the dominion of Rome promised by the Sibylline books "to the third of the Cornelii" was reserved for him, after Sulla and Cinna. **Scipio** was the great conqueror of Hannibal, who retired from Rome in haughty pride when called upon to account for sums of money spent in a Syrian campaign.

50. 3. Semiramis, the mythical queen and founder of the Assyrian empire. After a reign of forty-two years she resigned the crown to her son Ninyas.

5. Sthenoboea, wife of Proetus, king of Lycia, who committed suicide for evil love of Bellerophon.

7. Cleopatra, queen of Egypt and paramour of Antony.

51. 6. ladies bowres. See on iv. 43. 6.

52. 1. careful, alarmed, full of anxious care.

53. 2. lay-stall = dunghill.

CANTO VI

1. 2.—*The knight, escaped from the Palace of Pride, is like a vessel nearly wrecked. Joyful to have passed one peril, he is yet sad at the loss of Una.*

1. 3. bewaile = accomplish, to cause. The word seems elsewhere unknown.

6. fool happie, hazardous, foolhardy.

2. 2. Duess'; for the elision see on iv. 2. 4.

3. deare dreed, his beloved, but awe-inspiring, Una. See on Dedication, 4. 9.

7. From East to West Indies.

3-8.—*Una is rescued from the Saracen by the unexpected appearance of the fauns and satyrs under Sylvanus.*

6. 2. thrilling, piercing. The line is typical of a not uncommon fault in Spenser, that of padding out a line to the necessary length by epithets or clauses that do not materially aid the idea.

7. **implyes**=buries, wraps. Latin, *implicat*.

7. 2. **her selfe**, nominative or dative?

5. **bray**, cry out, not necessarily, as now, of an ass.

7. For the whole question relating to the spirit of Greek mythology the teacher should refer to the famous passage in Wordsworth's *Excursion*: "The lively Grecian, in a land of hills", &c. &c.; or to the appendix in Kennedy's *Virgil*, pp. 556, 557.

7. The **Faunes** were the offspring of Faunus, the Latin rural deity and equivalent of the Greek Pan. The **Satyres** were the Greek deities corresponding to the Latin Fauns. They are represented as rough, flat-nosed, with pointed ears, and with goats' feet.

9. **Whiles**=the while, whilst.

"The *whiles* a Northern harper rude
Chaunted a rhyme of deadly feud"

(*Marmion*, i. 13).

Sylvanus, a rural deity, half-man and half-god, presiding over hills, groves, and forests. See Horace, *Epodes*, ii. 22.

arber=arbour. The word is the Latin *herbarium*, and here preserves its original spelling. Confusion with 'harbour', and the Latin *arbor*, a tree, has produced the present spelling, 'arbour'.

8. 5. **incontinent**=at once, without restraining themselves.

9-19.—*Una abides with them for a time and instructs them.*

9. 3. **blubbred**; the word has now been shorn of its older dignity.

10. This stanza affords a strong example of the weakening effect produced by the reiterated use of 'does'. See on i. 6.

4. **seely**=innocent. See on i. 30. 6.

9. **chaunge of feare**. The lamb was formerly afraid of being devoured by the wolfe, now he fears death from the lion.

11. 1. **assaid**=tried, assaulted.

6. **horror**=roughness, rustic appearance.

12. 2. **Una** was afraid to entrust herself to their rough but honest ways.

4. **ensu'th**=ensueth, follows upon, attends. So Milton in his Spenserian period, Sonnet ii, Dec. 9, 1631, writes:

"But my late spring no bud or blossom *shew'th*,
That some more timely happy spirits *endu'th*".

7. **wonne—unwonted ruth**. A verbal conceit or assonance of style.

13. 4. **suspect**=suspicion. **crime**, perhaps in the Latin sense of *crimen*, a charge brought against her.

5. **joyous prime**=of the joyful springtime. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, v. 170: "That sweet hour of prime". Fr. *printemps*, the chief period (Latin *primum tempus*) of the year.

14. 6. From Virgil, *Georgics*, i. 20, where he bears in his hand his woodland emblem of the cypress; but not necessarily to stay his '*weak steps*' with, as Spenser conceives.

8. **stadle**, stay, prop, support; to *stay* his steps with.

9. His waist is girt about with a fold or band of ivy. Milton (*Comus*, 105) has it also: "Braid your locks with rosy *twine*".

15. 2. Sylvanus wonders at the noisy merriment of the Fauns, thinking they have either found out (Latin *invenio*, to find) the juice of the grape, or have run mad in the rites of Cybele.

3. **Cybele** was the great Phrygian goddess of nature, generally represented with towers or turrets on her head. Her religious processions were of an orgiastic or exciting cast, attended by her priests, the Corybantes, beating drums and cymbals, while her chariot was drawn by lions. The chief seat of her worship was Pessinus, at Mount Dindymus in Galatia.

6. **that mirrhour rare**=Una, either from her radiant beauty, or from all virtue and excellence being enshrined in her face and form. Sir Philip Sidney was "the perfect mirror of Chivalry".

8. **Dryope**, daughter of King Dryops and beloved of Sylvanus. An Elizabethan pun on 'Pholoe' and 'fowle' is doubtless intended.

16. 7. Sylvanus is at a loss what to think of Una. She might be Venus; but then Venus, the goddess of love, was always represented as smiling, and of a more frolicsome nature. She might be the huntress-goddess Diana, the daughter of Jupiter and Latona, traversing the mountains with her nymphs (i. vii. 5) and hunting the deer; but then Una was not arrayed as that goddess was. *Aeneid*, i. 315-324.

9. Buskins reaching to the knee.

17. 2. **Cyparisse**. Another variation of the legend was that he was changed or 'metamorphosed' into a cypress by Apollo for having killed a favourite stag of that god. So when Apollo lost his beloved friend Hyacinthus, he changed his blood into the flower of that name, on the petals of which fancy descried the signs of the words *al al*, alas, alas!

4. **to**, in comparison with Una.

8. **n'ould**=ne would, would not. He would never joy after; "he never smiled again".

18. 1. The woodland nymphs are the **Hamadryades**; the nymphs of the springs and rivers are the **Naiades**; as those of the sea were the **Nereides**. In making the first run to see Una, Spenser misses

their true nature. They lived and died united with the spirit or life of the particular tree to which they were attached.

8. **woody kind** = their rustic kindred, their woodland kin.

19. 1. **luckelesse lucky**, the figure called *oxymoron*. She was 'luckless' in having lost the Red Cross Knight, but 'lucky' in having at least some protection in the woodland people.

9. It is not clear what Spenser means to symbolize in this worship of the ass by the satyrs, &c. The mediæval worship, or festival of the ass, in honour of the Messiah's entry into Jerusalem, has been thought to be indicated; a description of the rural districts of England, in which the remnants of the old faith and practices of the Marian period still survived (1553-1558), is more probable.

20-29.—*The episode of Satyrane.*

20. 1. **It fortunéd**, it fell out by fortune, it chanced.

5. **muchell fame** = great fame. Scottish 'meikle':

"The bravest was Sir James the Ross,
A knight of meikle fame" (Michael Bruce).

7. It is unknown who is meant for Satyrane.

24. 1. **ymp**: scion, offspring. See Dedication, 3. 1. In the sketch of the upbringing of Satyrane, Spenser closely follows that given by Virgil, *Aeneid*, xi. 570-580, of the rearing of Camilla, the Volscian warrior-nymph, by her father Metabus of Privernum. Her swiftness in scouring the plain is famous in Pope's (*Essay on Criticism*, 372, 373) imitation of Virgil, *Aeneid*, vii. 808-810.

25. 2. **maister of his guise**, instructor in his way of life.

8. **libbard** = leopard.

26. 4. **pardale**, the female leopard.

29. 2. **raught** = reached. Cf. teach, taught.

5. **haught** = haughty. French, *haut*. "This *haught* resolve becomes your majesty" (Marlowe, *Edward II*, iii. 1). Milton, translation of *Psalms*, lxxx. 8, has:

"Thou drov'st out nations proud and *haut*,
To plant this lovely vine".

9. **blown**, blazoned or spread abroad by the trump of Fame.

30-34.—*Satyrane meets Una with the satyrs. Together they leave the forest in search of the Red Cross Knight.*

30. 4. **offspring**, not his descendants, but his parent; the source from which he sprung. Sir Guyon (Book ii, ix. 60) reads the *Antiquitee of Faery Lond*, and finds therein "The offspring of Elves and Faeryes", i.e. the source of their descent.

6. **unwares** = unaware, adverbially; unexpectedly.

31. 5. Blaming of fortune, the 'of' is now dropped in this phrase.

33. 6. It was now too late for the news to be told to the satyrs, or for them to hope to ever recover Una.

34. 3. *forwandring*. For the prefix see on i. 5. 8; so 'for-worne' in 35. 1.

35-39.—*They meet Archimago, disguised as a pilgrim. He tells them a false story of his having seen the knight slain.*

35. 1. silly=simple, innocent. See on i. 30. 6.

weedes; see on Dedication, i. 2, 'shepheards weedes'. Scott, *Marmion*, i. 23 and 27, has this passage in view in his description of the Palmer in Norham Castle.

6. He would be on a pilgrimage to Mount Sinai to see

"The Mount where Israel heard the law
Mid thunder-dint and flashing levin,
And shadows, mists, and darkness, given" (Scott).

The allusion to India is not so clear. It is doubtless a slip on Spenser's part, from the familiar phrase in which those countries were brought together. A reference to the court of the mysterious figure of Prester John is, however, not improbable.

7. *Jacobs staffe*: the staff of the patriarch Jacob, who "blessed each of the sons of Joseph; and worshipped, leaning upon the top of his staff" (*Hebrews*, xi. 21). Or there may be a reference to St. James of Compostella, in Spain, the great mediæval shrine or place of pilgrimage. Scott seems thus to have taken it (St. James being portrayed as a pilgrim with a staff), by making his Palmer show the "cockle shell of Saint James". Compare his parallel sketch of the Palmer in the hall of Cedric the Saxon in *Ivanhoe*, chapter iv. Chaucer's Wife of Bath, in the course of her pilgrimages, had been thrice at Jerusalem, and "in Galice at Seint Jame".

9. *scrip*, bag or pouch (*Matthew*, x. 10) in which to put his necessities, or things needed for the journey.

36. 6. *croset*, little cross, as 'ringlet', 'leaflet', 'speechlet', 'brooklet'.

7. *Ay me!* See on iv. 51. 6.

37. 9. He can bear who has endured, &c.

38. 9. What more? = Latin, *quid plura?* Why should I add more?

39. 2, 7. For the rhyme of 'wonne' and 'wonne' see on i. 18. The stoutest knight that ever *won* a combat is described as having his dwelling ('doth wonne', l. 7), or *wonted* place of habitation, not far away.

7. Chaucer's Reeve had his "*wonyng ful faire upon an heeth*" (*Prologue*, 606). So Scott, *Lady of the Lake*, iv. 13:

"Up spoke the moody Elfin king
Who *won'd* within the hill".

40-48.—*Coming to the place indicated by Archimago, Satyrane meets and fights with the Saracen.*

41. 2. That hast disgraced thy vow of knighthood by unknighly, treacherous, and false conduct.

7. amain, swiftly, at once.

8. three - square, three - cornered. The illogical formation appears also in the Latin *triquetrus*, the epithet of Sicily, e.g. Horace, *Satires*, ii. 6. 65 (*tri-quadratus*).

42. 1. misbegotten Elfe.

6. I never, by God (Fr. *par Dieu*), slew the knight; but, if he had been in place where I met and defeated Archimagus, who falsely bore his arms, that magician should not now be smarting with pain.

43. 4. Their blows pierced not only through the heavy plates or bars of armour, but through the inner suit of chain mail; the 'woven mail' of v. 4 and of *Marmion* (i. 6) armed 'in plate and mail of Milan steel'.

6. it would pitty, either (1) it would make any eye pitiful or sorry to see it, or (2) any eye would pity it.

7. raile, flow. So Book ii, viii. 37: "When his brother saw the red blood rayle | Adowne so fast".

44. 2. They fight so long that each becomes faint, and lets himself and his foe breathe again.

7. foming wrath, foaming with wrath, so 'foming tarre', v. 28. 8.

47. 7. Lovers wore the colours or badge of their lady on their crest. The Saracen tauntingly styles his blow on the knight's helmet a 'lover's token'. The word 'pate' now sounds undignified in such a scene.

48. 1. leasing = lie, falsehood. *Psalms*, iv. 2; v. 6 (A.V.).

CANTO VII

1-4.—*The poet returns to Duessa and the House of Pride. She finds the knight gone. Setting out in search, she finds him by the side of a fountain.*

1. 1, 2. What man is so wise and so wary as to descry the deceptions of cunning?

4. in graine = deeply dyed, ingrained. The cochineal dye was procured from the insect of that name, like a grain or small seed (Latin, *granum*). "There I see such black and grained spots" (*Hamlet*, iii. i. 90).

2. 2. perilous. By the adjective Spenser is seen to have imitated the 'Chapel Perilous' in the *Morte d'Arthur*, entered by the Champion of the Lake, Sir Launcelot. See Note A to Scott's *Marmion*.

7. foreby = hard by, close to.

fountaine side. For the possessive see on i. 39.

3. 1. bayes, bathes.

6. fairely, graciously, with fair words.

4. 1. Unkindnesse past. The ablative absolute construction. See on ii. 45. 8. The yielding of the knight to the wiles of the temptress Duessa is the symbol of Faith, escaped from peril, but falling in with temptation by the way. Or, if the identity of Rome and Duessa be closely pressed, it is the danger to Protestantism from yielding to any compromise with, or overtures from, its adversary.

8. wont, was wont; or woned, dwelt. See vi. 39.

5-7.—*The knight yields to the blandishments of Duessa. He is unconsciously robbed of his strength, and is taken at advantage by the giant Orgoglio.*

5. 1. Phoebe = Diana. There seems to be some allusion to this story in Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, 153.

7. in place = there. The fountain is that of Salmacis, near Halicarnassus in Caria, as described by Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, iv. 286; xv. 319.

6. 2. graile = gravel.

5. was, not of 'forces'; but, being before mighty strong, *he* was now turned to feebleness.

7. crudled = curdled.

7. 2. Poured out in loosnesse. The Latin *diffusus*. See on li. 3, 'dissolute'.

8. make, female companion. In common use in the ballads and metrical legends.

9. unready weapons. 'Transferred epithet.' See on iv. 51.

8-15.—*Description of the giant. They fight. The knight is defeated and cast into a deep dungeon.*

8. 1. dight, put on, prepare, make ready.

10. 7. snaggy, knotty. The passage is apparently the original of Milton's description of Satan, *Paradise Lost*, i. 292: "His spear—

to equal which the tallest pine | Hewn on Norwegian hills", &c. &c.

9. He made it his deadly club or mace.

11. 1. **That**, so that, resuming the narrative.

2. **insupportable mayne** = insupportable, invincible strength or might. O.E. *mægen*. Cf. 'By *main* force', 'to smite *amain*'. The accent of the adj. 'insupportable' is here on the second syllable. Milton, *Samson Agonistes*, 135, 136, has the scene in view and copies the phrase:

"Safest he who stood aloof,
When *insupportably* his foot *advanced*".

5. **darrayne** = set in order.

8. **fraile**, enfeebling fountain, by the 'transferred epithet'.

9. **single**. He could scarcely wield his blade alone; or his mere blade against the great club of the giant.

12. 1. **so maynly** = so mightily. See on 11. 2.

2. That *he*, or the *blow*, could have, &c.

3. Were it not heavenly grace that protected him, &c.

13. The whole stanza is imitated by Milton, *Paradise Lost*, vi. 480-520, 550-560. It is a sort of protest, from the lingering feeling of chivalry, against the unfair use of artillery. "The cannons", says Stopford Brooke (*Milton*, p. 107), "are very clumsy, it is true, but we must remember we do not see them with Milton's eyes. Cannon, in his day, still impressed the imagination."

9. **only breath** = the breath alone daunts him, &c.

14. 6. Hold your deadly hand, for the sake of lady-fair. She speaks in the language of chivalry, ii. 36.

7. **do him not to dye** = kill him not. Fr. *faire mourir*.

8, 9. Make him thy thrall, and me thy leman or paramour.

16-18.—*The giant and Duessa now live and riot wantonly together.*

16. 3. **purple pall**. See iv. 16. 4. The 'purple' is again the sign of the 'Scarlet Woman', ii. 13, and of Rome.

9. "I saw a woman sitting upon a scarlet-coloured beast", &c. &c. (*Revelation*, xvii. 3-5).

17. The Beast of the Scarlet Woman was like the Lernean hydra slain by Hercules, as his second labour. This water-snake at Lerna, near Argos, with a hundred heads that grew again as fast as he cut them off, Hercules, grandson of Alcaeus, managed to kill. '**Stremona**' seems a mistake on Spenser's part, writing from memory, for the fountain Amymone that flowed into the lake of Lerna. He

can hardly have confused it with the Thracian Strymon, from association with the eighth labour of destroying the mares of Diomede?

3. Lerna lake. For the form cf. 'heaven dew', 'limbo lake', 'Lethe lake', &c.

18. 2. raught, reached.

4. braught=brought.

7. holy heasts foretaught=the holy commands taught and commanded of old time. Such appears the meaning of 'foretaught'. But if its spelling be 'for-taught', the negative form of the prefix would then mean that the beast commanded such teaching to be obeyed no more, annulled the commands of God.

19-28.—*The alarmed dwarf had seen his master fall. He gathers together the useless arms of his master and sets out to seek Una. She learns the woeful tale and meets Prince Arthur.*

19. 4. weed, sing. of 'weeds', here=his armour, that had failed most in the hour of need, and his poignant or piercing spear.

20. 3. Flying from becoming the prey of the Saracen Sansloy.

4. let=hinder. "They *letted* them in their way" (Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*). "I'll make a ghost of him that *lets* me" (*Hamlet*, i. 4. 85).

21. 8. her=its. Or 'her' may be due to the personifying effect of 'life', through the feminine Latin *vita*. For 'its' as a possessive see on viii. 19.

22. 1. Ye eyes of mine, the sad instruments of sight.

4. earthly mould, either (1) earth, mould, or (2) earthly frame (Latin *modulus*), beings of mortal mould or make.

5. Why live longer, when the three cruel Fates, Clotho, Atropos, and Lachesis, have snapped or unbound the threads that bind me to life?

carefull threds=weary life, full of care.

9. fro=from. Now preserved in 'froward' and 'to and fro'. Scott, *Lay of Last Minstrel*, iii. 16, still uses it: "Well could he hit a fallow deer | Five hundred feet him *fro*".

23. 9. seeled up=closed up. Not 'sealed up' and closed with a seal (Latin *sigillum*), but with the eyelids (Latin *cilia*, as in 'supercilious') seeled, closed.

24. 5. When life was again on her throne, had recovered the rein; or, conceivably, had resumed her sway or reign.

25. 8. stound=pang, stunning throe.

9. If it should turn out less, all the more gracious will it be.

26. The dwarf then recounts to Una the wiles of Archimagus, by which she and the knight had been parted; the loves of Duessa and Sansfoy; the episode of Fradubio and Fraelissa; the knight and Duessa in the House of Pride, &c.

9. The dwarf was in doubt whether the knight in Orgoglio's dungeon was yet dead or alive.

27. 2. The assault of sorrow. She strove "to take arms against a sea of troubles", and to end them.

28. 7. bet. For the pronunciation see on iii. 19. 1.

29-36.—*The description of Prince Arthur.*

29. There can be no doubt that the main outlines of the Earl of Leicester are drawn in the figure of Prince Arthur. The character of that favourite of Elizabeth is still a debatable one in history. See the preface to Scott's *Kenilworth*, the effect of which will never be effaced. To Spenser, however, his private life may not have been known, while he regarded the earl, with his nephew, Sir Philip Sidney, as his own first patrons. In his *Ruines of Time* he thus speaks of Leicester, dead in 1588:

"It is not long since these two eyes beheld
A mightie Prince, of most renowned race,
Whom England high in count of honour held,
And greatest ones did sue to gaine his grace;
Of greatest ones he, greatest in his place,
Sat in the bosome of his souveraine,
And *Right and Loyall* did his word maintaine".

[*"Droyte et Loyall, my lords posie."* Note K to *Kenilworth*.]

He continues, with a possible thrust at Cecil, who had crept into royal favour:

"He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
Save what in heaven's storehouse he uplaid:
And evil men, now dead, his deeds upbraid:
Spite bites the dead, that living never bayed.
He now is gone, the whiles *the Fox is crept*
Into the hole, the which the Badger swept".

4. glitterand. For the form of the participle see on i. 17. 3.

6. He was armed *cap-à-pie*, *à point*, 'to point', i. 16. 6.

8. He wore a belt across his body.

30. 3. The stone was the figure of Queen Elizabeth, cut as a gem; it shone like the evening star among the smaller lights. Spenser imitates Horace's (*Odes*, i. 12. 45)

"Micat inter omnes
Iulium sidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores".

5. **weaker sights**=sight too weak to endure them. So 'thy weaker novice' (Dedication, 2. 2).

6. His deadly blade, made for Arthur by the magician Merlin (see Scott, *Bridal of Triermain*, iii. 26), was carved with curious sleights of handicraft.

31. 1. **horrid**, rough or bristling. A Latin use. Cf. *Aeneid*, v. 37, "*horridus in jaculis*". In *Georgics*, i. 449, he speaks of "*horrida grando*"=flashing hail.

3. Arthur's father, Uther, was called Pendragon, from this emblem of the dragon on his crest.

6. **bever**, loosely used for helmet. Strictly, the part that covered the face.

32. "His dilation is not distention, but the expansion of natural growth in the rich soil of his own mind, wherein the merest stick of a verse puts forth leaves and blossoms. Here is one of his, suggested by Homer, *Iliad*, xvii. 55: 'Upon the top of all his lofty crest', &c. Marlowe was so taken by this passage in Spenser that he put it boldly into his [later printed edition] *Tamburlaine*" (J. R. Lowell). The reference is to *Tamburlaine*, Part II, Act iv. sc. 4. So Spenser's i. viii. 11 is repeated by Marlowe, Part II, Act iv. sc. 2.

6. **greene Selinis** is Virgil's *palmosa Selinus*, *Aeneid*, iii. 705. The town is in the south-west of Sicily; but Spenser seems to take it for a hill.

33. 3. "*Exegi monumentum aere perennius*" (Horace, *Odes*. iii. 30. 1).

4. 'Diamond' and 'adamant' are the same word in origin.

34. 2. **But whenas**=except when.

4. The scud or flying cloud that parted in alarm.

9. The belief in ancient times was that the spells of witches could obscure the moon. Horace, *Epodes*, v. 45; Virgil, *Eclogues*, viii.

69. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 664, refers to this superstition.

35. 5. When he pleased to appal the *rascally* crowds. The sympathies of Spenser were thoroughly aristocratic, his early friends and patrons being all of this class, as the dedications of every poem he wrote will show. Like Scott, proud of his connection with the Buccleuchs, Spenser boasted of his descent from the noble house of Spencer or Spenser—"the noble family of which I meanest boast myself to be". Full attention should be given to this important fact. Marlowe is everywhere passionately monarchical and anti-democratic in his sentiments; so were Beaumont and Fletcher. Dowden notes that Spenser "expected little from the people, and that in his *Legend of Justice* he expressly argues against equality; he admired great personalities, had known Sidney, and served under Lord Grey" (Prof. Dowden in Grosart's *Spenser*, i. 329). "Shak-

sperer", says Furnivall (*Leopold Shakspeare*, p. cxiii), "was like most Tudor Englishmen, too fond of kings and queens. But in his time they were mistaken for their country. He used the poor rather as material for fun, to amuse his richer patrons with, than as folk with whom he felt. He doesn't show much sympathy with 'em, not so much as Chaucer, I think; but his representations of 'em are all in good part." But the democratic feeling is seen already in Greene. Spenser had no connection with the stage or the dramatists, and no man was less of the Bohemian. His supposed reference in *Teares of the Muses*, "Our pleasant Willy", to Shakespeare is convincingly refuted on literary and social grounds by Prof. Minto in his *Characteristics of English Poets*, 1874, p. 345. The 'set' of Sidney and Spenser was aristocratic and exclusive.

6. **transmew**=transmute, by alchemy.

36. 4. **Merlin**, the great wizard in the Arthurian Legend. Scott says his grave was pointed out at Drummelzier in Tweeddale, beneath an aged thorn tree. For much illustrative matter on Merlin, see Scott in the *Border Minstrelsy*, annotating the ballads on Thomas the Rhymer.

which=who, as frequently before.

8. The reference is to the death of Leicester in August, 1588.

37-52.—*Una tells her story, her birth and wanderings, and her search for the Red Cross Knight.*

37. 2. **heben wood**, ebony: it is the 'sharp-head spear' of iii. 35.

5. See, for their 'management' of steeds—so essential a part of knightly training—the description of Chaucer's Young Squire, and Marmion's squires, *Marmion*, i. 7.

6. **canon bit**; technical term, a smooth round bit.

9. **rowels**, the ring in the bit. Not of the spurs, as usually.

38. 2. **With lovely court**, with gracious and courteous address.

9. **enmov'd**, feeling emotion at.

39. 4. The cold approach of death to my heart steals on. 'His' for 'its', see on viii. 19: 'his vele'. The personification of 'cold' prepares the way for 'his' being used.

7. It is better to keep hidden harms that cannot be helped or remedied.

41. The stanza affords a good example of that Elizabethan taste for puns, quibbles, or conceits, which now seems so misplaced. See Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, 135, 136, for plays on 'will' and 'will', noun and verb.

8. **paire**, pare away, impair.

42. 3. That *he* or *it* (his reason or speech) persuaded her.

43. 3. For the royal lineage of Una see on i. 4.

4. Whilst Fate revolved undisturbed in its orbits. For the influence of the stars see on i. 27. 3.

5. The meaning may be either (1) while their felicities, while they in their felicity, did not envy the favouring Heavens; or (2) while Heaven did not envy the felicity of Man, an allusion to the Herodotean theory of the divine envy, or jealousy of the gods, towards men of high estate or towering thoughts.

6. *envy*, with the accent, as generally, on the last syllable. Cf. ix. 1. 6: "Nor aid *envy*' to him", and Marlowe (*Edward II*, i. 2): "if for these dignities thou be *envied*".

8. Una's parents, the type of Man in Innocency, dwelt in the Garden of Eden till the Great Dragon drives her out a wanderer. The Pison and the Gihon are two of the four rivers that encircled Eden (*Genesis*, ii. 11-15); the others being the Euphrates and Tigris (Hiddekel).

44. 3. *Tartary*, a confusion with Tartarus; prevalent in mediæval times, through the supposed origin of the Tartars or Tatars. Marlowe speaks of "Tamburlaine and that Tartarian rout".

46. 4. An allusion to the Most Noble Order of the Garter, round the Maiden Queen. See Kingsley's *Westward Ho!*, ch. viii, for the fanciful formation of the Brotherhood of the Rose.

5, 7. *Gloriane* is Elizabeth; *Cleopolis*, κλεόπολις, the City of Fame, is London. See below, x. 58, 59.

7. *red*, is styled, proclaimed.

47. 8. *many one*=many a one. "Many one, pl. many persons. *Psalms*, iii. 2 (P.B.). In Middle English *many oon* is used both as a singular and a plural: 'Lords *many oon*', i.e. lords many in number. Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*, Clerk's Tale, E. 775. Modern English *many a one*=many one, and is a redundant expression" (Skeat).

48. 6, 7. The alliteration is rather strained.

7. *disaventurous deare*=my unfortunate loss; not 'dear' as 'beloved'. Only here, as noun, in Spenser.

49. 6. *That desire*: I that desire, the 'I' being implicit in 'my'.

50. 3. He took other by-ways, or betook him to other by-ways.

4. The passage is rather vaguely worded. Spenser means, the knight fled to places where mortal foot never trod, and from which no traveller ever returned. 'A living foot' can hardly bring back a dead body!

7. *onely*, my most peculiar and deadly enemy.

51. 3. **dissolute**; Latin, *dissolutus*. See on vii. 7. 2, 'Poured out in loosnesse'. The knight was in a relaxed condition.

4. **mall**, club. His 'mace' as before; not 'maul'.

52. 8. **chearefull—chearlesse**. Elizabethan conceit, or word-play.

CANTO VIII

1-4.—*Una and Prince Arthur approach the Castle of Giant Orgoglio. The prince blows a blast on his magic horn, when bolts and bars fly open.*

1. 1. **Ay me!** See on iv. 51. Butler's reminiscence of this line has preserved the memory of the original. *Hudibras*, iii. 1:

"Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron".

3. Were it not that, &c.

5. **Her**, from the effect of personified truth. Latin, *veritas*, f.

3. 5. **bugle**, a horn of the little ox or *buculus*, Latin diminutive of *bos*. 'Bugle-horn' is therefore a redundant explanation.

7. **over all**, everywhere; German, *überall*.

4. 1. There was never wight, &c. So in Major Bellenden's song, *Old Mortality*, ch. xix:

"Was never wight so starkly made,
But time and years would overthrow".

shrilling, shrill. A favourite also with Scott.

5. The meaning is, no falsehood can ultimately stand against truth. For the magic bugle of Prince Arthur and the effect of its blast, see Scott's *Bridal of Triermain*, i. 15.

9. **brast**=burst. See v. 31. 8.

5-24.—*The giant and Duessa come forth. After a stubborn fight Orgoglio is slain.*

5. 1. **geant**, but 'gyant' in 4.

6. **bowre**; see on iv. 43. The alliteration of the 's' is meant to express his staggering gait.

6. 5. The reference is to the Massacre on the Feast of St. Bartholomew in 1572. Marlowe brought out a play on the subject, *The Massacre at Paris*, but the only early edition is without date.

7. 3. **on hight**=on high. Cf. 'aloft', i. 41.

4. Armed with rough knots and hard fibre. 'Graine' here may be the same word as in vii. 1. 4.

6. **pere**, peer, noble. Prince Arthur as Earl of Leicester.
7. **maine**=strength; see on 'mayne', vii. 11. 2.
8. 6. *It* did throw.
9. 2. **mortall sins**, the sins of mortal men.
3. **food**=feud, enmity. "The object of his spite and deadly *food*", in Book ii, i. 3. 2.
10. 4. **quight**=to get quit or free from the earth.
8. **Large streames**. A possible Latin use: "*flumina larga*", in copious discharges.
11. 5. For the imitation of this by Marlowe, see vii. 32.
The 'Cymbrian plaine' is no doubt the Russian steppes of the *Chersonesus Taurica* or *Scythica*, the Crimea; inhabited by the nomadic race of the Cimmerii, possibly akin (with Thierry) to the Cimbri.
6. **kindly rage**, rage for their kin, or kind. See on iii. 28. 7.
12. 2. **stownd**, the stunning confused danger.
5. **gate**, gait, pace.
6. **threatned all his heades**; a Latinism, as in i. 17. 7; threatened them with its heads.
8. **single**. See on 'single blade', vii. 11. 9. The squire with his mere sword drove back the seven-headed dragon.
13. 3. **purple beast**, Rome. The epithet seems transferred from the rider, in purple, to the beast.
4. **That stop**, obstacle, or hindrance of the squire.
5. **let**, hindrance; vii. 20. 4, 'from pursuit did *let*'.
6. **nathemore**, cf. 'nevertheless', where 'the' is a survival of the ancient ablative form in the stronger demonstrative sense of 'that', the more 'by that'. Milton has 'natheless' (*Paradise Lost*, i. 299).
14. 1. Her golden cup of enchantments. *Revelation*, xvii. 4.
7. **weaker parts**, too weak to withstand them. For this use of the comparative see on vii. 30. 5, 'weaker sights'.
8. **quayd**=quelled, crushed.
15. 5. **That**. When the knight saw and considered that.
16. 3. That he or it made an example.
17. 9. **hurtling**, jostling, and forced the knight *to* retire.
18. 2. **left**. As the 'left arme' was cut off in 10, this must mean the one hand, the right, now left to him.
4. **dites**, dights, prepares.

19. 1, 2. The knight in falling uncovers the veil, or cover of his shield.

2. his, its.

"This form was unknown before the sixteenth century, occurring but rarely in Shakespeare, and not at all in the translation of the Bible; the meaning being given by 'his' (the regular O.E. form) and 'thereof'. The old possessive, *his*, stood for both masculine and neuter, creating an obstacle to the personifying power of the word. Milton seems to have felt this, and never uses the form 'his' in the neuter sense, while he evades the necessity of resorting to 'its'. [But Milton does use 'its' three times: *Nat. Ode*, 106; *Paradise Lost*, i. 254; iv. 813.] Dryden adopted the new form fully.

"From the fourteenth to the seventeenth century *hit* or *it* was sometimes used in place of *his* (neuter) or *its*; especially in reference to children, or depreciatingly. 'That which groweth of *it* own accord' (*Leviticus*, xxv. 5). 'The innocent milk in *it* most innocent mouth' (*Winter's Tale*, iii. 2).

"From the fourteenth to the sixteenth century, '*the own*' was sometimes used in place of *his* (its) own. 'Gold, which of *the own* nature is a thing so unprofitable' (Sir T. More's *Utopia*)."—Bain's *English Grammar*, p. 139.

20. 1. fruitfull-headed beast, many-headed, fruitful in heads.

21. 3. proov'd, made trial of, tried to lift.

5. their forces, of Duessa and himself, though 'he' precedes and follows? May not their=*thir*=*those* of the Northern dialect, and still in Burns? *Tam o' Shanter*: "*Thir* breeks o' mine, my only pair". Dunbar (1450-1520), in his *Meditation in Winter*, has:

"Into *thir* dark and drublie days
When sable all the heaven arrays".

22. 3. blest, brandished.

8-9. The effect of the fall and rebound is brought out by the alliteration. The original of such 'onomatopoetic' effects is *Odyssey*, xi. 595-8, of Sisyphus rolling uphill the ever-rebounding stone.

23. 4. her, its, referring to 'castle'. The principle of 19. 2 does not apply. But L. *castellum*, or L. *castrum*, a fort, is certainly neuter.

feebled, enfeebled.

25-29.—*The witch Duessa is handed over to the keeping of the squire. The prince enters the castle and questions the porter, Ignaro.*

25. 3. crowned mitre; ii. 13. 4.

26. 3. This doubtful war brought to a head, or close; Fr. *achever*, to end, *à chef*, to a head.

27. 1. you, clearly not = thou. Apparently for both the prince and his squire. Yet he speaks of 'fresh bud' and not 'fresh buds'.

28. 3. Now that Fortune has given you victory, do you master also, or control, such fortune by wisely restraining it. Make a wise use of your victory, and let it be a case of 'All's well that ends well'.

6. bethrall, to make a thrall of. The use of the prefix is intensive: bedaub, begird, bedeck, bedazzle, &c. Carlyle coins many such words. Swift says of congratulations to him on being made Dean of St. Patrick, "I was so *bedeanned*".

29. 2. Duessa, the Scarlet Woman of Rome.

9. bowre or hall. See on iv. 43. 6.

30-37.—*Getting no satisfaction from his search and from Ignaro, the prince seeks high and low for the knight.*

30. 7. unused rust, rust gathering through disuse.

31. 1. uncouth sight, strange sight; not necessarily, as now, rough, horrid. It is the Scottish 'unco', as in Burns: "Each tells the *uncos* (the strange things) that he sees or hears".

3. footing, pacing, steps.

5. trace = step, advance.

9. Ignaro, the type of ignorance that goes for long years in the world, and yet can give no reason for any faith that is in it.

32. 2. The knight, as became a courteous man, honoured the gray hairs of Ignaro.

33. 5. it sits, it suits. Fr. *il ne sied pas*, i. 30. 9.

7. If, as nature seems to have stamped its mark on you, you are well stricken in years, explain what I demand.

34. 2. doted, doting. Scottish 'doited'.

9. empeach, hinder, prevent. Fr. *empêcher*.

35. 2. arras, hangings of rich cloth, from Arras in Artois. Hamlet, stabbing Polonius, "makes a pass through the arras", behind which the latter had concealed himself.

36. 1. "I saw underneath the altar the souls of them that had been slain for the Word of God, and for the testimony which they held" (*Revelation*, vi. 9). The passage reads like a fierce indictment of the Spanish cruelties in the Netherlands, 'the malice and strong tyranny' of Alva and Farnese, Duke of Parma. It is a sort of anticipation of Milton's famous 18th Sonnet, on the Massacre in Piedmont, 1655.

37. 5. withall, to open it with, wherewith to open it; used at the end of a clause or sentence.

6. pight = set. See on ii. 42. 7.

37-41.—*The prince hears a hollow moaning, and forces open the prison door. The perilous condition of the Red Cross Knight is revealed.*

38. 4. every stound=every hour; German, *stunde*.

6. A poetical way of saying three months have passed since I saw the light of heaven. See a beautiful example of this periphrasis in Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, 104.

39. 4. forlore, forlorn.

40. 2. noyous, noxious.

3. nicer=too nice. See on vii. 30. 5.

9. drere=dreriment, sorrow.

41. 4. for want of better food, things 'to bite'.

6. brawned bowrs=brawny muscles.

42-50.—*Una joyfully greets the Red Cross Knight. The witch Duessa, stripped of her finery, is turned adrift into the wilderness.*

42. 6. what evill starre. See note to i. 27. 3.

7. influence was the technical term in astrology (*Lay of the Last Minstrel*, i. 17) for the 'in-flowing' of the power of the stars. In this sense Milton uses it (*Il Penseroso*, 122) of the ladies at the tourney, "whose bright eyes Rain influence". A drunk man is, as an extraordinary survival of this, 'under the influence of drink'! "Drunkards by planetary influence" (*King Lear*, i. 2. 136).

8. berobbed. See above on 28. 6.

43. 4. Fortune is now done with tormenting me. She wreaks her vengeance no longer on me.

5. For my past sufferings I shall now exact from fickle fortune a punishment of treble good. Good is tested, or tried, by evil. I feel the joy all the more from remembering past trouble.

44. 4. This cannot be correct, as the very opposite is intended. The printer's eye repeated 'delight' from the line above. Probably 'dislike' is right.

45. 7. To do her die, to put her to death. Fr. *faire mourir*, by a constant idiom in Spenser. It were shameful, dispiteous, to put her to death.

46. 2. robd—robes. An Elizabethan pun. The meaning is that Truth, to be known and loved, has only to be seen in its real beauty; while Falsehood has only to be stripped of its meretricious ornaments to be detested.

5. **tire and call**, her head-dress and net. *Isaiah*, iii. 18: "their *cauls*, and their round *tires* like the moon".

49. 6. **counterfesaunce**, her counterfeit appearance.

50. 3. **wildernesse**. "And the woman fled into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of God" (*Revelation*, xii. 6).

6. **crew**, always in Spenser in a good sense. So Scott, *Bridal of Triermain*, ii. 18, "all of Arthur's *crew*", the Knights of the Round Table.

CANTO IX

1, 2. — *Before separating for further adventures Una entreats Prince Arthur to tell his story.*

1. 1. Spenser apostrophizes the spirit of chivalry. He regards it as a chain in which all other virtues were linked, allying together all noble minds in the common pursuit of noble enterprise.

yfere, together; 'fere' as in *wayfarers*, passengers faring or travelling together.

2. **wize**, ways, guise. Hallam's estimate of the value of chivalry, in his *Middle Ages*, is well known and valuable for its insight, while there is both rhyme and reason in many of Don Quixote's harangues. It is remarkable that the last breath of the belief, and the final attack on what had become a lingering incredibility, should have been produced so closely together in the *Faery Queene* of Spenser and the *Don Quixote* of Cervantes, himself a most chivalrous and knightly spirit. The common idea, however, that Cervantes was a mere scoffer at the great past of Spain, and "smiled Spain's chivalry away" (Byron, *Don Juan*, xiii. 11), is an utter misconception of Cervantes' purpose.

5. **saféty**, pronounced as a word of three syllables.

6. **envy**. For the accent see on vii. 43. 6.

2. 2. **recuré**d, recuperated.

4. They pleased no longer to dwell there. Impersonal use.

5. As their adventures should befall them, or fell in their way.

7. Besought him *to tell*; lest, though she might still ponder on it, she might yet not know precisely whom to thank by name for her rescue.

3-17. — *The prince complies, and relates the story of his early years.*

3. 4. The legend ran that Arthur, son of Uther-Pendragon, was early taken from his mother and entrusted to stranger hands.

9. **thewes**, manners, customs, good qualities. Chaucer, *Merchant's Tale*, 1542, also uses the word.

4. 1. Arthur was delivered to old Timon, as Achilles was to Chiron.

bylive, forthwith, by and by. See on v. 32. 3.

6. **Rauran**, a hill in Merionethshire.

hore=hoary; either from the appearance of the moss, or from the bare, aged scalp of the mountain. So Milton speaks, *Arcades*, 98, of "Old Lycæus, or Cyllene hoar"; and Scott, *Lord of the Isles*, iv. 1, of Loch Eribol chiding "his caverns hoar".

7. **Dee**.

"Where your old bards, the famous Druids lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where *Deva* spreads her wizard stream".

(*Lycidas*, 53-55).

7. Awkward as the idiom is, the meaning must be 'Dee his billows'=Dee's billows. See note to v. 5. 8.

5. 4. Merlin had charge of Arthur's training, and the oversight of Timon's care of his young charge.

9. **her**. For the feminine see on viii. 23, 'her' used of 'castle'. Spenser may derive it from some earlier source. To Scott, time is masculine.

"Time rolls *his* ceaseless course" (*Lady of the Lake*, iii. 1).

6. 1. Right worthy scion, said the noble lady. For 'impe' see on Dedication, 3. 1. Scott speaks of his sons (Introduction to *Marmion*, Canto i) as:

"My imps, hardy, bold and wild".

gent; Latin, *gentilis*, belonging to a family or *gens*; of 'gentle blood'. "Sprung of Scotland's gentler blood" (Scott, *Marmion*). He thus speaks of himself, *Autobiography*: "My birth was neither distinguished nor sordid. According to the prejudices of my country, it was esteemed *gentle*, as I was connected with ancient families both by my father's and mother's side."

5. **crowne of martiall band**, head and founder of the Knights of the Round Table.

7. 1. **fatall**, used in the Latin sense of *fatalis*; not deadly, but ruled by fate. The prince had been sent by Destiny on his course.

5. The meaning appears to be, the wound rankling in my breast brought me, following its (or 'his') furious command, hither. The wound would not let him rest, but forced him on.

9. 8, 9. **lovers**—Which. For which=who, see on i. 26. 7.

10. 5. **to cry**. We now omit the 'to', at least in the active voice.

6. **brent**, burned; 'brunt', *Scottice*. For the interchange of letters cf. 'burst', 'brast'.

11. 8. Does soonest fall in unlucky fight, and yields his neck to the utmost despight, or wrath, of the victor.

12. 1. For example of what I say, adds Prince Arthur, look at your joy, the hapless Red Cross Knight, and at myself, how I am crushed.

2. **mated**, crossed, overcome. The term is derived from the Persian game of chess, introduced by the Crusades. When the move of the king is checked, or blocked, then he is *shah mat*, 'a dead king'. Marlowe has it in *Tamburlaine*, Part I, act i, sc. 1, "How now, my lord? What, *mated* and amazed?" The word 'check-mate' preserves the original sense.

3. **boy**, Cupid.

9. Spenser derives the phrase from the *Knight's Tale*, 1494, "All the Orient laugheth of the light", as Chaucer in turn took it from Dante, *Purgatorio*, i. 20.

13. 4. So the knights in Branksome Hall, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, i. 4,

"Lay down to rest with corslet laced,
Pillow'd on buckler cold and hard".

5. **humour**, the humid moist air bathed or steeped the senses in forgetfulness.

8. For the alliteration see note to iii. 4. 3.

14. 9. She is styled or called Queen. "Childe Harold was he hight" (*Byron*).

15. 7. **tyne**, toil, anxiety.

9. **n'ill**=ne will, I will not.

17. The knight addressing Una said: "O fairest virgin, who didst rescue me in my utter extremity, thou shalt rank next to her, this Queen of the Fairies. As for you, my lord, Prince Arthur, you may well aspire to the love of that great queen."

7. The allusion is as bold as it is plain, Spenser declaring that his early patron, the Earl of Leicester, was well worthy of the love and hand of Queen Gloriana—Elizabeth. For the love of Elizabeth for Leicester, see the curious anecdote by Queen Mary's envoy, Sir James Melville, quoted by Scott, Note H, on *Kenilworth*. "I was required", says Melville, "to stay till I had seen him made Earle of Leicester and Baron of Denbigh, with great solemnity; herself helping to put on his ceremonial, he sitting on his knees before her, keeping a great gravity and a discreet behaviour; but she could not refrain from putting her hand to his neck to kittle (*i.e.* tickle) him, smilingly, the French Ambassador and I standing beside her."

8. You, through your prowess, alone *prove* worthy of her love.

9. **liefe**, to be her love. iii. 28. 9.

18-20.—*The knights compliment each other, give presents to one another, and then separate for their further adventures.*

18. 1, 2. The participial clause is outside the construction. So, as they were discoursing of their various loves and passages in their life-story, the sun began to show his head.

4. *voyage*, journey; Italian *viaggio* through the Latin *viaticum*, and so originally of a land journey, not, as now, by sea.

5. *Als*, also.

19. 1. Of real diamond, embossed with gold, overlaid with gold.

2. *gorgeous*. For this word in Spenser's diction see iv. 8. 4.

5. This wondrous spell against wounds is not forgotten by Cervantes, *Don Quixote*, Part I, chapter xvi, in the true balsam of Fierabras, with which he could encounter all battles and conflicts, however hazardous. It was compounded of rosemary, oil, salt, and wine, a horrid mixture for Sancho Panza.

7. In return, the knight presents the prince with the New Testament, or the Covenant of God with man.

20. 3. *pray*, prey upon, make a prey of.

8. *hew*, appearance. A good example of the Spenserian usage, with no meaning of 'complexion'.

21-26.—*The Red Cross Knight meets a strange knight coming towards him at a gallop. He checks his flight and asks the cause of his alarm.*

21. 4. *aghast*, alarmed him. Past tense here; in 23. 3, as participle.

6. *feare*, the object of his fear, his fearful enemy.

7. *brast*, burst.

9. *Pegasus his kind*=Pegasus' kind. For the formation see note to v. 5. 8. Pegasus was the winged horse that sprang from the blood of Medusa. On this horse Perseus destroyed the sea monster to which Andromeda was exposed. Bellerophon attempted to mount Pegasus, but was unhorsed.

22. 2. His hair curled up in uncombed masses.

3. *uncouth*, strange. See viii. 31. 1.

6. His halter seemed a reproach to the degree of knighthood, to that step or condition of life.

23. 2. *mister wight*, what kind of man he was; to know what was his *métier* (French, office or business), or his *ministerium* (Latin, service, employment). So in Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, the Duke, interrupting the duel between Palamon and Arcite, demands,

“Tell me what *mystier’s* men ye been”. Pope’s explanation of *Dunciad*, iii. 187, is curiously erroneous: ‘myster wight=uncouth mortal!’

7. aread—arrayd. Elizabethan pun. See on viii. 46. 2.

9. In such unseeming plight.

24. 3. hartlesse, discouraged, with no heart or courage left in him.

5. For the Furies and chains see note to v. 31. 8.

25. 3. Eft=again.

8. Either (1) in spite of the boldness with which *the knight* sought to inspire him, fear got the mastery of Sir Trevisan; or (2) fear pierced the temporary courage of Sir Trevisan.

26. 1. The ‘And’ at the beginning of a sentence is noteworthy. It refers to nothing before, but to a chain of events in *thought*, connecting the first word of the speaker with a preceding thought. So, *Lady of the Lake*, vi. 22, “*And* art thou cold and lowly laid”. *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, iii. 1. 1:

“*And* said I that my limbs were old,
And said I that my blood was cold?”

Faery Queene, Book ii, viii. 1, “*And* is there love in Heaven?” Lord Lytton carries the artifice so far as to *begin* a novel in this way: “And the stars sat each upon his ruby throne, and looked with sleepless eyes upon the world” (*Pilgrims of the Rhine*).

7. the which. See on i. 26. 7.

27–32.—*Sir Trevisan relates his story and that of Sir Terwin.*

27. 3. Terwin, Trevisan (32). Though Arthur is given a Welsh origin in stanza 4, Spenser keeps close in local touches to the Cornish scenes with which the Arthurian Legend is generally associated. The names of the knights indicate this. “Mine host,” replied the stranger, “you may call me Tressilian.” “Tressilian?” answered my host of the Bear, “a worthy name; and, as I think, of Cornish lineage; for what says the South proverb—

‘By Pol, Tre, and Pen
 You may know the Cornish men?’”
 (*Kenilworth*, ch. i).

5. Not so happy as might be, not truly happy.

6. gent, of noble birth. Stanza 6. 1, above.

28. 3. blesse, deliver. So in ii. 18. 9 the Saracen’s sword missed the knight, and “from blame him fairly *blest*”.

4. whyleare, a while before, erewhile.

5. Despaire. Did Bunyan draw his Giant Despair and Doubting Castle from Spenser? It is generally thought so, and Lowell

ingeniously suggests that the Giant's offer of 'knife, halter, or poison' to Christian and Hopeful is exactly that which Despair makes in stanza 50 to the Red Cross Knight. Bunyan's words also—"Why should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness?"—seem a curious echo of 44, while much of Canto x appears closely followed by him. The whole question is well argued by Dr. Brown in his elaborate *Life of Bunyan*, 3rd ed. 1887. Yet it seems more probable that Bunyan derived such ideas from common sources or from some other channel. The man that on his marriage was so poor as to have only two books, brought him by his wife, *The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven* (1601), and *The Practice of Piety* (1612), was not likely to possess a secular book like the *Faery Queene*, much less likely to read it in Bedford jail. See again for this point, note to xi. 29.

6. *areedes*, counsels, greetings.

29. 2. *Embossed with bale*, covered with sorrow. It is strictly a term borrowed from hunting, as Scott uses it in *Lady of the Lake*, i. 7, "*emboss'd with foam*", to describe the stag as foaming and nearly hunted down. Shakespeare, the old deer stealer in his young days in Charlecote Park, uses it correctly in *Taming of the Shrew*, i. 17, Introduction, and *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 13. 3. The idea that connects it with the action of the stag when he 'takes to the wood' (*s'embûche*) seems quite absurd. The stag is covered with flakes or 'bosses' of foam, and the human heart is distressed with 'bale'.

3. *launched*, lanced, pierced.

8. Persuade us *to die*.

31. 1. How, said the Red Cross Knight, can a man be induced to spoil the citadel of his own health? "I", replied Sir Trevisan, "only know that he can be so induced, and I speak from experience."

4. *worldes*, dissyllabic.

5. *mealt'h*=melteth. See vi. 12. 4.

32. 2. *treachour*, traitor.

4. *Of grace*, of your gracious courtesy, graciously.

7. *for gold nor glee*=not for love or money.

9. I would *liefer* die, would more willingly die. To me it would be a *dearer* thing to die: *liefer*, comp. of O.E. *lief*, dear.

33-37.—*Led by Sir Trevisan, the knight and Una approach the Cave of Despair.*

33. 3. *ypight*, set, pitched. See on ii. 42. 7.

4, 5. The alliteration is rather overdone.

6. "The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign" (Gray, *Elegy*).

8. fowle=fowls. For form cf. 'wild-fowl'. See note to iii. 22. 7.

34. 3. The 'knees' of the hillside are the rocky projections.

7. For fear and doleful grief.

35. 4. griesie=grisly, shagged, unkempt.

9. as=as if.

36. 3. which he wrapt about his side.

6. wallowed=wallowing.

37. 7. fact, evil deed. What justice is there but must rightly decide against you, to pay with your own blood the price of his?

38-47.—*The address of Despair to the knight.*

38. 9. uneath, with difficulty.

39. 6. Spenser mixes his forms: Envious man, that *grievest* at a neighbour's good; and foolishly-fond, that *rejoicest* in, &c.

41. 1. wit=intelligence, intellectual force, not humorous force.

4. The knight uses the Platonic argument in the *Phaedo*, and argues that the "Almighty has stablished his canon against self-slaughter".

4. The soldier will not quit the steadfast spot, on which he takes up his post. So 'in his *stead*'=in his place.

5. bed. Spenser seems here dangerously near a word of his own coinage, for the sake of the rhyme. The tenses seem confused.

9. droome=drum. Spenser (see Introduction) was a 'Lancashire lad', and such pronunciations are constantly cropping up in him. They appear thickest in the dialectical *Shepheards Calender*.

42. 7. his=its. Necessity that holds the ever-changing world, the world as *it* ever changes.

43. 3. thou boasts=thou boastest. The North Country idiom, and a common feature in Burns:

"Thou *minds* me o' departed joys" (*The Banks o' Doon*).

"Whyles, in human bosom pryin' | Unseen thou *lurks*"
(*Address to the Deil*).

44. 2. betake thyself. "Then to her yron wagon she betakes" (v. 28. 1).

3. To anticipate the ill that may ensue, or follow upon, life.

45. 4. amate, crush, overpower. See on 'mated', stanza 12.

7. thy date, thy term of life.

46. 3. sinfull hire = your selling yourself to sin.

7. falséd, hast falsified. ii. 30. 3.

8. vild = vile.

48-54.—*The knight is almost persuaded by the tempter, Despair, to kill himself, when he is saved by the intervention of Una.*

48. The meaning of the stanza is that the knight had sinned. Before his conscience there rises up his past, and his errors. He thinks there now remains for him nothing but a fearful condemnation, and in despair is almost tempted to self-destruction.

5. The tempter turned out his life before him, showed both sides.

8. **inchaunted rimes**, incantations “keeping time, time, time In a sort of Runic rime” (Poe). The word is O.E. *rim*, and has no true connection with ‘rhyme’, the later spelling being influenced through the Greek *ῥυθμός*, though Prof. Saintsbury (*History of English Literature*, 1898, p. 45, note) fancifully doubts it.

49. 6. **table**, in a picture; Latin, *tabula picta*, painted board, French, *tableau*. For the mediæval fondness for dwelling on the sterner aspect of religion, and for *Last Judgments*, &c., see Köstlin’s *Luther*, p. 17.

50. 1. **thoroughly** = thoroughly.

5. **overcraw**, vaunt over him. Still a Lancashire idiom in the Spenser country (Grosart’s *Spenser*, i. 413).

51. 2. **raught**, reached. Cf. ‘teach’, ‘taught’.

53. 1. Again the alliteration seems rather overdone.

5. **chosen**, by the ‘election’ or will of God. Spenser here speaks in the language of Puritan theology.

6. “Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin,” &c. (*Charles Wesley*).

8. **accurst hand-writing**. “Having blotted out the bond written in ordinances that was against us: and he hath taken it out of the way, nailing it to the cross” (*Colossians*, ii. 14).

54. 1. **amounted**, climbed the hillside? or mounted his horse?

2. **carle**, old man. O.E. *ceorl*, churl.

5. **unbid, unblest**, without a prayer, without a blessing; active or passive, said by himself or having them said over him. For ‘bid’ see on ‘bidding his beads’, i. 30. 7.

7. **drest**, had addressed or prepared himself.

8. **doe him die**, make him die. French, *faire mourir*, as before.

9. **die his last death**, die at last.

CANTO X

1-4.—*The knight is still too weak to take the field. Una sees this, and leads him to the house of Caelia, Heavenly Wisdom.*

1. 7. **thorough** = through. i. 32. 3.

2. 7. **diets daint**, dainty food: 'daint' is the adjective.

8. **chearen**, cheer himself, recover his good cheer.

3. The reader should carefully notice the religious touches in the Canto, and observe how the older forms are still used to express the tenets of the new Puritanism. In Macaulay's essay on *Burleigh and His Times* will be found an admirable exposition of the 'mixed kind' of religion that then prevailed. Dame Caelia is here 'bidding of her bedes', like Archimago in i. 30!

4. 1. **Caelia**, Heavenly Wisdom, or Holiness (Lat. *caelum*, heaven); **Fidelia**, **Speranza**, **Charissa**, and **Humiltá** are Italianized on the model of Ariosto.

4. **thewes**, manners; ix. 3.

7. Wanting the solemnization of wedlock. They were betrothed, not yet wedded.

8. **fere**, companion. Burns has made this word world-wide in *Auld Lang Syne*:

"And here 's a hand, my trusty *fere*".

5-11.—*Humility, the porter, admits them and leads them to Caelia.*

5. 8. **Hight Humiltá**, called Humility. It is necessary to be humble, as children, to enter the kingdom of heaven.

9. **streight** and narrow. See *Matthew*, vii. 14.

6. 4. The Franklin or freeholder is a type of those made free by the liberty of the gospel.

7. 3. In grave, sober attire. Reverence knew how to conduct himself with propriety towards every rank and degree in society.

7. **entreat**, welcome, receive. There was no artful refinement; he was simply-true and unfeignedly-sweet.

8. 9. Caelia was comforted by beholding the more youthful years of Una. Or, in her own weakness Caelia was comforted; her weakness was made strength.

9. 5. **ever-dying dread**, dying only to revive again.

6. **long a day**; on the analogy of 'many a day'.

10. 1. Caelia says it is a rare thing to see knights-errant in the house. They were rather inclined to trust in the arms of the flesh, and to depend on earthly power.

8. **rightest**. Bain (*English Grammar*, p. 146) quotes 're-piningest' from Sidney; 'ancienter', 'honourablest' from Bacon; 'learnedest', 'famousest', 'solemnest', 'virtuousest' from Hooker; and 'eloquenter' from Fuller.

11. 5. **blowne**, by the breath of the trumpet of Fame.

12-17.—*Faith and Hope enter. They converse with Una.*

12. 2. **in place**=there, thither. Faith and Hope are arrayed with the symbols common in mediæval art and legend. Faith is dressed in white, the colour of innocence, and bears a sacramental cup of wine and water. In the cup is a serpent, the type of wisdom. She bears the Bible in the other hand. Speranza, or Hope, is clad in blue, the colour of divine piety and contemplation; her hand rests on an anchor, her hope being anchored in heaven, to which she looks up.

14. 9. **swarvéd**=swerved, or turned aside.

15. 5. **shamefast**, modest; now corrupted to 'shamefaced'. But like 'steadfast', 'soothfast', &c., it means fast rooted to shame.

8. Who in turn greets them courteously, as he thought best.

9. **gest**, exploit. Latin, *res gesta*. One of the great mediæval histories was styled the *Gesta Romanorum*, the 'Exploits of the Romans'; extracts were told as stories, or romances, and in this secondary sense the word means a 'jest' or humorous tale.

17. 5. I advise you to rest, and fall back on, or retire to, your chambers.

18-27.—*The knight is disciplined by Hope and Penance.*

18. 7. **agrate**, showed grace or favour to; p.t. of 'aggrace'.

20. When she was pleased more richly to pour out her treasures, she told of Joshua commanding the sun and moon to stand still; of Gideon and his men; of Moses passing the Red Sea; and of the power of faith to remove mountains (*Matthew*, xxi. 21).

24. 3. Ablative absolute construction. When this was known (Latin, *quo cognito*, &c.), and all that vexed or annoyed his spirit was searched, &c.

25. 2. **infected sin**, deeply ingrained sin.

8. **corrosives**, medicines to break up the evil humours.

26. 9. There was not a jot or tittle of the 'old Adam', or of original sin, left in him. 'jot', Greek ἰῶτα, is the Hebrew *yôd*, the

smallest letter in the Hebrew alphabet, and so a symbol of anything little (*Matthew*, v. 18). So Milton (*Sonnet xxii*), blind and solitary, did not "bate a jot of heart or hope".

27. 2. disple = discipline, to train.

28-34.—*Charity and Mercy undertake his cure.*

28. 5. gronings. "With groanings which cannot be uttered" (*Romans*, viii. 26).

31. 5. tyre. See note to viii. 46. 5.

6. owches. See note to ii. 13. 5.

7. Whose surpassing price could scarcely be told.

33. 4. to donne. This is a remnant of the old English gerund in *-nne*. The infinitive was *dōn*. "The old English infinitive was formerly a suffix *-an*; as 'bindan', to bind, writan, to write. It was partially inflected like a noun, taking a dative in *-e* after 'to' for the expression of purpose: 'to bindanne'—our gerund. By the thirteenth century the terminations had fallen away, and 'to' was also transferred to the simple infinitive. When the 'to' ceased to be a distinctive mark of the dative infinitive or gerund, 'for' was introduced to make the writer's intention clear. 'What went ye out for to see?' 'They came for to shew him the temple.'" (Bain, *English Grammar*, pp. 154, 157.)

34. 3. descride, expressed, marked her out.

8. worldes, dissyllabic; through the raging sea of life.

35-43.—*They bring him to the Holy Hospital, where the Seven Bedesmen are.*

35. 3. breares = briers, with the North Country pronunciation (breers).

36. 2. fore by the way, hard by; 'fore by a fountaine side', vii. 2. 7.

3. bead-men, men on the foundation of a religious institution, bound to pray (i. 30. 7) for the welfare and the good estate of the Founder. Then in a secondary sense for 'dependant'; e.g. De Wilton (*Marmion*, vi. 6. 6) found refuge "within my ancient beadsman's shed". By the order of the Scottish Court of Exchequer the King's Beadsmen, or Blue Gowns, received a leathern purse and a penny in it for every year of the king's life. Edie Ochiltree, in Scott's novel of *The Antiquary*, belonged to this class of royal blue-gowns or beggars. See much curious and picturesque information in Wilson's *Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time*, for the

scene of the Royal Bedesmen assembling before the Canongate Church for the annual distribution of the bounty.

38. 8. What need had he? Impersonal use.

39. 9. A reference to the legend of St. Martin of Tours. When a military tribune at Amiens he parted his cloak with a beggar who asked alms of him before the gate of the city. In A.D. 371 he was made bishop of Tours; died A.D. 397.

40. 3. The great power of the Turks in the Mediterranean, with their piratical states of Tunis and Algiers, led to many prisoners being taken. It was considered meritorious to form societies for the redemption of such from slavery. Cervantes, after the battle of Lepanto, was taken prisoner by a Turkish galley and imprisoned for five years at Algiers. "The father of Cervantes died in 1579, leaving the burden of Miguel's liberation to rest upon his mother and the widowed sister. The two women managed between them to raise a sum of 300 ducats, equivalent to £35 in English money. From other sources another sum of 300 ducats was got, chiefly by way of loan—a burden which hung round the neck of Miguel for years after—and the whole placed in the hands of Father Juan Gil, the Redemptorist Father, and Official Redeemer of Castile, whom Cervantes in his gratitude has made immortal" (Watts, *Life of Cervantes*, p. 42, and p. 50 for the famous *El Barquero* picture of the great Spanish writer).

8. harrowd hell, destroyed the power of hell. The old belief of the Church was that our Lord descended into hell, and thence led captivity captive, bringing with him the souls of ransomed men. So in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, 3512:

"I shall it never tell
To child nor wife, by him that *harwed* helle".

41. 3. Impersonal. To them there is the greatest need of comfort.

8. throw, throe, pang.

9. Ecclesiastes, xi. 3.

42. 2. engrave, to lay in the grave.

8. Note the pronunciation of 'should' rhyming with 'mould'.

9. "One sometimes feels in reading Spenser as if he were the pure sense of the beautiful incarnated to the one end that he might interpret it to our duller perceptions. So exquisite was his sensibility, that with him sensation and intellection seem identical. Of this he himself gives a striking hint, where, speaking in his own person, he suddenly breaks in on his narrative with the passionate cry, 'Ah dearest God, me grant I dead be not defouled'" (J. R. Lowell).

43. 3. James, i. 26.

44-52.—*There a while the knight rests. Then he passes to the Hermitage of Contemplation.*

44. 6. louted. See on i. 30.

45. 1. There she makes him stay, to rest himself. 'to rest—to the rest', another Elizabethan pun or quibble.

46. 7. Nor did he apply himself to other business. For the whole scene, the famous lines attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh—*The Pilgrimage*—should be read, written on Dec. 9, 1603: "such, at least, is my personal conviction from the internal evidence" (Gosse, *Raleigh*, p. 159). Milton, in *Comus*, 377-380 refers possibly to both passages.

47. 4. kindly sight. See note to iii. 28. 7.

5. persant, piercing, the participle-ending. See on i. 17.

48. 7. He took no thought or care of his body. "I buffet my body, and bring it into bondage" (1 *Corinthians*, ix. 27).

49. 7. far afore, far off in front of him.

9. clomb, climbed.

50. 7. behight, promised, entrusted. Marlowe has this rare usage in his translation of Ovid's *Elegies*, No. ii.: "She smiled, and with quick eyes *behight* some grace".

51. 6. In=on. "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven" (A.V.). Marlowe, *Tamburlaine*, ii. 5, says, "I think the pleasure they enjoy in heaven cannot compare with kingly joys *in* earth".

52. 8. Till the spirit is assoiléd, set free, *absolved* from the bonds of the body. The term is from the Norman-French law; it is still in daily use in Scottish sheriff courts.

"Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day," &c.

—Tennyson, *Morte D'Arthur*

53-57.—*The knight is led to the mountain, from which he descries a path leading to the New Jerusalem.*

53. 1. highest mount. Type of Mount Sinai.

3. Spenser has been needlessly condemned for thinking that the Red Sea derived its name from the colour of the waves. He *may* have thought the waves at the time were red with the blood of the Egyptians, or he may have known its true cause. "I remember seeing the Red Sea off the Desert of Sinai, red as blood, not merely under the purple splendour of the marvellous sunset—a hue common to all sunsets—but from the myriad infusoria so far as I could make

out. So it is not a mere fancy, much less a blunder."—Dr. Grosart's note, p. 201 of Chester's *Rosalin's Complaint* (1601), in the New Shakespeare Society, 1878. Chester also has 'red-coloured waves'.

5. *yod* = went, pt. of *yede*.

"In other pace than forth he *yode*
Returned Lord Marmion."

—*Marmion*, iii. 31.

7. There is no literal authority for the Sinai-code being so written. Spenser only refers to its stern nature; just as the Athenian Code of Dracôn, the lawgiver, was so described.

54. 1. Mount Olivet, rising over the valley of the Kedron to about 2600 feet.

6. Parnassus, the abode of the Nine Muses.

7. *each where* = everywhere.

55. 7. *ditty*. To describe the walls of the New Jerusalem Spenser waives, as too high a theme prescribed, a thing *dictated* (Latin, *dictatum*), for his lowly Muse.

57. 1. *Hierusalem*. Spenser prefers the Greek form, preserved in the very ancient lines beginning—

"Hierusalem, my happie home,
When shall I come to thee?"

8. *sam*. Not 'in that same city', as the critics say; the rhyme being fatal to this. *Sam* = together, the Greek *σῶμα*, the rough breathing having displaced the initial 's'. See Peile's *Greek and Latin Etymology*, p. 323, ed. 1872. So in *Shepheards Calender*, May, 176, 177:

"For what concord han light and darke *sam*?
Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe?"

'Sam' is still a Lancashire-Spenser-country idiom, as Grosart (*Spenser*, i, p. xlvii) shows. "To-day," he adds, "'I will stand *sam*' is an everyday phrase among boon-companions, *i.e.* pay for the drinks together."

58-68.—*This New Jerusalem is far fairer than Cleopolis, the city of Gloriana. The lineage and the future of the Red Cross Knight are revealed to him.*

58. 2. *Cleopolis*, London. See vii. 46, the abode of Gloriana—Elizabeth. As the shepherd in Virgil (*Eclogues*, i. 20) thought his little hamlet was the fairest city till he had seen Rome, so (said the Red Cross Knight) London had seemed to me to be the greatest city on earth. until I have now here seen the New Jerusalem.

5. **towre**, Windsor Castle? Or the Tower of London, under which and its shadow the boy Spenser, a native of East Smithfield, was born and bred. To him it was what Scott found in Smailholme Tower—

“that mountain tower,
Which charmed my fancy’s wakening hour” (*Marmion*).

9. **towre of glas**. A reference to Chaucer, and his description in the *Hous of Fame* of “a temple y-mad of glas”, 120.

59. 2. **for earthly frame**, considered as a model framed by the hands of man.

4. It is seemly and proper for all noble knights there to repair, and gather round the Queen. Impersonal use.

6. **eternizéd**, immortalized. So Spenser dedicated his *Faery Queene* to Elizabeth, “to live with the ETERNITIE of her fame”.

60. 1. **faire ymp**, noble scion. Thou noble scion, of true English descent, however as yet reported to be a fairy’s son, right worthily as a knight-errant dost thou perform thy service, in order to win the grace, or favour, of the Queen, in thus protecting Una.

61. 7. **saint**. For the introduction of St. George among the Seven Champions of Christendom, and his adoption as the Patron-Saint of England, see note to ii. 11. 9.

9. **mery England**. Spenser applies the same epithet to London.

“At length they all to *mery London* came,
To *mery London*, my most kindly nurse”
(*Prothalamion*, 128).

It may mean jovial and happy, as in the phrase ‘under the merry greenwood tree’, alluding to the life led by Robin Hood and his men under the trees of Sherwood Forest. In the ballads, however, it is frequent in the phrase ‘My merry men’, e.g. in *Chevy Chase*. Addison (*Spectator*, No. 70) takes it there to be “no more than a cheerful word for companions and fellow soldiers”. This is questionable, as it does not suit its ascription to Carlisle, e.g. *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, i. 6: “From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle”. The true explanation is given by Robert Jamieson, in Note K to Scott’s *Lady of the Lake*: “‘Merry England’, renowned, old Teutonic *mere*, Gaelic *marra*, Welsh *mawr*; merry men, not men of mirth but of renown”. ‘Merry London’ will then be like the Homeric κλυτὸν Ἀργος.

62. 9. **loose loves**. For the morals of many of the legendary knights in the Arthurian Legend see the bitter and scoffing ‘Addition to the Preface’ by Byron, at the opening of his *Childe Harold*. Ascham, also, in the *Schoolmaster*, writes: “In our forefathers’ tyme, when Papistrie, as a standying poole, covered and overflowed all England, few books were reade in our tongue, savying certaine

books of chevalrie, as they say for pastime and pleasure. . . . As one, for example, *La Morte D'Arthure*, the whole pleasure of which book standeth in two speciall poynts, in open manslaughter and bold bawdrie, &c. &c."

64. 1. so God *give me grace*. "She so much *agrate* that knight" (x. 18. 7).

6. *behigh*, why didst thou style me. For the intensive 'be-' see on viii. 28. 6.

65. 3. *in place*=here, in their day and generation.

9. *chaungelings*. It was a constant belief of the time that a fairy could steal away a mortal child, and replace it, 'change it at nurse' by a deformed substitute. "The subjects of Fairy Land were recruited", says Scott, "from the regions of humanity by a sort of *crimping* system." See for much clear and handy information on this question of the fairies, his *Ballad of Alice Brand* in the *Lady of the Lake*, Canto iv, and his copious annotation on it.

66. St. George, born of blood-royal but early stolen by the fairies, was found by a *ploughman* as he turned up the furrow with his team. Hence he was called 'Georgos', Γεωργός, George. Spenser, or his authorities, must have followed the legend of the Etruscan Tages, the grandson of Jupiter, who was so found, and gave the science of divination to his race. Cicero, *De Divinatione*, ii. 23.

67. 4. *bound*=lead, or prepare. It is the 'boun' of the ballads: "busk and *boun* ye, my merry men", make ready. Still in the phrase 'outward *bound*'.

5. *adowne*, from the hill of contemplation.

7. through the surpassing brightness and the too dazzling shine (if 'shine' be noun); or the brightness which confounded and shone, did so exceedingly shine.

CANTO XI

1-4.—*It is now time to return to the purpose for which Una sought out the Red Cross Knight. They descry the dragon.*

1. 3. *forwasted*, ravaged.

7. Dear knight that dost suffer, or sufferest.

2. 4. *be at your keeping well*=be carefully on your guard. "Of nothing he takes *keepe*," i. 40. 9.

3. 1. This stanza is not in the first quarto, but is in the 1596 edition.

4. 3. *uneath*, almost.

9. *untill*=unto.

5-7.—*Address of the poet to his Muse.*

5. 1. yede = go, pass on; x. 53. 5.

5. turnd a little wyde, out of the way.

7. Spenser braces himself for an effort, and makes a formal address to Clio, the Muse of History, "the nourse of time", as preserving noble deeds from oblivion. She is called the daughter of Phœbus and Mnemosyne, an ancient goddess early in the order of things. This importance of 'memory' was natural in a stage when there was no written literature, and oral power was all important to aid the preservation of deeds.

6. 4. heroës; the plural termination is brought in through the influence of the Greek ἥρωες.

7. "O Muse Clio, lay aside thy martial strain till I come to a later portion of my song. There I hope to work in some allusions to the deeds of my friend, the Earl of Essex." In the second of the Sonnets prefixed to the *Faery Queene*, he thus addresses Essex:

"When my Muse, whose feathers, nothing fitt
Do yet but flagg, and lowly learne to fly,
With bolder wing shall dare aloft to sty,
To the last praises of this Faery Queene;
Then shall it make more famous memory
Of thine Heroicke parts, such as they beene".

3. Briton fields = British fields dyed with *Spanish* blood. There must be some allusion to the conflicts between England and the Paynim king, Philip II of Spain, and his 'Moorish' subjects. It is not clear whether the defeat of the Armada, or the exploits of Sidney in the Netherlands at Zutphen, is intended.

7-9. Lay aside, till that date, thy haughty warlike strain. Meanwhile, let there be a note in a minor key, 'a second tenor', when I shall sing of the Red Cross Knight.

9. man of God his armes = this man of God's arms; for the possessive see note to v. 5. 8.

blaze, blaze abroad, by the trumpet of Fame.

8-19—*The knight and the dragon fight. First stage.*

8. 1. The contest of the Red Cross Knight and the dragon is the least successful effort in the whole of Book i. A fight over two days is more in the vein of the books of chivalry derided by Cervantes than in the tone of a poem professing to deal with facts that are real, however much they may be idealized as happening in fairy land. The interest is feeble; we know the result beforehand, and a dragon of such enormous extent is too serious a strain on the imagination and powers of belief.

2. Imitated by Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 940, in the description of Satan: "Half on foot, half flying".

10. 1. flaggy wings, flagging, flapping weakly.

4. pennes, the Latin *pennae*, the feathers.

11. 3. boughts, coils, folds. See note to i. 15. 3.

13. 7. seare, burning, withering.

14. 2. sparkled fyre = sparkled with fire, shot forth fire: as in 'foming tarre', v. 28. 8.

4. An allusion to the system of beacons, giving notice of the sighting of the Spanish Armada, and so inimitably described in Macaulay's splendid fragment, *The Armada*.

17. 7. imperceable. The accent must be stressed on the third syllable.

18. 8. stouping. A term in falconry, when the hawk stoops before finally swooping on its prey. "As *stoops* the hawk upon his prey" (*Lady of the Lake*, iii. 15); and Longfellow in *Hiawatha*:

"Seldom *stoops* the soaring vulture
O'er his quarry in the desert".

19. 1. the subject plaine. Latinism, *campus subjectus*, the plain lying beneath. "To the subjected plain" (Milton, *Paradise Lost*, xii. 640).

2. Ewghen, adj. for 'yew'-tree. Cf. *treen*, ii. 39. 9.

3. Till they struggling did constrain him.

5. haggard hauke, a hawk of the hedge or the haws (as in *hawthorn*); A.S. *haga*.

"I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock"

(*Much Ado about Nothing*, iii. 1).

The termination is as in 'laggard', 'braggart', &c.

6. his hable might = beyond the limit of his ability or power; his skilled (Latin, *habilis*) strength.

8. trusse the pray = get his talons well into it, so as to make it a portable or handy burden.

20-28.—*In the conflict the knight is very hard pressed.*

20. 1. He, the knight, being thus set free from the 'gryping grosse', or the strong clutch of the dragon, strives to bury his spear in the body of the beast. Or, he (the dragon) being forced to let go his hold, the knight, &c.

disseizéd, a legal term. A man put in possession of a pro-

perty is 'seized', or made master of it by a *sasine*, or writ; when dispossessed, he is 'disseized'.

2. **thrillant**, thrilling, piercing. So 'persant', 'trenchand', 'glitterand'.

3. **embosse**, to enclose. So in iii. 24. 4; Archimago 'in mighty armies embost' meets Una.

9. **uncouth**, strange, unwonted. See on viii. 31. 1.

21. 3. **ragged**, rugged.

5. '**he**', the yawning gulf in the earth, or in the sea; by personification.

8. The hyperbole seems extravagant. Marlowe in a (apparently very early) translation of the First Book of Lucan has

" *The Earth went off her hinges*, and the Alps
Shook the old snow from off her trembling laps",

translating i. 551, "*tum cardine Tellus | subsedit*". The identity in language is certainly striking, in view of Marlowe's other liftings (vii. 32) from Spenser.

22. 9. **nosethrill**, nostril. See on 'thrall', ii. 22. 3. Chaucer (*Prologue*, 557) says the miller's "nosethirles blake were and wyde".

23. 5. **implyes**, infolds; Latin, *implicat*.

7. **can**=gan, began; or did rise, rose, with 'can' (O.E. *ginnan*) as auxiliary verb.

25. 5. **pight**=pitched. See note to ii. 42. 7.

8. **stye**=to mount. See quotation on st. 7 above.

26. 6. **swingéd**=singed.

27. 3. Not even the famous Hercules, with all his twelve labours, was so hard pressed as the knight then was.

5. Nessus was one of the Centaurs. Attempting to carry off Deianira, he was shot by Hercules with a poisoned arrow. In revenge, the dying Nessus gave her his tunic dyed with blood, as a spell or charmed robe to recover the lost love of Hercules. In a jealous fit she sent it to Hercules, who put it on. It clung fatally to his flesh, racked him with agony, and induced him to ascend a funeral pyre on Mount Oeta in Thessaly. But we hear nothing in legend of 'bloody charmed verses' or 'inchaunted rhymes' (ix. 48). That is an addition by Spenser, in the spirit of Norse mythology.

9. **arm'd**=harm'd. An Elizabethan pun, as frequent in Spenser. Read Milton's *Paradise Lost*, vi. 610-30, of which Stopford Brooke (*Milton*, p. 108) writes: "The scoffing jests of Satan and Belial may be paralleled from the *Iliad*, but they lower, as the whole scene does, the dignity of the poem; and it is lowered still more by the jingle of terms in the jests, the puns, and the quibbles—unfortunate

relics of the Elizabethans". Thomas Fuller abounds in such jests and conceits.

"A quibble is to Shakspeare what luminous vapours are to the traveller; he follows it at all adventures. It has some malignant power over his mind, and its fascinations are irresistible; it is the golden apple for which he will always turn aside in his career or stoop from his elevation." Johnson, *Preface to Shakspeare*.

29-33.—*By happy fortune the Red Cross Knight falls into a springing well, where he lies all night.*

29. 3. The Well of Life is here signified. The question of Bunyan and Spenser has been already (ix. 28) treated. Johnson thought Bunyan had been greatly indebted to Spenser; but this is doubtful, when we see that this miraculous well is taken by Spenser from a similar passage in the old romance of *Bevis of Southampton*. We know that Bunyan read this, and the old legends of the Seven Champions of Christendom. "Give me a ballad," he says, "a news-book, *George on Horseback*, or *Bevis of Southampton*, some book that tells of old fables." *Sir Bevis* was a special favourite of Sir Walter Scott, who (*Journal*, Jan. 26, 1831), at the very end of his life had an edition on the stocks for the Roxburghe Club.

8. hot, was called, p.t. of *hight*.

30. 6. This well had virtues beyond the Pool of **Siloam** (*John*, ix. 7); and the **Jordan** with Naaman the Syrian (*2 Kings*, v. 14).

7. **Bath**. The *Aquæ Solis*, or Hot Springs of Bath, were well known to the Romans during their occupation of Britain.

Spau, Spa, near Liege in Belgium, from which the name is transferred to watering-places, like Scarborough, &c. &c. The Spa-well of Aberdeen, "that healthful font | Whose yrne-hewed water coloureth the mount", is well known from the Latin poems of Arthur Johnstone (1587-1641): "*ferrugineis Spada colorat aquis*".

8. **Cephise**, Cephisus, a small river in Attica, flowing into the sea near Philerum. But nothing of such virtue is anywhere known of it.

Hebrus, the river in Thrace. Nothing is asserted of it either in this respect; its coldness being the known feature. But it may be suggested that here Spenser confuses Horace's account of his Sabine farm, *Epistles*, i. 16. 12. He speaks of having on it a fountain, the source of the Digentia:

"ut nec
Frigidior Thracam nec purior ambiat Hebrus,
Infirmo capiti fluit utilis," &c.

The fountain with its medicinal virtues is as *cold* and *pure* as the Hebrus, but Spenser took it as referring to the Hebrus, possibly writing from memory.

31. 4. **journall**=daily. Fr. *journal*, through Latin, *diurnus*. A 'journal' is a record of what passes from day to day.

33. 2. **That**=on which. See v. 19. 1.

Titan=sun: "Awake, my soul, and with the sun | Thy daily stage of duty run" (Ken's *Morning Hymn*).

4. **deawy**. "I find a goodly number of Yankeeisms in Spenser, such as *idee*; but the oddest is his twice spelling *dew deow*, which is just as one would spell it who wished to phonetize its sound in rural New England" (J. R. Lowell).

8. **safety**, trisyllabic as in ix. 1. 5, 'safety despize'.

34-44.—*The refreshed knight rises to the fight again; he is again forced to retire.*

34. 3. The eagle renewed his youth by soaring up to the highest realm in air, to the region of fire, and then plunging down into the sea, to restore his old pinions afresh. This is the belief that Milton refers to in the famous passage of the *Areopagitica*: "Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant Nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: Methinks I see her as an Eagle muing [see on v. 20] her mighty youth, and kindling her undaz'd eyes at the full midday beam," &c. &c.

6. **eyas hauke**, a young hawk, an unfledged bird in the nest.

35. 6. **deaw-burning blade**. His burning, flashing 'brand' or sword flashed like the dew. So in Tennyson's *Morte D'Arthur* the sword Excalibur "Sparkled keen with frost against the hilt".

36. 2. Holy water's dew.

7. **embrew**, imbrue itself in the dragon's blood.

8. **stownd**, till that hour; German, *stunde*.

37. 2. **yelded**, p.t. as if from a present 'yeld'.

5. His outstretched tail.

6. **buxome aire**. 'Buxom' is flexible, O. E. *bugsam*, from *bagan*, to bend. Milton so uses it (*Paradise Lost*, ii. 842) of Satan, floating through the air, "winnowing the *buxom* air". Scott describes Marmion, able and versatile, fit to lead his men anywhere, as a "buxom chief", iii. 4.

38. 2. **intended**; Latinism, levelled, outstretched at him.

4. **behot**, would have promised him life, would have ventured to assert that there was still life in him. For the formation see stanza 29, and for meaning see on x. 50. 7.

8. **diseasd**=dis-eased, put him out of ease into pain.

39. 6. heft, heaved.

40. 2. enfouldred, engendered with lightning (Latin, *fulgur*) and smoke.

41. 6. gripéd gage, the prize of victory seized by the dragon.

42. 6. used, are wont.

43. 9. The paw, though cleft from the dragon, still held on to the shield, spite of its diminished force, just as it had at first fixed on to it. *Pight*, see on st. 25 above.

45-49.—*He falls, but is saved by the balm welling from the Tree of Life.*

45. 5. expire = breathe forth.

46. 2. Loaden = loaded, laden. For the rhyme of 'red' and 'red' where the meaning and derivation is different, see on i. 18, 'traine'.

4. over all were red = were proclaimed everywhere. German *überall*; as "wide wonders *over all* were told", viii. 3. 7.

5. all which = all who. See on i. 26. 7.

7. sted, place; there to stand *stedfast*.

47. 9. The constant idiom of French, *faire mourir*.

49. The dragon could not approach; he was subject unto death, of mortal breed, and could not approach the living waters.

50-55.—*The knight again rises refreshed; he renews the contest, and drives his sword through the dragon's jaws.*

50. 9. noyous = noxious, annoying, wearisome.

51. 2, 3. Aurora—Tithone. See note to ii. 7. 1.

52. 7. damnifyde, ruined him, damaged. Late Latin, *damnificare*.

53. 5. Perforce, by force. The knight repelled force by force.

9. retyrd; when drawn back, the sword brought with it the dragon's life-blood.

55. 4. misdeem'd. She had falsely conceived the idea of dread; appearances made her believe the knight dead.

CANTO XII

1-4. — *The poet sees the end of his work. Una is now restored to the home of her father.*

1. 3. Change the direction of the sail; keep the vessel's head close on to the land, which is now descried (or within our 'ken') afore, or in front of us.

“As if it dodged a water sprite,
It plunged and tacked and *veered*”

(Coleridge, *Ancient Mariner*).

The skipper of the schooner *Hesperus* “watched how the *veering* flaw did blow”.

4. The which = which; i. 26. 7.

5. offend, beat against us; Latin, *offendo*.

3. 7. out of hond = off-hand, at once.

9. forrayed, ravaged. Properly of an inroad to secure forage:

“And Liddesdale may buckle spur
And Teviot now may belt the brand,
Taras and Ewes keep nightly stir
And Eskdale foray Cumberland”

(*Bridal of Triermain*, Canto iii).

4. 4. tort, wrong. An English law term. Latin, *tortus*, something twisted; from *torqueo*: as ‘wrong’ is something *wrung* out of the straight course.

7. consort, they all flocked or consorted thither.

5-12. — *Forth from the city come old and young in joyous rout.*

5. 4. crew, band. In good sense in Spenser. See viii. 50:

“Girt with many a baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous dames and statesmen old
In bearded majesty appear” (Gray, *The Bard*).

7. to sownd, to clash or brandish, make them resound.

6. 9. on hight, on high. Cf. ‘on the loft’, i. 41. 3.

7. 1. fry, the crowd or ‘spawn’, properly of fishes.

8. 3. humblesse, humility. Cf. ‘noblesse’ = nobility.

9. 1. raskall. For the word, as an expression of Spenser's social and political feeling, see on vii. 35.

many, crowd. Connected, not with ‘many’, as in ‘many men’, but with O.F. *maisnie*, a household; Low Latin, *mansionata*,

the retinue or following of a great house. So in Chaucer's phrase of "Jakke Straw and his meynee" (*Nun's Priest's Tale*, 4584), relating to the Socialist rising in 1378 under Straw and Wat Tyler.

10. 3. Warned them not to touch him, or it; the dead dragon.

12. 4. *defeasance* = defeat.

13-17.—*The king brings the knight to the palace, where they feast right royally.*

13. 2. *shaumes*, musical instruments. From Latin, *calamus*, the *reed* of the mouthpiece.

5. *purveyaunce*, provision, entertainment.

8. of great name = of great value.

14. 1. *guize*, behaviour, demeanour.

9. This attack on courtiers, with the reminder of 'plain living and high thinking', is quite in Spenser's vein.

15. 9. *voyage*, journey. See on ix. 18.

according, either 'according to his request', or 'according, granting him his request'.

16. Is this stanza the original of Desdemona's reception of Othello's narrative? (*Othello*, i. 3. 130-160.) The resemblance is very close, both in thought and in diction.

2. *passionate*, feelingly expressed. They showed how they were greatly pleased, and how they pitied his hard state.

6. *wreakes*, freaks of Fortune's anger; how often Fortune had *wreaked* her revenge on him.

17. 4. *That I note* = that I know not. '*Note*' = *ne wote* = not wot.

18-23.—*Rest, however, the knight might not; for he had vowed to Gloriana that he would return to her court.*

18. 7. *wize*, manner, ways, guise.

8. *teene* = insult, injury. The Red Cross Knight had vowed to return to Gloriana—Elizabeth, and there fight for six years more against the insulting Paynim, Philip II of Spain, who made repeated efforts against England, after the defeat of the Armada in 1588.

19. 4. *preace* = press. I cannot urge you to forego your vow, greatly as I would like you to stay.

6. *doen undo* = undo what is done.

20. 3. *deforme* = deformed.

5. *to*. See on i. 28. 7.

21. 2. **Un'** = Una, with the elision. Cf. iv. 2. 4, 'Fidess'. 'Un'' and 'onely' are played upon in sound.

22. 2. She now threw aside the mournful stole and wimple with which she appeared on the scene, i. 4.

7. In conformity with her symbolizing the Faith. *Revelation*, xix. 7, 8.

23. 2. **sunshyny**, radiant. The word is again used by Spenser of his wife's appearance on her wedding-day:

"Faire Sun! shew forth thy favourable ray,
For feare of burning her sunshyny face"

(*Epithalamion*).

7. **in place** = there.

24-28.—*At this stage a messenger (Archimago in disguise) hastily enters. He forbids the banns of marriage between Una and the knight.*

24. 9. **which** = who. See on i. 26. 7.

25. 2. **unwary sight** = unwonted sight, by which he was taken unawares.

7. **pight**, set. See ii. 42.

8, 9. The pronouns are somewhat confusing. "Then the messenger put (did betake) the writ or summons into the hands of the king; which he (the king) disclosing, read as follows."

26. 4. For the connection of Fidessa—Duessa with the Roman empire, see note to ii. 22.

27. 4. **infamous**, with the accent on the second syllable. The rhyme of 'forsook' and 'swore' is rather careless.

5. The altars by which he swore. A Latin usage, "*jurare aras*", "*jurare Deos*"; as Horace, *Epistles*, ii. 1. 16: "*jurandasque tuum per nomen ponimus aras*". The person swearing laid his hand on the altar, and invoked the anger of the gods should he prove forsworn.

28. 1. **or—or** = either—or. The whole letter from Fidessa is meant to symbolize the never-ceasing attempts of the 'Paynim'—Spanish party, in league with Archimago, the Pope, against the freedom and peace of England under Elizabeth. This policy lasted for years after the defeat of the Armada. See *Treason and Plot: Struggles for Catholic Supremacy during the last years of Queen Elizabeth*, by Martin Hume (Nisbet & Co., 1901).

29-34.—*The king in some doubt calls on the knight for an explanation. Una confirms his story.*

29. 7. Redoubted knight, that didst adventure thy life for my sake.

31. 3. *intendiment*, by full attention of the mind, with the mind on the stretch. Desdemona had heard Othello's tale at first 'by parcels', in part, 'but not *intently*', with undivided attention.

32. 2. *Of*=by. Agency, as in 'understanded of the people', 'seen of all the apostles', &c.

4. Fidessa, who is also most false Duessa, had easy power to inveigle weaker sights, or people unable to detect her.

34. 5. *practicke paine*, cunning labour. 'Practicke' in the sense of 'deceitful', as in the phrase 'to *practice* on the weakness of the enemy', to use *political* cunning, a sense frequent in Bacon's *Essays*.

6. *footman*=messenger, groom.

35-42.—*The king bids his guards seize the messenger, Archimago. He unites Una to the Red Cross Knight, and all goes merry as a marriage bell.*

35. 2. *fraight*=fraught, charged with, full of.

5. *Attacht*=arrested for high treason; technical law term.

"A warrant from the king to *attach* Lord Montacute"
(*Henry VIII*, i. 1. 217).

faitor, deceiver. See on iv. 47.

36. 7. *bains*=banns, the proclamation of marriage.

37. 4. Spenser blends Christian and old Roman marriage customs together. In the Roman ceremony the bride was met with fire and water, as a gift, at the doorway of her new *house*; Spenser, in ignorance or with set purpose, plays on the word '*housing*'-fire, derived from the sacramental-eucharistic phrase, O.E. *husel*, sacrifice: "*unhousel*, disappointed, unaneled", as Hamlet's father says, cut off without religious rites. *Hamlet*, i. 5. 77.

6. *taede*=Latin, *taeda*, a torch, surely a needless coinage by Spenser, again introducing the pagan Roman custom. The torch, however, was carried before the bride, and was not set up to burn for ever in any interior chamber. '*Burnen*', with the infinitive termination. He seems to have heard of lamps, rumoured to have been found in the catacombs and other tombs, that burned for ever, e.g. one reported found after 1550 years in the tomb of Cicero's daughter, Tullia.

38. 1. Spenser here follows the poem by Claudian (on the marriage of the Emperor Honorius), the last of the Roman classical writers. It shows the extent of the poet's reading and learning.

8. *meláncholy*, accented on the second syllable; v. 3. 5.

39. 1. the which. See on i. 26.

5. *trinall triplicities*, the triple division of the Angels, according to the scheme of the mediæval schoolmen. There were nine spheres, each of which was moved by one class in the triads. In the First Division were Seraphim, Dominations, Principalities. Milton (*Paradise Lost*, v. 748) speaks of "Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones | In their triple degrees"; and of "the angelic orders" in *Samson Agonistes*, 672; again *Paradise Lost*, v. 601. The order, as Dante says (*Paradiso*, xxviii. 119), was framed by the apocryphal writer, Dionysius the Areopagite, on the authority of St. Paul! Scott imitates the roll of 'Potentates', &c., in the summons to James IV, from the Cross of Edinburgh, before Flodden (*Marmion*, v. 26). See, for the mystic meaning of the Spheres and Orders, *Dante*, by Edmund Gardner, p. 123—Dent's Temple Primers.

6. *heavenly sweet*, sweetness.

8. Each one felt himself, in a meet or fitting way, reft of his senses.

42. 1. "But all too long, through seas unknown and dark,
 (With *Spenser's parable* I close my tale,)
 By shoal and rock hath steer'd my venturous bark,
 And landward now I drive before the gale.
 And now the blue and distant shore I hail,
 And nearer now I see the port expand,
 And now I gladly furl my weary sail,
 And, as the prow light touches on the strand,
 I strike my *Red Cross* flag, and bind my skiff to land."
 —Scott, *Vision of Don Roderick*, closing stanza.

2. *rode* = roadstead. "Malta Road" = Roadstead (Marlowe, *Jew of Malta*). So in *Merchant of Venice*, i. 1. 19:

"Peering in maps for ports and piers and *roads*".

6. *tackles spent* = her torn cordage or rigging.

9. On a fresh voyage, to describe the events in Book ii, the legend of Sir Guyon, or of Temperance.

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